THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVERED WAGON

Here Lay the West, Barbaric, Abounding, Beautiful. Surely It Could Mean No Harm to Any Man

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

LOOK at 'em come, Jesse! More and more! Must be forty or fifty families."

Molly Wingate, middle-aged, portly, dark browed and strong, stood at the door of the rude tent which for the time made her home. She was pointing down the road which lay like an écru ribbon thrown down across the prairie grass, bordered beyond by the timber-grown bluffs of the Missouri.

Jesse Wingate allowed his team of harness-marked horses to continue their eager drinking at the watering hole of the little stream near which the camp was pitched until, their thirst quenched, they began burying their muzzles and blowing into the water in sensuous enjoyment. He stood, a strong and tall man of perhaps forty-five years, of keen blue eye and short, close-matted, tawny beard. His garb was the loose dress of the outlying settler of the Western lands three-quarters of a century ago. A farmer he must have been back home.

Could this encampment, on the very front of the American civilization, now be called a home? Beyond the prairie road could be seen a double furrow of jet-black glistening sod, framing the green grass and its spangling flowers, first browsing of the plow on virgin soil. It might have been the opening of a farm. But if so, why the crude bivouac? Why the gear of travelers? Why the massed arklike wagons, the scores of morning fires lifting lazy blue wreaths of smoke against the morning mists?

The truth was that Jesse Wingate, earlier and impatient on the front, out of the very suppression of energy, had been trying his plow in the first furrows beyond the Missouri in the great year of 1848. Four hundred other near-by plows alike were avid for the soil of Oregon; as witness this long line of newcomers, late at the frontier rendezvous.

"It's the Liberty wagons from down river," said the campmaster at length. "Missouri movers and settlers from lower Illinois. It's time. We can't lie here much longer waiting for Missouri or Illinois, either. The grass is up."

"Well, we'd have to wait for Molly to end her spring term, teaching in Clay School, in Liberty," rejoined his wife, "else why'd we send her there to graduate? Twelve dollars a month, cash money, ain't to be sneezed at."

"No; nor is two thousand miles of trail between here and Oregon, before snow, to be sneezed at, either. If Molly ain't with those wagons I'll send Jed over for her to-day.

If I'm going to be captain I can't hold the people here on the river any longer, with May already begun."

"She'll be here to-day," asserted his wife. "She said she would. Besides, I think that's her riding a little one side the road now. Not that I know who all is with her. One young man—two. Well"—with maternal pride—"Molly ain't never lacked for beaus!

"But look at the wagons come!" she added. "All the country's going West this spring, it certainly seems like."

Jesse Wingate

It was the spring gathering of the west-bound wagon trains, stretching from old Independence to Westport Landing, the spot where that very year the new name of Kansas City was heard among the emigrants as the place of the jump-off. It was now an hour by sun, as these Western people would have said, and the low-lying valley mists had not yet fully risen, so that the atmosphere for a great picture did not lack.

It was a great picture, a stirring panorama of an earlier day, which now unfolded. Slow, swaying, stately, the ox teams came on, as though impelled by and not compelling the fleet of white canvas sails. The teams did not hasten, did not abate their speed, but moved in an unagitated advance that gave the massed column something irresistibly epochal in look.

The train, foreshortened to the watchers at the rendezvous, had a well-spaced formation—twenty wagons, thirty, forty, forty-seven—as Jesse Wingate mentally counted them. There were outriders; there were clumps of driven cattle. Along the flanks walked tall men, who flung over the low-headed cattle an admonitory lash whose keen report presently could be heard, still faint and far off. A dull dust cloud arose, softening the outlines of the prairie ships. The broad gestures of arm and trunk, the monotonous soothing of commands to the sophisticated kine as yet remained vague, so that still it was properly a picture done on a vast canvas—that of the frontier in '48; a picture of might, of inevitableness. Even the sober souls of these waiters rose to it, felt some thrill they themselves had never analyzed.

A boy of twenty, tall, blond, tousled, rode up from the grove back of the encampment of the Wingate family.

"You, Jed?" said his father. "Ride on out and see if Molly's there."

"Sure she is!" commented the youth, finding a plug in the pocket of his jeans. "That's her. Two fellers, like usual."

"Sam Woodhull, of course," said the mother, still hand over eye. "He hung around all winter, telling how him and Colonel Doniphan whipped all Mexico and won the war. If Molly ain't in a wagon of her own, it ain't his fault, anyways! I'll rest assured it's account of Molly's going out to Oregon that he's going too! Well!" And again she said, "Well!"

"Who's the other fellow, though?" demanded Jed. "I can't place him this far."

Jesse Wingate handed over his team to his son and stepped out into the open road, moved his hat in an impatient signal, half of welcome, half of command. It apparently was observed.

To their surprise, it was the unidentified rider who now set spur to his horse and came on at a gallop ahead of the train. He rode carelessly well, a born horseman. In no more than a few minutes he could be seen as rather a gallant figure of the border cavalier—a border just then more martial than it had been before '46 and the days of "Fifty-four Forty or Fight."

A shrewd man might have guessed this young man—he was no more than twenty-eight—to have got some military air on a border opposite to that of Oregon; the far Southwest, where Taylor and Scott and the less known Doniphan and many another fighting man had been adding certain thousands of leagues to the soil of this republic. He rode a compact, short-coupled, cat-hammed steed, coal black and with a dashing forelock reaching almost to his red nostrils—a horse never reared on the fat Missouri corn lands.

Neither did this heavy embossed saddle with its silver concho decorations then seem familiar so far north; nor yet the thin braided-leather bridle with its hair frontlet band and its mighty bit; nor again the great spurs with jingling rowel bells. This rider's mount and trappings spoke the far and new Southwest, just then coming into our national ken.

The young man himself, however, was upon the face of his appearance nothing of the swashbuckler. True, in his close-cut leather trousers, his neat boots, his tidy gloves, his rather jaunty broad black hat of felted beaver, he made a somewhat raffish figure of a man as he rode up, weight on his under thigh, sidewise, and hand on his horse's quarters, carelessly; but his clean-cut, unsmiling features, his direct and grave look out of dark eyes, spoke him a gentleman of his day and place, and no mere spectacular pretender assuming a virtue though he had it not.

He swung easily out of saddle, his right hand on the tall, broad Spanish horn, as easily as though rising from a chair at presence of a lady, and removed his beaver to this frontier woman before he accosted her husband. His bridle he flung down over his horse's head, which seemingly anchored the animal, spite of its loud whinnying challenge to these near-by stolid creatures which showed harness rubs and not whitened saddle hairs.

"Good morning, madam," said he in a pleasant, quiet voice. "Good morning, sir. You are Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Wingate, I believe. Your daughter yonder told me you were."

"That's my name," said Jesse Wingate, eying the newcomer suspiciously, but advancing with ungloved hand. "You're from the Liberty train?"

"Yes, sir. My name is Banion—William Banion. You may not know me. My family were Kentuckians before my father came out to Franklin. I started up in the law at old Liberty town yonder not so long ago, but I've been away a great deal."

"The law, eh?" Jesse Wingate again looked disapproval of the young man's rather pronouncedly neat turnout. "Then you're not going West?"

"Oh, yes, I am, if you please, sir. I've done little else all my life. Two years ago I marched with all the others, with Doniphan, for Mexico. Well, the war's over, and the treaty's likely signed. I thought it high time to march back home. But you know how it is—the long trail's in my blood now. I can't settle down."

Wingate nodded. The young man smilingly went on: "I want to see how it is in Oregon. What with new titles and the like—and a lot of fighting men cast in together out yonder too—there ought to be as much law out there as here, don't you think? So I'm going to seek my fortune in the Far West. It's too close and tame in here now. I'm"—he smiled just a bit more obviously and deprecatingly—"I'm leading yonder *caballad* of our neighbors, with a bunch of Illinois and Indiana wagons. They call me Col. William Banion. It is not right—I was no more than Will Banion, major under Doniphan. I am not that now."

A change, a shadow came over his face. He shook it off as though it were tangible.

"So I'm at your service, sir. They tell me you've been elected captain of the Oregon train. I wanted to throw in with you if I might, sir. I know we're late—we should have been in last night. I rode in to explain that. May we pull in just beside you, on this water?"

Molly Wingate, on whom the distinguished address of the stranger, his easy manner and his courtesy had not failed to leave their impression, answered before her husband:

"You certainly can, Major Banion."

"Mister Banion, please."

"Well then, Mister Banion. The water and grass is free. The day's young. Drive in and light down. You said you saw our daughter—I know you did, for that's her now."

The young man colored under his bronze of tan, suddenly shy.

"I did," said he. "The fact is, I met her earlier this spring at Clay Seminary, where she taught. She told me you-all were moving West this spring—said this was her last day. She asked if she might ride out with our wagons to the rendezvous. Well ——"

"That's a fine horse you got there," interrupted young Jed Wingate. "Spanish?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wild?"

"Oh, no, not now; only of rather good spirit. Ride him if you like. Gallop back, if you'd like to try him, and tell my people to come on and park in here. I'd like a word or so with Mr. Wingate."

With a certain difficulty, yet insistent, Jed swung into the deep saddle, sitting the restive, rearing horse well enough withal, and soon was off at a fast pace down the trail. They saw him pull up at the head of the caravan and motion, wide armed, to the riders, the train not halting at all.

He joined the two equestrian figures on ahead, the girl and the young man whom his mother had named as Sam Woodhull. They could see him shaking hands, then doing a curvet or so to show off his newly borrowed mount.

"He takes well to riding, your son," said the newcomer approvingly.

"He's been crazy to get West," assented the father. "Wants to get among the buffalo."

"We all do," said Will Banion. "None left in Kentucky this generation back; none now in Missouri. The Plains!" His eye gleamed.

"That's Sam Woodhull along," resumed Molly Wingate. "He was with Doniphan."

"Yes."

Banion spoke so shortly that the good dame, owner of a sought-for daughter, looked at him keenly.

"He lived at Liberty too. I've known Molly to write of him."

"Yes?" suddenly and with vigor. "She knows him then?"

"Why, yes."

"So do I," said Banion. "He was in our regiment—captain and adjutant, paymaster and quartermaster-chief, too, sometimes. The Army Regulations never meant much with Doniphan's column. We did as we liked—and did the best we could, even with paymasters and quartermasters!" He colored suddenly, and checked, sensitive to a possible charge of jealousy before this keen-eyed mother of a girl whose beauty had been the talk of the settlement now for more than a year.

The rumors of the charm of Molly Wingate—Little Molly, as her father always called her to distinguish her from her mother—now soon were to have actual and undeniable verification to the eye of any skeptic who mayhap had doubted mere rumors of a woman's beauty. The three advance figures—the girl, Woodhull, her brother

"I'll Fight Him Any Way He Likes, or Any Way You Say," Said Banion. "It's Not My Seeking"

Jed—broke away and raced over the remaining few hundred yards, coming up abreast, laughing in the glee of youth exhilarated by the feel of good horseflesh under knee and the breath of a vital morning air.

As they flung off Will Banion scarce gave a look to his own excited steed. He was first with a hand to Molly Wingate as she sprang lightly down, anticipating her other cavalier, Woodhull, who frowned, none too well pleased, as he dismounted.

Molly Wingate ran up and caught her mother in her strong young arms, kissing her roundly, her eyes shining, her cheeks flushed in the excitement of the hour, the additional excitement of the presence of these young men. She must kiss someone.

Yes, the rumors were true, and more than true. The young school-teacher could well carry her title as the belle of old Liberty town here on the far frontier. A lovely lass of eighteen years or so, she was, blue of eye and of abundant red-brown hair of that tint which ever has turned the eyes and heads of men. Her mouth, smiling to show white, even teeth, was wide enough for comfort in a kiss, and turned up strongly at the corners, so that her face seemed always sunny and carefree, were it not for the recurrent grave, almost somber look of the wide-set eyes in moments of repose.

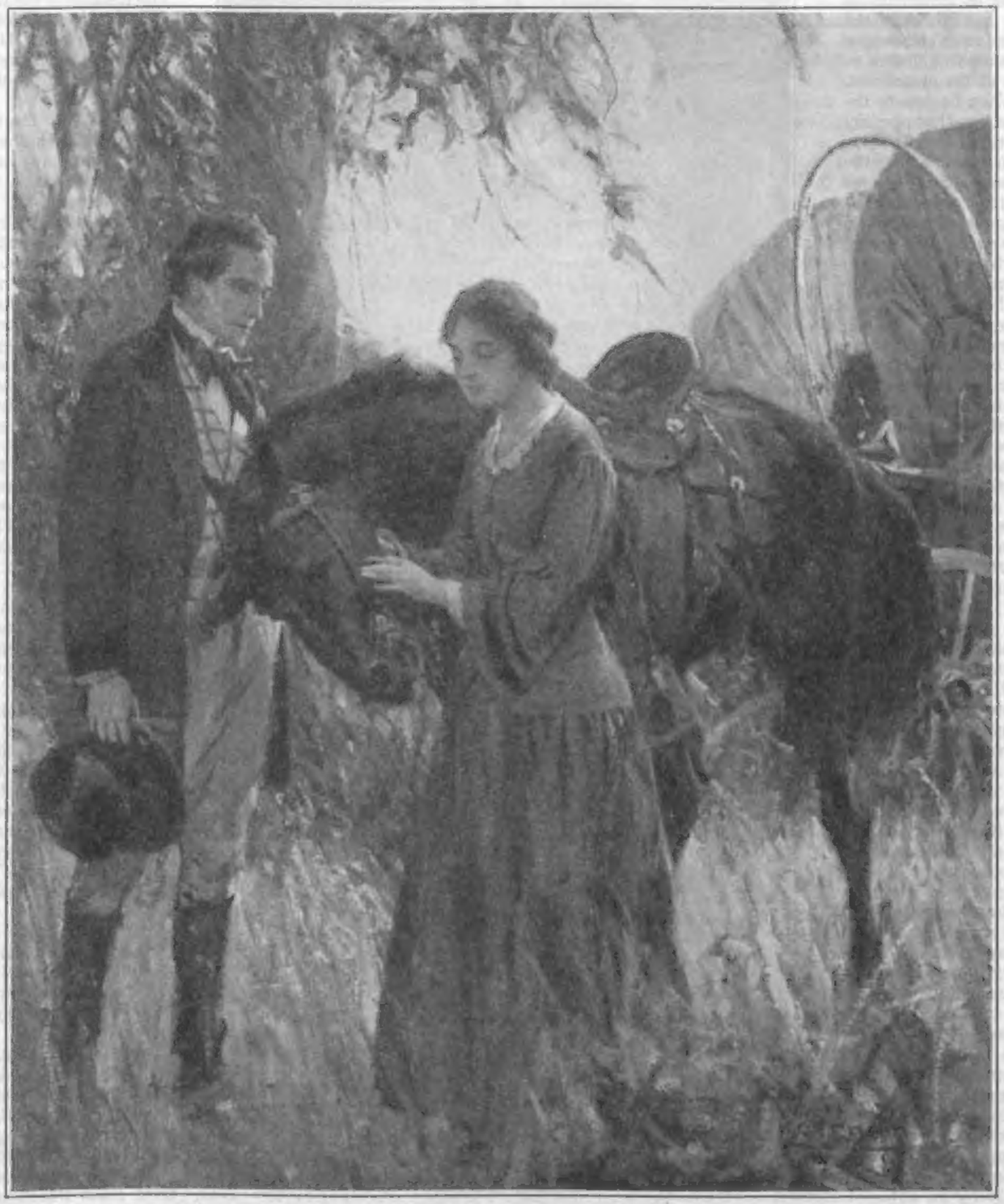
Above the middle height of woman's stature, she had none of the lank irregularity of the typical frontier woman of the early ague lands; but was round and well developed. Above the open collar of her brown riding costume stood the flawless column of a fair and tall white throat. Now ripened into womanhood, wholly fit for love, gay of youth and its racing veins, what wonder Molly Wingate could have chosen not from two but twenty suitors of the best in all that countryside? Her conquests had been many since the time when, as a young girl, and fulfilling her parents' desire to educate their daughter, she had come all the way from the Sangamon country of Illinois to the best school then existent so far west—Clay Seminary, of quaint old Liberty.

The touch of dignity gained of the ancient traditions of the South, never lost in two generations west of the Appalachians, remained about the young girl now, so that she rather might have classed above her parents. They, moving from Kentucky into Indiana, from Indiana into Illinois, and now on to Oregon, never in all their toiling days had forgotten their reverence for the gentlemen and ladies who once were their ancestors east of the Blue Ridge. They valued education—felt that it belonged to them, at least through their children.

Education, betterment, progress, advance—those things perhaps lay in the vague ambitions of twice two hundred men who now lay in camp at the border of our unknown empire. They were all Americans—second, third, fourth generation Americans. Wild, uncouth, rude, unlettered, many or most of them, none the less there stood among them now and again some tall flower of that culture for which they ever hungered, for which they fought, for which they now adventured yet again.

Surely American also were these two young men whose eyes now unconsciously followed Molly Wingate in hot craving even of a morning thus far breakfastless, for the young leader had ordered his wagons on to the rendezvous before crack of day. Of the two, young Woodhull, planter and man of means, mentioned by Molly's mother as open suitor, himself at first sight had not seemed so ill a figure, either. Tall, sinewy, well clad for the place and day, even more foppish than Banion in boot and glove, he would have passed well among the damsels of any courthouse day. The saddle and bridle of his mount also were a trace to the elegant, and the horse itself, a classy chestnut that showed Blue Grass blood, even then had cost a pretty penny somewhere, that was sure.

Sam Woodhull, now moving with a half dozen wagons of his own out to Oregon, was reputed well-to-do; reputed also to be well skilled at cards, at weapons and at women.



"What a Pretty Horse You Have, Major," She Said. "What's His Name?"

Townsmen accorded him first place with Molly Wingate, the beauty from east of the river, until Will Banion came back from the wars.

Since then had been another manner of war, that as ancient as male and female.

That Banion had known Woodhull in the field in Mexico he already had let slip. What had been the cause of his sudden pulling up of his starting tongue? Would he have spoken too much of that acquaintance? Perhaps a closer look at the loose lips, the high cheeks, the narrow, close-set eyes of young Woodhull, his rather assertive air, his slight, indefinable swagger, his slouch in standing, might have confirmed some skeptic disposed to analysis who would have guessed him less than strong of soul and character. For the most part, such skeptics lacked.

By this time the last belated unit of the Oregon caravan was at hand. The features of the dusty drivers could be seen. Unlike Wingate, the newly chosen master of the train, who had horses and mules about him, the young leader, Banion, captained only ox teams. They came now, slow footed, steady, low headed, irresistible, indomitable, the same locomotive power that carried the hordes of Asia into Eastern Europe long ago. And as in the days of that invasion the conquerors carried their households, their flocks and herds with them, so now did these half-savage Saxon folk have with them their all.

Lean boys, brown, barefooted girls flanked the trail with driven stock. Chickens clucked in coops at wagon side. Uncounted children thrust out tousled heads from the openings of the canvas covers. Dogs beneath, jostling the tar buckets, barked in hostile salutation. Women in slatted sunbonnets turned impassive gaze from the high front seats, back of which, swung to the bows by leather loops, hung the inevitable family rifle in each wagon. And now, at the tail gate of every wagon, lashed fast for its last long journey, hung also the family plow.

It was '48, and the grass was up. On to Oregon! The ark of our covenant with progress was passing out. Almost it might have been said to have held every living thing, like that other ark of old.

Banion hastened to one side, where a grassy level beyond the little stream still offered stance. He raised a hand in gesture to the right. A sudden note of command came into his voice, lingering from late military days.

"By the right and left flank—wheel! March!"

With obvious training, the wagons broke apart, alternating right and left, until two long columns were formed. Each of these advanced, curving out, then drawing in, until a long ellipse, closed at front and rear, was formed methodically and without break or flaw. It was the barricade of the Plains, the moving fortress of our soldiers of fortune, going West, across the Plains, across the Rockies, across the deserts that lay beyond. They did not know all these dangers, but they thus were ready for any that might come.

"Look, mother!" Molly Wingate pointed with kindling eye to the wagon maneuver. "We trained them all day yesterday, and long before. Perfect!"

Her gaze mayhap sought the tall figure of the young commander, chosen by older men above his fellow townsman, Sam Woodhull, as captain of the Liberty train. But he now had other duties in his own wagon group.

Ceased now the straining creak of gear and came rattle of yokes as the pins were loosed. Cattle guards appeared and drove the work animals apart to graze. Women clambered down from wagon seats. Sober-faced children gathered their little arms full of wood for the belated breakfast fires; boys came down for water at the stream.

The west-bound paused at the Missouri, as once they had paused at the Don.

A voice arose, of some young man back among the wagons busy at his work, paraphrasing an ante-bellum air:

Oh, then, Susannah,
Don't you cry fer me!
I'm goin' out to Oregon,
With my banjo on my knee!

II

MORE than two thousand men, women and children waited on the Missouri for the green fully to tinge the grasses of the prairies farther west. The waning town of Independence had quadrupled its population in thirty days. Boats discharged their customary western cargo at the newer landing on the river, not far above that town; but it all was not enough. Men of Upper Missouri and

(Continued on Page 62)

THE TIME-KILLERS

By Kenneth L. Roberts

PEOPLE who have any time to kill are usually filled with a deep and intense desire to kill it in some spot far removed from their usual haunts. This desire is not so much due to their wish to avoid making a mess around the house as it is to the peculiar mental obsession known to the French as homesickness for elsewhere. French society has been afflicted for years with a passionate desire to be somewhere that it isn't. A Parisian with time to kill aims to move up to the clear, cold air of the mountains, where he can kill lots of it. When he gets to the mountains it suddenly occurs to him that possibly he might find a little more time to kill at the seashore, where the eye may roam at will across the boundless and unobstructed waves. So he moves to the seashore and at once begins to suspect that in Paris one can find more weapons with which to cause time to die a lingering and horrible death. So he moves back to Paris, where he once more hunts restlessly for other means to kill time. He has the homesickness for elsewhere.

The English, too, have it to a marked degree. All Englishmen who have incomes larger than two hundred guineas a year own tea baskets with which they go off to distant heaths or popular woods on bank holidays and week-ends for the purpose of killing time and burying it with the appropriate funeral exercises. They are constantly running up to the moors for a bit of rough shooting, or over to Switzerland to ski a bit, or off to a country house for a bit of punting or Scotch drinking, or down to Brighton for a week-end. An English week-end is sadly misnamed, inasmuch as it usually consists of Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, with a bit of Thursday and Tuesday thrown in for good measure.

Of late years the American people have been growing increasingly proficient at time killing. Forty years ago the average American, confronted with a little extra time, didn't know what to do with it. Usually he took it into the front parlor and sat around on haircloth furniture with it, and became so sick of it that he never wanted to see its face again. If he felt within him the primitive urge to take it somewhere and kill it he hesitated to do so because the roads were bad, automobiles hadn't been invented, and the South was only regarded as the place where the Civil War started. Distances were great. Few people cared to travel, because it was generally believed that a person who absented himself from business more than one working day out of every five years was a loose, dangerous and depraved character. One of the most exciting things to do forty years ago was to put on a striped flannel coat and play croquet on the front lawn.

To-day, however, America has caught the germs of homesickness for elsewhere from the French and English. Florida has been reclaimed from the swamps and the Indians, the small automobile has been put within the means of stevedores, cooks, second-story workers and moderately successful story writers, and golf trousers may be worn in Western towns without causing the wearer to be shot. A road is cursed fluently by an automobilist if it is sufficiently bad to get his wheel spokes muddy. The business man who can't knock off work for two or three months a year is regarded pityingly as being either a back number, a simp or a poor man. All these things being so, Americans with time to kill can take it farther from home and kill it with more thoroughness than any other people on earth. They go into their time killing with more energy than do Europeans.

The European is usually content to do his time killing within three hundred miles of home. The American is never content unless he can travel from fifteen hundred to three thousand miles, and wind up with an orgy of time killing that would make a professional executioner look by comparison like the president of a Dorcas society.

The Land of Big Hotels

IT IS in Florida that the American time killer may be found in all his glory; and the largest, most perfect and most brilliantly colored specimens are to be found at Palm Beach. It is at Palm Beach that one finds the very rare variety measuring twenty minutes from tip to tip.

One can best understand why it is that winter-bound Northerners select Florida as the scene of their time killing by following in their footsteps and boarding a Florida-bound night train in a Northern city during a heavy blizzard.

A New Yorker With a Small Income Broke Into Society With a Crash and Married a Widow With a Fortune That Kept a Couple of Income-Tax Experts Working a Month Each Year

Early the next morning, when one disentangles the bedclothes from his neck and elevates the trick shade of the sleeping-car window after the usual severe struggle, one finds that the snow has nearly disappeared. The eye is wearied by the flat plains of North Carolina, relieved only by negro shanties and scrub pines. By afternoon North Carolina has merged into South Carolina. The flatness continues with unbounded enthusiasm; but there is no snow, and the air is milder. The pines are marked with peculiar herringbone gashes, whence flows turpentine, the painter's delight. Piny odors vaguely reminiscent of tar soap, sheep dip and cold remedies float through the half-opened windows. Later that evening, as one returns to the dining car to recover the hat which one has forgotten in the excitement of tipping the waiter, one hears frequent shrill frog choruses from the pools beside the tracks. By midnight one is ringing frantically for the porter to tear himself from his slumbers among the shoes in the smoking compartment and start the electric fans. One's rest is troubled by the heat and the increasing shrillness of the frog choruses.

On the second morning the rising sun discloses a limitless expanse of flatness, dotted with occasional palm trees and covered with a scrubby growth of near-palms or palmettos. The sun is hot and red. A black ribbon of asphalt road parallels the railroad; and at intervals along it appear flocks of flivvers nesting drowsily among the palms and the tin-can tourists. There is plenty of glaring white sand, and plenty of stagnant water. The air is full of swallows, and an occasional pelican flops languidly alongside the train, gazing pessimistically at the passengers. The traveler perspires lightly and marvels at the thought that it was only night before last when he slipped on a piece of ice and got half a peck of snow down the back of his neck. He remembers that it is a great and glorious country—a fact which his contemplation of the doings of Congress had caused him to forget.

Occasionally the train flashes past little towns sitting hotly in the sun and sand among a few orange and grapefruit trees. This is Florida, and the land looks as though it were worth about ten dollars an acre—just as it has always looked until someone develops it and begins to sell off corner lots at a modest five thousand dollars apiece.

Around breakfast time—a mere thirty-six hours since the train emerged from its Northern blizzard and snowdrifts—the train crosses a shimmering strip of blue water and comes to rest beside a hotel that seems, at first glance, to be at least ten miles long. It stretches off so far into the distance that people up at the other end appear to be hull-down. In reality it is only about half a mile long, and only about five hundred times larger than the Mowsam House, at Kennebunk, Maine.

On the station platform are women in satin skirts, gauzy waists and diamond bracelets. Young men in white trousers dash up and down the platform on bicycles. The air is soft and balmy. Palm trees stretch off into the distance in every direction. Wheel chairs, propelled by dignified-looking negroes who sit on bicycle seats directly behind the chairs and pedal vigorously, move hither and yon in a stately manner. Through the palm trees one catches glimpses of white yachts riding at anchor on the blue water.

The Industry at Palm Beach

A WHEEL chair stops at the edge of the station platform. In it are seated a dignified gentleman in white flannels, and a gracious lady in a satin skirt and a sweater covered with neat lightning effects in red, green and orange zigzags. One wonders whether this can be J. Pierpont Astorbilt or Charley Schwab. Then one hears the gracious lady whisper excitedly to the dignified gentleman: "Do you suppose that's Charley Schwab or J. Pierpont Astorbilt over there?" and hears the dignified gentleman reply in a hoarse undertone: "Shut up or they'll think we're boobs!"

This is Palm Beach, the very center of the winter time-killing industry. Palm Beach is a long, narrow strip of land which is separated from the mainland by a long, narrow body of water known as Lake Worth, and by a sudden increase in living expenses. On the mainland side of Lake Worth is the rising young city of West Palm Beach, where one is not afraid—as he usually is in Palm Beach—to offer a storekeeper or a newsboy a nickel lest he should regard it as some strange, unknown foreign coin. West Palm Beach is full of ordinary people who are unacquainted with wheel chairs and think nothing of walking two or three blocks, or even as much as half a mile if the necessity arises. They frequently get along for days at a time without spending more than two dollars and eighty-five cents a day.

West Palm Beach has the same sort of climate that Palm Beach has, but the air of the place is somehow different. At Palm Beach one has the feeling that he is breathing the very same air that the world's greatest bankers and society people are breathing, whereas over in West Palm Beach one doesn't know or care who has been breathing the air. That is why so many people find the Palm Beach climate very invigorating, but always feel that the climate of West Palm Beach leaves them a little weak and tired.

Palm Beach, then, is a long, narrow strip of land with the ocean on one side and Lake Worth on the other. The largest hotel, which has room for thirteen hundred paying guests at any one time, but which only gets all thirteen hundred of them for about a month out of the year, fronts on Lake Worth; while the next largest hotel is directly across the narrow strip of land, fronting on the ocean. In between are golf links, and roadways edged with palms and avenues of towering, feathery, bluish-green Australian pines, and simple little cottages that couldn't have cost a cent more than forty or fifty thousand dollars. There are also a number of modest little shacks that might have

set their owners back half a million or so, and clubhouses and bathing pavilions and more palms and broad white roadways and men in white flannels and women in diamonds and perfumery and clinging gowns—and more palms.

Over everything there is an odor of money. Every breeze that blows is freighted with its rich, fragrant, musky smell; and every person that one encounters on the street or in a hotel lobby seems to be about to spend a lot of it or to have just finished spending a lot of it.

Some people seem to like the odor and some don't seem to care so much for it. Some, in fact, seem from their expressions to think that this money odor has a great deal in common with smoldering rubber or asafetida.

The impression that Palm Beach is bound to make on any newcomer is one of general discomfort. Everybody seems to be staring critically at everybody else—due, of course, to the fact that almost everybody hopes or suspects that everybody else may prove to be Charley Schwab or Percy Rockefeller or Vincent Astor or one of those prominent society people who part their names in the middle.

People who enter and leave the hotel dining rooms don't seem to know what to do with their hands. They pretend to an embarrassing ease of manner, as though conscious that all eyes are upon them. The people at the tables can't keep their eyes off the people at other tables. The hotel lobbies are congested before lunch and after dinner with persons who have no interest in any scenery except that which other people are wearing. Although the beach at Palm Beach is many miles in length, all the bathers, near-bathers and bather-watchers cram themselves each noon into a few square yards of beach and watch one another like a gathering of lynxes.

People dawdle along the palm-fringed avenues and stare at one another blankly and questioningly. People sit self-consciously in wheel chairs and look searchingly at people in other wheel chairs. Bicyclists wheel languidly along the white roads and gaze intently at everyone. "Are you Charley Schwab?" each eye seems to ask mutely. "Are you one of the Rockefellers? Are you anybody?"

Palm Beach is the heaven of the bicycle. In some parts of the world it has sunk in popular esteem until it is little else than a conveyer of telegraph boys and an instrument for the removal of skin from children's knees. But in Palm Beach it shares with the wheel chair the honor of being the chariot of wealth and beauty.

Everyone on Wheels

FLOCKS of bicycles are parked beside every hotel entrance. Broad and flawless sidewalks are reserved for bicycles and wheel chairs. The pedestrian who sets foot on them does so at his own risk, and is more than apt, if he does so, to have his coat driven several inches into his back by the front wheel of a bicycle.

There is no bicycle costume. Beautiful lady bicyclists wear anything—fragile afternoon gowns, flowing costumes with long capes, and the most extreme evening gowns. Large numbers of girls persist in bicycling while wearing tight skirts, so that the general effect is somewhat similar to that of a pony ballet made up as messenger boys.

On side streets one frequently sees the almost forgotten spectacle of a frail débutante learning to ride. On the dance floor she would float along as lightly as a tuft of thistledown. On a bicycle she wabbles heavily and helplessly from side to side, collapsing at intervals against her instructor with all the crushing weight of a California redwood.

The wheel chair is the favorite Palm Beach method of locomotion, and it is the only form of exercise ever taken by many Palm Beach visitors. Many old inhabitants claim that wheel-chair riding is excellent for the liver, and devote at least two hours to it every afternoon. The negro chair chauffeurs drive the chair along by vigorous pedaling, and the alternate leg stroke gives the chair a gentle side-to-side motion which acts as a mild massage on the occupant. Two hours of such exercise is considered to be about enough by the most sagacious Palm Beachers. It is their belief that the persons who ride for three hours run a grave risk of overexerting themselves.

The chair chauffeurs, in addition to possessing tireless legs, are usually supplied with a vast fund of knowledge. This is most desirable; for many visitors speak to no one except the hotel clerks, the news-stand girls, the waiters and their wheel-chair chauffeur during their entire stay. It frequently happens that their chair chauffeur is their only guide, philosopher and friend; so the chauffeurs find it very valuable to be fairly familiar with all Palm Beach estates, to have a comprehensive grasp of the flora and fauna of the South, and to be conversant with all financial and social matters appertaining to the old-timer. They have also found that a frank exposition of their own philosophical meditations on men and things will sometimes arouse the interest and stimulate the generosity of their charges. "What sort of ducks are those, George?" usually brings the intelligent answer: "Those ain't no sort, suh. Those is just ducks." A query as to whether a wheel chair is harder to push with one or two people in it brought the reply that there wasn't no difference. But to push an empty one is the hardest. Yes, suh! Must be because no money is being made. Yes, suh!

There are many lonely men and women at Palm Beach who almost cry with gratitude when somebody speaks to them. They are like many congressmen, who are big people at home, but of less account in Washington than a head porter. Out of all the people who flock to Palm Beach to spend large amounts of money and bask in the soothing rays that emanate from the socially prominent, ninety per cent might be compared to very small potatoes in a two-hundred-acre lot. Even the majority of the people whose names are names to conjure with in Palm Beach society can't be found in the pages of Who's Who.

The majority of men who pay the bills at the big hotels are forced to struggle hard to kill time when they have finished their golf playing for the day. Enormous numbers of them seem to spend most of their spare time sitting dolefully around hotel lobbies and expecting telegrams that never come. If you fall into conversation with any man in any Palm Beach hotel lobby he invariably explains his inactivity by saying that he is expecting a telegram.

Next to expecting telegrams the most popular Palm Beach time killer seems to consist of wondering what day of the week it is. Sneak up behind any two important-looking men who seem to be discussing affairs of moment, and the chances are ten to one that you will hear the following weighty conversation: "Is to-day Tuesday or Wednesday? I sort of lose track down here."

"To-day? Why, to-day's Wednesday. No; hold on! It's Thursday, isn't it?"

"No, I don't think so. I think it's either Tuesday or Wednesday. Still, I don't know; it might be Thursday."

"No, I don't believe it's Thursday. I was expecting a telegram on Tuesday, and it would have had to come before Thursday. I guess it's Wednesday."

"Yes, I guess it is. I thought for a while it was Tuesday."

"Oh, I don't believe it's Tuesday."

"No, I guess it's Wednesday all right. That telegram ought to be here by now. How long are you staying here?"

"I don't know. I'm expecting a telegram, and I can't tell till it gets here."

So Far as the Female Contingent at Palm Beach is Concerned, an Economic Conference Hasn't a Chance With Such Big News as What Mrs. Harold Bayne Whiffle Wore

The Reign of Hookless Dresses

HAVING reached a comparatively ripe intimacy by this time, it is almost inevitable that one of them should advance one of the thousand statistical questions that are so frequently encountered at Palm Beach, such as "Did you ever stop to think how many nails it took to build this hotel?" A few seconds later both of them have produced envelopes and are figuring busily.

Men who have traveled thousands of miles for the purpose of killing time at Palm Beach will frequently argue for two or three hours and figure all over the backs of eight or ten envelopes and a couple of golf scores in an attempt to decide whether or not the value of all the diamond bracelets in Palm Beach would be sufficient to secure economic control of Russia. Newcomers to Palm Beach, knowing that America's greatest financiers flock there during the season, frequently make the mistake of thinking that two men knitting their brows over a lot of figures are probably two great money kings working up a scheme to corner the nation's hop crop. In reality they are two ordinary citizens killing a little time by choking it to death with useless statistics.

Compared with the good old days when dresses hooked up the back in such an intricate fashion that one needed blue prints, diagrams and charts in order to hook up a dress properly, there is practically no dress changing at Palm Beach nowadays. In the old days the womenfolk spent at least forty per cent of their waking hours changing their clothes. They changed their clothes whenever the wind changed. They changed their clothes every time a train came in. They couldn't eat or go out in a wheel chair or put on a string of beads or take a drink without changing their clothes. Their menfolk were kept constantly busy hooking them up the back.

To-day things are different. Dresses no longer hook up the back with their erstwhile wholeheartedness. Careful and competent observers state that many present-day dresses are safely attached to the human frame by as few as three hooks, all of which can be reached without dislocating an arm or displacing any vertebræ, and that an equal number of dresses are merely slid on over the head and worn just as they fall, without any further formality. A great many women at Palm Beach wear only two costumes each day—one for morning and afternoon, and one for evening. Not so many years ago a woman who wore only two dresses in one day at Palm Beach would have been regarded as mentally unbalanced or disgustingly pauperized.

The real snappy dressers, however, get in and out of three costumes a day; while it is not at all unusual to find

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The Axiom of Peter Bell Ivor

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

DAWN came redly up behind the white pile of the Public Library. When he first opened his eyes he saw it gilding the pinnacles and parapets and the less pleasing water tanks and chimneys of the skyscrapers over toward Times Square. His head rolled back on his arm then and he stared straight up through the scraggly little city trees into an unbelievably rosy zenith; finally twisting around for a view of the east. His neck was uncomfortably stiff, and his knees creaked. His back ached as well.

There was, surprisingly, mystery in Forty-second Street. It would be amusing to try painting it in this unearthly light. Tricky, because the effects changed so swiftly. Though his knack at making quick sketches in color would help; and the one gift he knew he had was a painter's memory. He regretted now that he hadn't kept his luggage with him, easel and colors and parcel of sketch boards. Very possibly they'd have been stolen while he slept. Though, for that matter, it was a question whether he'd ever see them again anyway. Or his suitcase. Ruefully he felt in his pocket for the thirty-eight cents he knew was there, and as ruefully jingled it in his hand. It was good for a breakfast.

His gaze rested on the library building. Why, he asked himself, couldn't these enormous monuments be designed in some innately American feeling? Couldn't there be an American spirit in architecture—something perhaps solider, more sweeping than the Colonial? Why, always, always, the Grecian and the Roman? That huge railway terminal he had observed in the afternoon was nothing on earth but a reproduction of the Baths of Caracalla. Why not the Temple of Karnak? Or the Mosque of St. Sophia? Or the Taj Mahal?

He turned back and considered the skyscrapers. They embodied, perhaps, these towering symbols of a greatly brusque civilization, the perfect answer to his question. They had, at least, evolved. It was as if the lawless push of America here on Manhattan Island had leaped out of the hard rock, high, high! They were frank enough, with their hard, straight lines, the carven stone in front only, leaving the vast surfaces of the side walls in brick or rough tile, and the thousands of office windows, that were lettered, nearly every one, with advertising matter. The lovely dawn light was spreading softly downward now, reflecting molten gold from all those windows. It was rather stirring to sit here in the gray dusk of the little park and gaze out over the grimy structure of the Elevated—already trucks were banging along beneath it—into that lofty splendor.

And the electric signs must have been blazing gayly all night. At least he seemed to have innumerable little half memories of them at different times when he had found himself squirming uncomfortably on the bench.

Certainly the Elevated trains had never stopped. While he was in that curious half-awake condition, hours on end, they had seemed one after another to run, roaring and grinding, right through his brain.

A good many other vagrants were scattered about on the benches, many of them still asleep. Flotsam of the pulsing, tireless city. They didn't matter. Come to think of it, he didn't matter himself. His eyes filled and he buried his face on his arm.

Ten minutes later he was jingling the coins again. Breakfast seemed important. He hadn't dined. One of those all-night restaurants.

"I'm kissing my things good-by," he mused bitterly; but added, more youthfully, "After all, may as well start clean." And clean it would be when the thirty-eight cents was gone. He decided to limit breakfast to twenty-five cents, buy a paper, and leave eleven cents for that start.

Briskly, then, he marched out of the park. But an hour later he was back with his paper, which he opened to the want ads. That seemed to be how you started clean. At least it was the only way he could think of.

The New York that calls itself New York was not yet awake, but the streets were already roaring curb-full of traffic, and the sidewalks were crowded with hurrying, jostling men and women—young men and women, all nervously intent.

Another hour passed.

A tall figure of a man came wandering not unamiably through the park, taking in the early-morning performance of the hurrying city through thick curved lenses set in a heavy spectacle frame of gold. Our young man glancing up over his paper noted the spectacles. You didn't see gold frames much any more. And then his quick eyes took in the rest of the rather quaint figure. The man was very tall indeed, all of six feet and three or four inches, and thin. Extremely thin, a severely spare person, clad in an outmoded rusty cutaway coat bound about the edges with fraying braid, gray trousers that surely had not been pressed for a long time and that were fringed at the bottom, a stringy tie in which, however, was stuck a remarkable scarab set in old gold, and finally a derby hat that had doubtless been black in its earlier years but was now rusty like that old-fashioned coat.

The face was spare, like the figure, clean-shaven, of a scholarly cast, even attractive. You felt, despite the odd costume, authority there, and, less definitely perhaps, a degree of force. At least there was a fullness of outline, a slight bulge outward of the profile from the nose to the chin, such as is usually found in the aggressive, fighting type of man, that contrasted strangely with the reflective eyes and with the huge bald dome of the head that came into evidence when he removed that derby and passed a handkerchief across the spacious forehead.

Our young man caught himself staring and hurriedly lowered his eyes to those want columns. But he felt the strange person pause. Then a voice remarked, a voice that was austerely attractive, like the face, and very deep in pitch, "Do you mind sharing this bench?"

"No! Oh, no! Not at all!" the young man found himself saying in some confusion.

II

"YOU begin the day early," the tall man continued. "I do, myself. I enjoy the walk uptown in the early morning. And it interests me to sit among the poor devils who have had no other place to sleep but these benches."

"I slept on this one last night," remarked the young man.

"Indeed!" There was surprise in the deep voice. And the young man knew that his face and hat and clothing were being scrutinized swiftly. "But your case can't be the same as these vagrants."

"Why not? I landed less than a month ago from Paris. My money had about run out, and I suppose I thought it would be possible to begin earning right off here in New York. But it wasn't possible."

The tall man thought this over, and finally remarked, "That's nonsense, of course."

"It isn't anything of the sort!"

"I beg your pardon! You are young, good-looking enough, comfortably enough dressed, you speak with breeding enough—I see no reason why you shouldn't pick up at once any reasonable thing you want."

"That's easy to say."

"It's easy to do. Naturally I'm assuming a degree of cleverness. In New York it is vital to be clever. May I ask, what is your line of activity?"

"I was supposed to be a promising young painter."

"H'm! That's bad, of course. The Americans are not an artistic people. Oh, they can be momentarily interested in celebrated masterpieces out of the past—interesting examples of the value of accumulated and sanctified publicity—but they're not interested in discovering fresh genius. They like it as they like their opera and their literature—something safely foreign."

"That's exactly the conclusion I've come to. And that's why it isn't nonsense to say that ——"

"Pardon me again, but it is nonsense, none the less. I meant only that painting is a more difficult road than others. A man can have what he wants as quickly as he wants it."

"But, gee-whiz ——"

"It is only necessary that the want be real, that it amount to a profound desire. It must be strong enough to rule him and drive him to action."

"How about these poor devils on the benches?"

"If you could psychoanalyze them I think you would find that each of them has been possessed with an overmastering desire either for women or for alcohol—or, again, for leisure. And you'd find that every one has attained his goal. Of the three, leisure is by far the hardest to attain, because it must be combined with an equally strong desire, in the first instance, for money. And nothing is so disastrous in most cases as a confusion of wants. Mind you, I am not referring to the desires a man may have been told he ought to have, not to the veneer of his schooling and reading, if any, but to the wants that burn in his marrow."

He paused, apparently lost for the moment in thought; as if his own words had served as a springboard of the mind from which he leaped out into unseen vastnesses of philosophic speculation.

The young man drew a cigarette box from an inner pocket, hesitatingly opened it, realized that only one cigarette was left, finally and ruefully placed it in his

"Do You Mind Sharing This Bench?" "No! Oh, No! Not at All!" the Young Man Found Himself Saying in Some Confusion

mouth. And as he lighted it the grim thought came for the first time in his life that matches, too, cost money.

"Take that unhappy crowd up there"—this strange being was indicating with a bony hand an Elevated train that chanced to be roaring and grinding by on its way to the cavernous streets of lower Manhattan, jammed with a swaying, helpless mass of human beings—"if you could take off the tops of their heads and look in you'd find half of them afflicted with that fatal confusion of wants. The young clerks want money, but they also want reputation and sporting careers and women and automobiles, and many of them add the final hopeless complication of a pathetic desire for home and children. The young women want fully as much, and want it with a barbaric intensity that would paralyze any one of the men with fear if he knew about it, which fortunately he doesn't."

"How about the other half?"

"They would be the unfortunates without strong egos. Cleverness is, usually, pure ego. A passing desire to stand out. Sublimated exhibitionism. The people without it are the friendly people, what we think of as nice people, the ones without desire and therefore without personal hope. You find the faithful qualities there. They should leave New York at once and establish themselves in healthy village life. But as I was saying, money—just money—is the easiest thing in the world."

"Is—what?"

"Precisely that. The easiest thing in the world. Or perhaps I should say, in New York, nowadays. Everybody stumbles over heaps of it any number of times any day. But they're always looking up and around for something else."

"I wouldn't mind stumbling over a little."

The tall man turned abruptly and gazed down at him with an air of firm authority that was almost a little alarming.

"Just what," he asked, "do you want?"

"I —— Why, I suppose I ——"

"What?"

"Well"—his eyes lowered, studied the seamed concrete of the walk, lingered forlornly on his dusty shoes as he wondered how soon they'd be shined again—"I suppose I want to be known as a painter."

"Are you sure that's what you want?"

"Well—as sure as a fellow can be of anything. You see, I gave up college to study here. And then I had two years and a half in Paris. Got a picture into the Salon this year—Woman in Blue. I thought that would mean something—even here in New York."

The tall man moved his head firmly in the negative.

"I know—now. I've been around to all the big dealers and to some of the established painters, even to art editors of magazines. No, it doesn't mean a thing."

"Of course you can become known as a painter, if that's really what you want."

"Yes, but when?"

"Oh—surely by to-morrow."

For the first time the thought came to the young man that this strange person beside him might not be wholly sane. And his expression not unnaturally changed with this changing current of thought. This the older man evidently noted, for he pursed his lips, sat gazing intently at the Elevated structure, muttered with a touch of impatience "It's all too absurd!"—and then, in his rather abrupt way, rose.

"Come!" he said.

III

IN A SPIRIT that was in part the meekness of defeat and in part the sporting instinct of youth the younger man followed him.

They ascended the steps by the Public Library and walked out on the terrace that commands the broad sidewalk and the swiftly flowing traffic streams of Fifth Avenue. Here they stood, close by the parapet, silent in a roaring world, the older man gazing out on the endless moving picture in his curiously reflective way, the younger glancing now up at him, now moodily down.

"Painting, eh?" mused the stranger aloud. "That complicates it! That complicates it! We'll have to think about that." And then, "What's your name?"

"Case."

"Case? Nothing in that. What's the rest of it?"

"William F."

"What's the F.?"

"Frank."

"Worse and worse. I see I shall have to manufacture you out of whole cloth. Mother's maiden name?"

"Ames"

"H'm! Her mother's?"

"Williams."

"For the love of heaven, can't we find any color here? You must have a paternal grandmother. Her name?"

"Oh, yes—she came from a Southern Huguenot family."

"The name?"

"Durien."

"There! At last you're giving me a little something to build on. Now mind you, we're not speaking of fame! That's a growth. But just becoming known. Publicity, eh? A quick substitute for fame. Yes, money's the easiest thing. Look at them—look at all of them!" He waved that skinny hand toward the swelling stream of south-bound traffic. "For an hour and a half it'll keep up. All very important people—personages—whirling downtown to give orders to the crowd we saw over on the Elevated! Limousines! I wish I wanted a limousine. I'd have it before the end of the week. So easy! Look at the men in 'em—the faces. Look at that one! This one! All taking themselves seriously! Silly little men! Think of having the stupidity to be as complacent as that! And it takes years to build such faces."

"Look here!" This from the younger man, rousing "How would you get a limousine before the end of the week?"

"Never mind now, Durien! It isn't bad. Wait—I'm putting it together! Where are your painting things?"

"Over in the Grand Central Station. I checked them after I had to leave the boarding place. That was yesterday." His voice wavered at the ignominious memory.

"Get them. Bring them here. The library's open now. I have my own work to do. But I am going to give you an hour of my time."

"I—you see, it'll take twenty cents to get them out. Two parcels. It's the second day."

"How much have you?"

"Eleven cents."

"H'm! Wait! Let me think! That hat—you might be a shipping clerk, a broker, anything! Even a tam-o'-shanter would —— My dear boy, you're undertaking an extremely difficult thing."

"I thought you said it was easy."

"Easy when you understand. That's all there is in the world—understanding. And you haven't got it. Not yet. You even think me crazy. The fact is, I'm perhaps the only sane man in New York at this moment." He waved again toward the apparently endless flow of limousines.

"Gee-Whiz! But We Had Fun With the Crowd. Once or Twice There I Thought They Were Going to Trample Me Under"

"Look at them! Are there that many really able men in New York? Certainly not! They're just the men with direct, clear wants. They wanted limousines, and went through all hell to get them. They're the hard devils. Unscrupulous. Money stuff. The folks with humanity in them—decency—are all over there on the Elevated. But listen! What I'm trying to make you understand is that no William F. Case, in a gray suit and a four-dollar straw hat, could possibly be accepted by New Yorkers as a painter. Can't you grasp that? It's asking too much of them. They haven't the imagination. And in the second place, always remember that they're not interested in painters in the first place."

"But, really then, what's the use of ——"

"That's why you've got to reach them through the medium of entertainment. I tell you they're children—silly little children, molded by the sensational newspapers, spiritually guided by Tammany Hall, amused by the movies, buried finally in peace by the undertakers who understand comic advertising. All they ask—all they know how to ask—is that you supply the color and atmosphere they don't know how to create for themselves. Go get your painting things. Here's—let's see—a ten-dollar bill ——"

"But how can I ever ——"

"You'll soon be able to pay it back. Better take the street car; I prize my working time. And—oh, yes, step into the hat shop at the station and buy a wide-brimmed soft thing—something in velvet or plush—something you can pull down romantically on one side—and rub it in the gutter—smudge it—age it."

The young man hesitated.

"I'll wait right here," added the amazing stranger.

Young Mr. William F. Case, overwhelmed, hurried away. And the thin man in the rusty cut-away coat—an odd, old-worldly figure—stood by the marble parapet and gazed quizzically down at that rushing traffic, now and again indulging in an ironic smile at some more than commonly conspicuous vehicle, until he caught sight of a hurrying figure in a comfortably shapeless gray suit and a romantically soft brown hat, a breathless young fellow who carried a folded easel and a collapsible stool tied together under one arm, a parcel of canvases on boards under the other, and a big color box of wood in one hand. And he noted with approval that the collapsible stool was attached to something very like a folding umbrella.

"Now," he commanded, removing his rusty derby hat and squaring his immense dome of thought to the morning sun, "set up your easel and paint me. I'm giving you the best part of an hour."

"But an hour! My word! It ——"

"I'm assuming that you're clever. If you're not, I'm afraid I can't help you. New Yorkers care nothing about laborious honesty! They'd think it worth—oh, at the outside, fifteen to thirty dollars a week. And they'd assume long hours. What they want is new tricks. Toys! Until you've learned that, and all it means, you haven't so much as diagnosed your problem. And don't worry about your art. A little amusement won't hurt you any. Too much overlaboring in all the arts nowadays anyway. Not enough fun. That's the mischief of tradition. And you must keep it clearly in mind that though the degree of civilization actually attained anywhere in the world is pathetically low the state of your New Yorker is lower still. If general civilization be regarded as, say, point fourteen on a scale of one hundred, your New Yorker would stand at about point eleven."

"Why so low?"

"Because he leans back on the material greatness of his city, merges his identity in it, fancies himself greater because of his relationship to it. Every thoroughgoing New Yorker is an interesting case of arrested development. Any self-reliant countryman, now, would stand at about point seventeen on our scale. All that is in your favor, since nobody in New York will ever know whether your work is good or bad. They'll only know whether or not it's talked about. Children! Oh, the real painters would know, but nobody pays any attention to them. The critics are the clamorous ones, and they have no way of finding out. They can only specialize—a few in overpraise, a few in overabuse, the rest in straddling. A man, with practice, can become expert at straddling. All set? Go ahead!"

For with a rising flush and an intent expression about the rather boyish eyes young Mr. William F. Case was fairly leaping at his task; seated on the little three-legged stool under the old sun-bleached once buff umbrella that appeared in some amusingly automatic way to be attached to it; the big rectangular palette comfortably settled about an accustomed thumb; cluster of brushes and greasy old rag fitting into familiar places among his fingers; the dusty new hat pushed carelessly back on a well-shaped head. He had taken the dare. Swiftly the colors spurted from the tubes and coiled prettily into place on the palette.

And almost instantly the crowd formed—a curious, silent crowd, that edged and shoved only a little. But it grew, spreading far back over the terrace, mounting in that respectful way the marble parapet, even forming an overflow on the sidewalk beneath, and spreading there.

Finally a mountainous policeman walked over from the corner and elbowed through that part of the crowd that was by now blocking the walk. For a moment he studied the tall man with the scholarly bald head who stood immovable and was somehow, in spite of the rusty outmoded clothing, a figure of impressive dignity, and then glanced down at the presentment of that fine head that was taking shape with amazing swiftness under the deft hand of the young man in gray. His eyes even lighted a very little. The young man surely knew his job. The fever of work was upon him. Not a hundred peering policemen could have stayed that fascinatingly swift hand.

And indeed when the officer, falling back on a sense of his position, asked, in a voice that was at once gruff and confidential, "How much longer's this going to take?" the artist replied, with the eager impatience of an absorbed child, "Only a little while," and painted on.

The tall man spoke then, very quietly: "He tells me he is painting a lot of the city types. I imagine he'll be out there on the corner after some of you before the day's much older."

The policeman turned away at that, and said to the people on the sidewalk, "Here, move along, a lot o' you! Move along now! Can't you see you're blocking the sidewalk? Move along now! Step along!"

But the artist was wholly lost in the fever of creative work, and heard none of this.

IV

"VERY good," was the tall man's comment as, hat in hand, he regarded the finished portrait. "Very good indeed." And the crowd behind him murmured its agreement with his judgment. "You have a spirited sense of color. Really, I'm not sure you haven't quite a flair. And you have technic. All first-rate. Now we'll begin."

"Begin?" The artist looked up in surprise.

"Certainly." The tall man put on his hat, bent down and spoke in a guarded voice: "This was only a test. I had to try you out. Stand up, if you don't mind. Thanks. Now take a good look out there at the corner. I suppose it is the most crowded corner in the world—Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. The most conspicuous place for you would be, I should say—h'm—here on the downtown side, right in the middle of the crossing, between the lines of traffic, and out beyond the sidewalk line. You see they don't allow left turning here, and there's always an open space at that point. I want to see the white umbrella planted right there."

"Do you expect me to paint Fifth Avenue? In an hour?"

"Certainly not. You'd have to have a permit, and we don't care to take the time to get one."

"Well, then, what ——"

"Please listen. There are four or five traffic officers on the crossing, not counting the man in the tower. One of those four or five will be in command. He'll undoubtedly have chevrons on his sleeve or a gold shield or some distinguishing mark. Paint him."

"You mean—just go up and ——"

"Exactly. Paint him. Better paint him twice and give him a copy. I want you to be there about two hours."

"But do you mean that I am——"

"And remember just this—you've got to treat New York indulgently. Never explain, never apologize, never retract; just smile and do as you please. If anybody asks your name say it's Durien—nothing more, nothing else. If they ask where you're from, say Paris. And smile. And work on. And come to my room, if you will be so kind, at twelve. I shall be interested to hear what you may have to report. I have given up my plan to work at the library this morning. And by the way, you'd better carry this sketch where it can be seen."

"But look here, Mr. ——"

"Ivor."

"Mr. Ivor, what if the cop calls my bluff?"

"If you are so much as beginning to understand me you should perceive by this time that it isn't a bluff."

"But what if he doesn't see it our way? Calls for the wagon and lands me in the station?"

"Then," said Mr. Ivor dryly, "paint the sergeant at his desk."

"Oh!" breathed young Mr. Case; and again, "Oh!"

"Ah! You are, perhaps, beginning to understand?"

"I—I think so." He was grinning a little now.

"Then there is no possibility of their stopping you. Nobody can stop you."

"That's certainly a ——."

"I will leave you now. This is my address." And before William F. Case could speak again the stranger was gone.

The card read, "Mr. Peter Bell Ivor," with an address in the West Forties.

V

HE FOUND the place at twelve. It was one of a row of old brick houses in a down-at-heel neighborhood. A slattern

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"If You Think You're Reading My Mind From My Bookshelves—I'm Afraid You're Far Off the Track"

Mr. Lloyd George, His Character and Career—By Francis W. Hirst

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Marshal Foch, David Lloyd George and Aristide Briand at Chequers, Buckinghamshire, "Where the War Was Won"

IN ALL parts of the United States—on the Pacific Coast, in the Middle West, in New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia—I have found during my last visit—August, 1921, to February, 1922—a much livelier interest in British politics than ever before. And as a rule this interest has culminated in personal curiosity about Mr. Lloyd George. Evidently at this distance he constitutes the highest and most romantic peak in our political landscape. And just as the grandeur and charm of his own beloved Welsh mountains often depend on the clouds and mists that hide their summits, so the inconsistencies of his past, the instability of his present, and the impossibility of foretelling his future surround the first Celtic Prime Minister of Britain with an attractive halo of mystery.

There is not only universal curiosity as to his character but also a good deal of admiration for the extraordinary resourcefulness and versatility he has displayed in the last few years. Mr. Lloyd George is the only leading statesman who has held office continuously since the war. He has been a cabinet minister ever since December, 1905!

I must admit, however, that I was a little surprised, dining one evening in the Faculty Club of a famous Eastern university, to hear one of the professors present declare with an air of convinced certainty: "Mr. Lloyd George is the greatest of living statesmen." Nor was he at all pleased with a proposal to amend the statement by substituting "cleverest" or "most artful" for "greatest."

My own reluctance to concede greatness to the type of statesmanship in which Mr. Lloyd George excels may be conveyed by an analogy. Let us suppose that a passenger vessel under the command of Captain Lloyd George is advertised to sail from London for New York. On that assurance—which corresponds with the pledges issued at the general election of December, 1918—a number of passengers are booked. The ship starts according to program, but after a few hours Captain Lloyd George calls his officers together and persuades them that they will have better weather if they change their course to Rio. Later on another change of weather and plan occurs, and Melbourne is announced as the port of destination.

Getting Into the Limelight

SOME of the passengers mutiny, but Captain George mollifies the majority by an argument of this kind. "You complain," he says, "that I'm not taking you to the promised land. But isn't it better to be alive in Melbourne than dead in New York? The first duty of a captain is to keep his ship afloat." In this parable you have, I think, the best justification Mr. Lloyd George's friends can adduce for the political somersaults he has turned since the outbreak of war in August, 1914.

Another defense frequently offered by Liberal Coalitionist supporters of Mr. Lloyd George against the attacks of the Independent Liberals is that their leader can find a precedent in Mr. Asquith's war administration for every infringement of Liberal principles. Did not Mr. Asquith give away the free-trade cause by the Paris Resolutions and by the enactment of three or four high protectionist duties on motor cars, watches, cinema films, and so on? Did he not—for the first time in English history—pass conscription; and did he not devise the Defence of the Realm Act—nicknamed "Dora"—which will always serve unscrupulous statesmen as a model for destroying personal liberty, freedom of business and freedom of speech in those few democracies where the citizen is protected by law against bureaucratic tyranny?

These are deadly questions for those English Liberals whose only alternative to Mr. Lloyd George is Mr. Asquith or Viscount Grey. And if it be added that Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey were responsible for the secret diplomacy which preceded the war, and are now advocates of a military alliance with France, it will be obvious that the real Liberalism—which we associate with such names as Cobden, Mill, Bright, Gladstone, Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Morley and the late Lord Bryce—the Liberalism which seeks to establish peace and good will among nations, international arbitration, disarmament, individual liberty and free trade—has little or nothing to hope for in a Grey-Asquith combination.

Whether either Mr. Asquith or Sir Edward Grey or Mr. Lloyd George felt any qualms about betraying free trade and other Liberal causes I do not know. Some think that Mr. Lloyd George's character has changed in office, and that he has developed from an evangelist into an opportunist. I venture to think that it is not so much his character as his policy—or political strategy—that has changed with the circumstances.

Born in a poor home in a mountainous district of Wales the boy lost his father at an early age, but was brought up and educated by an uncle, for whom Mr. Lloyd George always cherished a warm affection. The uncle was of course a Radical. The boy was too clever for the farm. He was quick-witted and eloquent. He might have been trained for the ministry, but in the end it was decided that he should become a solicitor. He soon distinguished himself in the minor law courts of Wales, and on the political platform, as a champion of the small tenant farmer—usually a Nonconformist—and agricultural laborer against the old Tory Anglican society and the English or Anglicized landlords. His emergence as a brilliant orator and debater both in Welsh and in English coincided with the enfranchisement of the agricultural laborer. This took effect at the general election of 1885, when Mr. Gladstone, a convert to Home Rule, asked for a majority large enough to deal with the problem of Irish government.

The agrarian feud was pretty bitter, and almost coincided in Wales with the feud between Welsh nonconformity—the free churches, as they were called—and the Church of England. Broadly speaking, those who attended the Anglican churches in Wales were Conservatives or Tories, though of course there were a few like Mr. Gladstone who were strong churchmen as well as Liberals in politics. Those who attended the free churches—Calvinistic Methodists, Baptists, Primitive Methodists, Independents, or Congregationalists, and so on—were nearly all of them Liberals or Radicals; and as they also spoke Welsh for the most part they were inclined to be Welsh Nationalists.

Mr. Lloyd George, to use a vulgar expression, went the whole hog. He took up Mr. Chamberlain's Radical Program, issued in 1883 or 1884 by Joseph Chamberlain, John Morley and others. He demanded the disestablishment and disendowment of the Anglican Church in Wales; he sought to undermine the power of landlordism, and to introduce small holdings; he wanted temperance reform, including local option, which means the right of a district to prohibit the retail sale of intoxicating liquors, and so to put an end to public houses and saloons; finally, he was in favor of encouraging the Welsh language, Welsh music, Welsh poetry, and of reviving a Welsh nationality.

Opposition to the Boer War

AFTER a time his own ambition and local favor found him a seat in Parliament. He came to London and established himself there as a solicitor. But the law was only a second preference. His interests were centered in politics and Parliament; there he fought for the Welsh Radical cause with an uncompromising enthusiasm which made him rather obnoxious to old-fashioned Liberals and good party men, who long remembered how his criticisms of the Welsh Establishment bill, brought in by Mr. Asquith as Home Secretary in the last year of Lord Rosebery's administration, hastened the fall of that unfortunate and distracted government.

It fell in the summer of 1895. Four years later, after the Jameson Raid, when Mr. Chamberlain and Sir A. Milner involved Great Britain and the empire in a war with the two Boer republics, Mr. Lloyd George, following Mr. John Morley and Mr. Bryce and other distinguished Liberals, threw himself vigorously into the fray as an opponent of the war. He denounced it as an unrighteous and imperialistic attack upon the independence of two small republics, undertaken in the interests of the Rand mine owners and of "the Kaffir circus"—as the gold-mine section of the stock exchange was colloquially called. Some members of the Chamberlain family were connected with Kynochs—a firm which manufactured explosives. Mr. Lloyd George said bitterly, "The British Empire has to expand in order that the Chamberlain family may contract."

His opposition to the war infuriated the Imperialists and Militarists. He was told by the Liberal Imperialists—Lord Rosebery, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, and their friends—that he was ruining his career as a Liberal politician, and that he would not be admitted into the next Rosebery administration unless he modified his attitude. Mr. Lloyd George, however, had the courage of his convictions. Possibly he felt that the majority of the Liberal

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The Man With the Metal Face

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"Mr. Haslam, May I Drop Down Dead at Your Feet if You're Not the Living Image Right Now of That Thing on the Mantel!"

YOU do not suppose I wanted this thing done?"

"I assumed it. The proposal was not mine."

"You ought to know it is not like me to get into this kind of thing."

She listened to the cold hard voice of this supreme egoist, resting her magic-working finger tips on the other edge of his desk and calmly studying him with frank deep-blue eyes.

"You wouldn't come to my studio," she said lightly. "And I do not think I would have considered working in the office of any other man."

"Then why in mine? Because I offered to pay whatever you asked?"

"No. Not at all. I wanted to do your head."

"Well! Well!"

He was impatient; he was pleased.

"Is this to be done for your possession?" she asked.

"No—my mother."

Her face lighted imperceptibly.

"She wanted it. Pride, mother's pride. And as she has never made up her mind to leave the old home and come on to New York—well, you understand. A present."

"I think I do."

Haslam began to rustle the papers in a drawer. He was through with this preliminary conversation with her. Beatrice Wheaton had heard of him that he could show the end of his interest in anyone, even in the case of distinguished high commissioners of the Allies who had wanted to make him a superpurchasing agent during the war; M. Haslam at thirty-eight closed interviews as a king closes them, dismissing one or many of his subjects. He now had closed this interview.

Nevertheless, when he looked up after several minutes she was still there gazing at him. He was not skilled in women's faces: he did not often look into them, and certainly he never looked into them as one looks at the contour of a country which beckons exploration. He saw only a young woman, not tall, whose eyes were of the clearest penetrating quality, so that at once they impressed one as being the center of her personality. She was not a glorious beauty, but an eternity of good health appeared to flow out from her like a kind of golden aura. Her hair, perhaps, gave that suggestion. Some long-nourished sadness half covered with a certain bitterness of expression was disclosed about her mouth.

"Well? Well?"

"I think they are wrong," she said.

"Who?"

The ticker on his desk interrupted her answer. He seized the narrow tape, glancing at the little blue figures hungrily. She wondered how this hunger could grow so keen. What would he do with more money? At thirty-five he had amassed his fortune. Speculator, promoter, manager—keen, resourceful, famed. How could he make so much obeisance to a little tape when the sea around Capri was so blue, the night cries of Wuchang so stimulating to the imagination, the laughter of children on the filthy streets of the East Side so compromising of Eternity?

"Who is wrong?"

"They."

"They?"

"Those who have spoken of your appearance."

"Yes, yes. What do you mean?"

"I think there are two depths in your face, Mr. Haslam. I am looking for the deeper."

He glared at her sternly. "I am not used to looking at myself very much," he said in a chilled voice. "The last newspaper man or magazine reporter or whoever it was said this of me."

He picked up a clipping and read: "'Haslam has one initial, M. It is said in the biographical sketches that M. stands for Manfred, but no one calls him Manfred, and he signs only M. His most intimate friends call him Em. It is said that only two persons take that familiarity. One is his mother, and the other a barber in Nolan, Illinois, who used to go to school with Haslam and licked him in a fight.'" He read this passage and then waved his long fingers. "That's not the part," he said. "Here. Yes. 'Haslam has a face like agateware. He is handsome, virile, and carries a fine dignified head. It is a head of bronze. When anyone goes to an art gallery one may be impressed by a bronze bust, but one does not go to an art museum to make an impression on such a head. Haslam is like a thing of stone or metal; he may or may not make an impression on you, but you certainly never may hope to make one on him—and see it. He is unmarried. He has a metal face.'"

He paused with a smile of satisfaction. He said, "That is all I know—what they say. Are you sure you care as much as you did?"

"To work on you? Yes."

"Where is your studio, Miss Wheaton?"

"Why?" She looked back at him steadily.

"I am not sure this is the best place to make a portrait."

He paused, looking around his spacious and severe office.

"It may be that my mother had something to do with it." He spoke almost timidly. "She has been a remarkable woman. Some day ——"

"Some day—you will tell me? When you come for a sitting?"

"You would not consider it a pretty story—you."

"It affected your expression?"

"No doubt. Doesn't one's expression grow out of experience and training?"

He looked at her steadily until with a nervous gesture she covered the lower part of her face with a whirl of her sable stole.

"I thought you would cover your mouth," he said, and laughed in a cold, merciless way.

And yet as his eyes turned toward her as she went out a few moments later he was wondering why he had looked at her so much. She was only a woman. He had never looked like that at any woman in all his life. The room, with its gathering winter dusk, its cold walls, the faint sounds of steamers rumbling in the harbor, appeared to be warmer. Perhaps it was a new hunger, after all these years, stirring within. He pushed aside a pile of his personal selling orders and without calling any of his secretaries he wrote on his calendar "Thursday at four" and then stared out at the sudden onslaught upon the plate glass of swirling moist snow.

That snow was late. Spring had lingered, and came now in treacherous bits interrupted by cold and sleet, as if winter retreating was backing away snarling and biting as it went. When Haslam found her studio building and left his limousine with the muffled slam of the door below, he noted as he went up in the elevator that on every luxurious corridor the western windows threw abundance of warm sunlight.

He did not pause to look about at the moist clay figures, the casts, the table with its piles of sketches and water colors before snatching his hand out of the warmth of hers and saying quite abruptly, "I ought to tell you the story I promised. It is not a story; it is just—facts."

"Yes," she said, offering him the cigarettes.

"Never smoke," he said, sitting down and looking up at the wide expanse of skylight.

"My father went away with someone. He left my mother."

He stopped to smile cynically at the expression on the girl's face.

"I have no delicacy of narration," he said. "I am not a talker. I merely state the fact. You were interested the other day? Yes. Now I tell you. My father went away with a rather distinguished woman. What she saw in him I do not know. He left our town, and afterward I was born."

Miss Wheaton arose, went to an almost shapeless head of pliable clay covered with sweated drops of water, and caressed it as if offering it temptation to become vital. Haslam watched her hands and the whiteness of her flesh where the sleeves fell back from her bare and quite beautiful arms.

"The truth is that my father and his performance was my making."

She modeled on and said vaguely, "How?"

"The effect on my mother," he replied. "I would not be telling you this if I had not mentioned it inadvertently the other day. I don't know anything about prenatal influence, but I know nine-tenths of a man's or woman's destiny is made before they are seven years. My mother never learned to hate my father. She will die thinking he was trapped. But she hated the woman. She hated all women. She had no mercy on women. She thought none of them was ever straight or true. She even will go to her grave hating herself because she is a woman. Naturally enough, I absorbed that hate."

Beatrice was not so young that she had not acquired poise. The mere struggle to attain the position in her art to which she had climbed gave her a full measure of mature self-balance, and something also of power over others. Her lips parted slowly.

"I know what you are going to say," Haslam exclaimed. "You are going to say that I do not look at you with hate."

"Not at all," she replied. "But now it doesn't matter what I was going to say."

"It is possible to love women—in a sense—lightly—and to hate them profoundly," he said.

"I know."

"And you will not forget?" he asked anxiously.

She shook her head with a smile. She said, "In another moment you will be telling me that you are dangerous to my welfare."

He did not laugh; he only replied as if to pursue his thought, "I said my father made my success."

She smiled again. "Is the key to success, hate of women?"

"It eliminates a great deal—a great deal of diversion. A man can lose himself in only one thing. If he does it in a woman he better keep away from Wall Street."

"Where, as your eulogist said, you obtain a metal face."

He refused to recognize the banter and said solemnly, "I have concentrated."

"On success?"

"Yes."

She stopped her work now and even wiped one little finger with her sculptor's apron so that she could throw back strands of red-gold hair which had strayed forward toward her forehead.

"I wonder how successful you are?" she said as if to herself.

"As successful as my mother ever hoped. She taught me how. The best service I could render, she said, was for me to be successful. Money does more than anything else. If anyone stood between me and success that person ought to be stepped over, around or on."

"By hook—or crook," Beatrice suggested.

"I've never had to play any other way than square."

"Merciless, however?" she suggested.

There was no answer.

She nodded and went to work once more, paring great slices and breaking great lumps of the plastic material away. They fell with dull thumps into the pail at her feet, and then the purr of the catlike city rose up from the streets and from the open spaces of the park with its bare trees, and entered the studio with the false warm luxury of the spring air. Now and then she stopped to look at Haslam, who, with a scowl, turned the pages of an architectural journal.

"Where do you live?" she asked at last.

"Alone," he said. "My apartment—Becker—my man. Two telephones. Private wire to Chicago. A refrigerator that makes its own artificial ice. Get the picture?"

"Your den?" she inquired in a tone which he believed was mocking.

His face lit up with a smile not wholly pleasing. "Yes, you are thinking it is a kind of wolf's den. It would please my mother to hear that. She learned to believe that we are all wolves especially women. I'm not a hypocrite; I, too, am a wolf."

"I have known wolves before," she said in a voice almost caressing.

"Especially one," he said, insinuating his speculations. "Probably sometime ago he did not give you warning. I do."

She showed her utter surprise and he laughed. "It was that look around your mouth," he said. "Women only get that from some single—disillusionment."

"I have not been disillusioned," she said quietly. There was a warm, tender quality in her voice he had not heard before. "When I am disillusioned I shall be quite ready to die."

He looked about at the examples of her work.

"No," said he at last, going back into the architectural magazine. "I do not think you have been disillusioned. You could not make these plaster girls so full of joy, these bronze men so full of eagerness for living. But I do not speak with authority on that. I know the market. I know the Street. I know the wolf and all his tricks. That's really about all I know."

"I wonder whether you know yourself, M. Haslam," she said.

He arose, yawned and stared at her. His face, its long nose, its high brow, its cold eyes, its firm mouth all were like metal.

"An appointment," he said. "Enough to-day. Day after to-morrow, eh?" He took his hat in his brisk manner and with the rapid motions of his well-preserved, lean, strong body, his quick legs, his active arms.

"You are no wolf," she said. "A wolf does not live on fear."

"You think I live on fear?"

"Perhaps."

He went out without replying, just as if it were nothing of consequence to deny or to affirm.

The next sitting brought no reference to the conversation of the first. He only said when he came in, "One has to look at you several times to be sure you're beautiful."

Beatrice may have considered that it was impolitic to reply to this. She made no answer as she took the wet cloth from the head of clay.

"So you've been working!" he exclaimed. "While I was not here. What a memory! It looks a lot like me now!"

He saw staring back into his own face the roughly modeled face of a man of iron will, somewhat cruel, with craft and cunning around the eyes, and a firm, inflexible, silent mouth.

"Ha!" he said. "You have eyes, Beatrice Wheaton, eyes!"

He came near, holding out his hand. When she took it he turned her fingers over, examined the fair pink skin and put his other palm over them.

"Well?" he said.

"I understand," she replied.

"You are not in love with anyone?" he asked.

"No," she said. "What an amazing man you are! So sure of yourself."

"Of myself—yes. Of any other—no."

She did not pull her hand away.

"I am direct," he said. "I tell you that there are two relations a sensible man can have toward a woman. One is that she is a piece of property. He parades her as a possession. She is his. He hangs jewels on her. The other is that she is a thrilling amusement. He takes her in his arms. He is tender. He is kind. He grows tired. The first is a bad investment for a man; the second a bad one for a woman."

"And that is all?"

"Absolutely. My mother says ——"

The expression of complete impatience and intolerance which passed across her face as he mentioned his mother appeared to excite him.

"What do you care what my mother taught me to believe!" he exclaimed. "What's that to you? Why do you resent it? What interest have you in me? I'm a wolf—a man with a metal face."

"M. Haslam," she said in a voice which lacked all sureness, all poise. "M. Haslam"—as if some magic was in that name.

He leaned nearer to her. He said, "You didn't take your hand away. I'm not an oracle. But I know we all have our hungers. Sometimes I feel things like that, just the way I feel the market—just the way I feel the result of a big industrial deal. You have your hungers. You can pretend to be a masterful young woman with standing, income, independence. Nevertheless, for tenderness you would give a great deal." She was silent.

"It would be the same if someone else—not me—came and held your hands warmly between his own."

She shook her head and said, "That is something of a cruelty."

"To you?" he asked.

"No," she said. "For the moment I was thinking that it was not fair to you."

He left her then and walked about, thinking. Something in his perplexed scowl caused her to go to the clay and touch the plastic forehead boldly with her two thumbs, pressing hastily and nervously a new contour.

"I am not lacking in a certain kind of tenderness," he said at last.

She did not answer.

"Do you ever take flyers in Wall Street?" he inquired suddenly. "If you wish to do so I could ——"

She interrupted sharply then, but in a low voice. "Why should I take the thing you call flyers in Wall Street?" she asked. "I have no particular use for money. I think I have more than I deserve already, and certainly more than I want."

"For God's sake!" he exclaimed spontaneously. "What do you work for, then?"

"To make your likeness tell the truth."

"To the world? Or me?" he asked as if expecting an answer.

The sun's rays were coming in then in a shaft of light which fell full upon her head. He stood looking in admiration at the brilliance with which her rich coils of hair caught this light and with startled wonder at the drops of emotion upon her cheeks.

"Perhaps," he said under his breath, with the suggestion of one who feels he has awakened sentiment, and having said this to himself he sat up more proudly like a great king and with an implacable look upon his face.

"When I was eight I was taught the lives of great, stern men," he said. "Painstakingly taught. That was when softness and weakness were taken out of me, I can tell you."

"Were they?" she said absent-mindedly.

"Certainly," he replied. "Certainly."

For the rest of the time he remained thinking, staring far away, as when at his desk he often planned his moves on the exchange and in the industrial world. Occasionally he could see her at her work, a figure of wholesome well-being, the activity of

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There Was a Warm, Tender Quality in Her Voice He Had Not Heard Before. "When I am Disillusioned I Shall be Quite Ready to Die"

L'Alouette, or Silken Vengeance

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

ON MONDAY morning, November seventh, a tall, dark, elegantly dressed man quite evidently a stranger from some metropolitan district—stopped before a wide, attractive show window on the main street of a well-known Pennsylvania city. He stopped, set down the handsome traveling case he was carrying, and gazed deeply into the window.

He had done this for several minutes—staring in every nook and corner with sharp attention—when suddenly, as if under the impulse of an emotion he could not control, he lifted up both arms at once and shook both fists together toward the window with a hoarse and ugly oath.

"They're all alike, by ——" he said. "I'd like to kill the whole of them."

A passer-by, noting his surroundings, would have been at a loss properly to explain his unusual conduct. Before him as he said these threatening words, inside the high white-lighted window, five lovely, diaphanously clad female figures gazed back at him in cold and supercilious beauty. Banks of pure and fluffy white shone on either side; single garments lay upon casual furniture—each individually displayed with all the tender loveliness of some rare exotic bloom. And in the extreme background an unobtrusively and artistically arranged sign announced what every eye had already seen: Undies of Distinction.

This was all apparently that was in the window to which the stranger, now lowering his fists, was again hoarsely and profanely speaking.

"There isn't one of them, by ——" he said, "that won't lie to you! Deceive you!" And as he spoke these words, in sheer anger he spat upon the sidewalk.

But now, his violence somewhat subsiding, he struggled quite evidently to recover his self-control. "Well, here goes!" he said at last. "We'll have it out with him!"

Placing a carefully set smile upon his features, rearranging his modish and jauntily tied tie, he took up his traveling case from the sidewalk beside him with a gesture of determination and disgust. And the lovely ladies in their underwear gazed at him with delicate disapproval as he passed away and out of sight beneath the great gilded sign which announced: M. W. Praether & Co.

He had scarcely entered the main door when down the center aisle he saw the thin back, high ears and slightly bowed legs of the man he was seeking.

"Good morning, Mr. Dundee," he said.

The small thin man with the singularly heavy mustache turned sharply, with the quick, jerky movement which often marks the easily irritated.

"Good mornin', sir-r-r," he said in a curt Scotch accent and a voice which in every way confirmed his first appearance of irritation. "Now what can I do for you?"

"I want to talk to you—just a minute," said his visitor.

"Well!" said the other, standing waiting now in the manner of a man who is irritated, knows he is irritated, and knows he always has a perfect right to be irritated when he wants to.

The face of the stranger flushed suddenly and richly. "I want to ask you a fair question, that's all," he said.

"'Twill be a Lesson to Ye. Be Off With Ye—You and Yer Alouettes!"

"The sooner ye osk it the quicker ye'll be done!" said the other in the well-known proverbial speech of the Scotch. "Osk it!" he said in the high voice of the easily irritated.

A flush of intense and ungovernable emotion lit in the face of the man before him. His eyes stared back, hard, ugly and uncompromising. With one hand he pointed in the direction from which he had come.

"What have you done with my Alouette?" asked the stranger in loud, clear, unmistakable tones.

"Do ye know who ye're talking to, Mr. Kidder?" inquired the man of whom this odd question was asked.

"I do, yes," said Mr. Kidder firmly.

"Ye're talking to the junior partner of this house!" the other stated with a prolonged and impressive stare.

"I'm talking to the man who made an agreement with me—three agreements! And I'm asking him a fair question: What about my Alouette?"

"Your Alouette?" replied the other, with real or feigned surprise.

"Yes, sir. That camisole I sold you here two weeks ago—for a special!"

"This is Monday morning," said the junior partner in a very positive voice.

"All right," assented Mr. Kidder. "Say it is!"

"This is Monday morning," repeated the easily irritated junior partner, stepping to one side of the aisle. "I hove no time to skitter on with ye upon yer Alouettes!"

"Let me ask you this first," said Mr. Kidder, blocking his progress against the counter and a high pile of ginghams. "Haven't I given you in the past three months three specials?"

"If ye hove, what then?" responded the other tartly.

"First that neck specialty—La Babette—that I gave you at a price to retail at one dollar."

The junior partner stood silent.

"Did you sell it at one dollar—or one thirty-five?"

But the other still refused to answer.

"That was three months ago! Two months ago, on my next trip, did I let you have a good thing in knickers—our A-1 fancy La Regina knickers, in top-grade heavy satin, at a price to let you sell them at five dollars flat? Did you sell them at five dollars with a good display, the way we agreed? Or did you put them out at $6.99—with no window display at all?

"And now this time I come along and give you a price on this latest thing of ours—this L'Alouette. You agreeing to put it out as a special at two dollars or $1.99. And you to give me also a good full display at your winter opening."

Mr. Dundee now lifted up his eyes and his mustache as if about to speak—but did not yet do so.

"Now did I get my window display, or didn't I?" asked Mr. Kidder. "Did you sell it at two dollars flat—or are you putting it out the way they tell me down the street, at $2.68?"

"If we are, what then?" said the junior partner, speaking at last, but with a question rather than an answer.

"And if that's the case," asked Mr. Kidder, "is it fair for you to write in to my boss that the goods I sell you can't be moved?"

But again the other answered merely with another question.

"Hove ye hod yer say?" he inquired with an unchanging face. "Because if ye hove," he said, and shot a deadly glance from over his singularly heavy mustache, "be off!"

"Is that the way you talk, Mr. Dundee?" said the other.

"Be off with ye! Off my premises!" replied the other with shrill and rising fury. "You and yer Alouettes and yer La Reginas and yer Babettes!"

"Man to man!" endeavored Mr. Kidder for the last time. But now he stopped. For the junior partner, with one last and venomous glance, had turned upon his heel and walked away.

Mr. Kidder stood watching the counter corner which he finally rounded, clenching and unclenching his hands.

"You Hold Him There," He Was Saying, "Till I Get Them Ready. Give Him a Little More Air if He Needs It"

"I wish to God I was rich!" he said then, half audibly, with an almost passionate fervor. "I wish I had about a million dollars! If only for a minute! I'd ——"

Expressing this great human desire, which has been in the hearts of so many under similar circumstances, he slightly smoothed his hair and tie, passed on, and turned into another aisle leading toward the entrance to the store.

He had scarcely done this when he stopped abruptly.

"Why, Mr. Kidder!" cried a high, clear, attractive soprano voice.

II

LOOKING up he saw the speaker, a slight, vivacious blonde, carefully and modishly dressed, beside a display of silken garments at one corner of the ladies'-underwear department.

"Well, how are you? I haven't seen you for a dog's age," she said, showing her exceedingly white teeth and holding out with unfeigned cordiality her exceedingly white hand, which Mr. Kidder grasped heartily.

"Well, how's Luella?" he exclaimed, his face lighting up with an unassumed pleasure. "How's the girl?"

For she was an old acquaintance of his, and a good friend in the trade. Luella B. Smith, her name was—the assistant buyer in the ladies'-underwear department.

"Look! What were you muttering about all by your lonesome, coming down the aisle?" she asked brightly, continuing their mutual inquiries.

"Oh, me? Oh, nothing," said Mr. Kidder, his gloomy absent-minded manner suddenly returning.

"No! What was it?" she persisted.

Mr. Kidder, warmed by the bright sympathy in her voice, slightly rearranged the jeweled pin in his tie.

"Look," he asked her—half smiling and half serious at once—"did you ever wish you had a million dollars?"

"Did I ever wish I had a million dollars? Why, certainly I have," said Miss Luella B. Smith, in the quick, bright, lively voice which was evidently characteristic of her. "Don't everybody—sometime?"

"If you had it," asked Mr. Kidder, going on with his questioning, "what would be the first thing you'd do?"

"The first?" she asked, reflecting.

"Yes."

"Oh. I don't know. I'm sure. Do you?"

"I do. Yes!" said Mr. Kidder very definitely.

"What?"

"I'd make this my last trip," said Mr. Kidder.

"You would!" said Miss Smith, in evident admiration.

"I would. Yes!" said Mr. Kidder, his emotions expanding, as men's often do, under the admiring sympathy of woman. "And I'd do just two things," he continued harshly, "with half of them! I'd show them up first. And then I'd smash them! Personally!"

And he went on, under the emotional stimulus of her attention, to tell his troubles with his customers—the retailers who got all the cuts they could out of him and his house, refused to give the public the benefit of them, and then complained they couldn't move his goods!

"I'd show them all up," exclaimed Mr. Kidder, "and then I'd smash them!"

"We'll have to be looking out for you," said Miss Smith, with a suggestive look, "one of these days!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean when you get your money finally. And you come around smashing us—on that last trip?"

"What's all this?" asked Mr. Kidder, studying her.

"Didn't I hear somewhere," she said, leaning forward over her counter, "that your folks had all kinds of money?"

"What! My folks!" said Mr. Kidder in apparent surprise.

"An uncle—or something—one of these big men in the fancy-soap business. Or so somebody told me!" said Miss Smith.

"Oh, him! That's not my uncle—that's my great-uncle," said Mr. Kidder, now sitting down himself on a customer's stool and leaning forward over the counter to talk to her. "On my mother's side. He's out on the Pacific Coast, at Los Angeles. I haven't seen him for years. A fat chance I'd have of getting anything from him."

"They told me that you were named after him," persisted Miss Smith.

"Yes. And every male child in three generations in my family—and a good share of the females! The way they always do," explained Mr. Kidder, "with the only man in the family that's got money. There must be forty, at the smallest count, by this time. He hates them all—but out of the whole forty he probably hates me worst!"

"Why? For what reason?" said Miss Smith, her interest evidently still unabated.

"I changed the name, for one reason," replied Mr. Kidder, not unmindful of her attention. "I never use anything but the initial for the first name. Justin!" he said, giving it. "Life is hard enough on the road without trailing that hick name all over the map!"

"And yet I should think ——" began Miss Smith.

"I'll do this," Mr. Kidder interrupted her humorously: "I'll sell you my chance for one dollar."

"Your great-uncle!" said Miss Smith, still musing. "He must be a pretty old man! And suppose ——"

"Well, I'll tell you," Mr. Kidder interrupted again, jollying her. "If it ever does come true I'll tell you now just what I'll do!" And he went on, naming dates and places, elaborating amusingly on his theme; while she, on her part, leaning with her elbows upon the counter and her head quite close to his, listened with the half pleased, half whimsical smile of one rehearsing an old and favorite daydream.

"The minute my million comes—that's what I'll do," said Mr. Kidder, summarizing—his emotions and imagination continually quickening under her evident enjoyment of their common dream.

"I'll go out and show them up—my customers—the kind that are making a mess of retailing goods all over the country. Some I'll drop there! Some I'll smash—personally! You've no idea how they treat you! It's worse than you get it here—yourself—working for them!"

And Miss Smith nodded appreciatively.

"And the first place I'll stop," continued Mr. Kidder, going on with his mutually pleasing imagination, "will be right here."

And as he stated this his hearer not unnaturally raised her head and eyes to look around.

"And the first one," continued Mr. Kidder—not looking at her directly for the moment he did not observe the curious dazed expression which had suddenly come upon his hearer's face—"the first one I show up right will be right here when I talk to old Hoot Mon—your skinny little friend, Alexander Andrew Dundee!"

Interested in his theme he did not yet note the strained, fixed, almost carven expression in the face across the counter. "And what I tell him will be plenty—and real good for his hairy old Scotch soul!"

Miss Luella B. Smith moved slightly from one foot to the other, but still no sound came from her lips to warn him.

"And after that," said Mr. Kidder, jollying her—all his old lightness and buoyancy of manner coming back to him as he elaborated that old familiar favorite dream of theirs—"I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll come in and get you—and you put on your hat and coat and we'll be off—on our trip around the world! To the Orient first!" he continued imaginatively. "Free, independent, rich! We'll be off to Honolulu, snapping our fingers at the whole bunch, making our positively last appearance, our last trip!"

His imagination soaring, still absorbed in what

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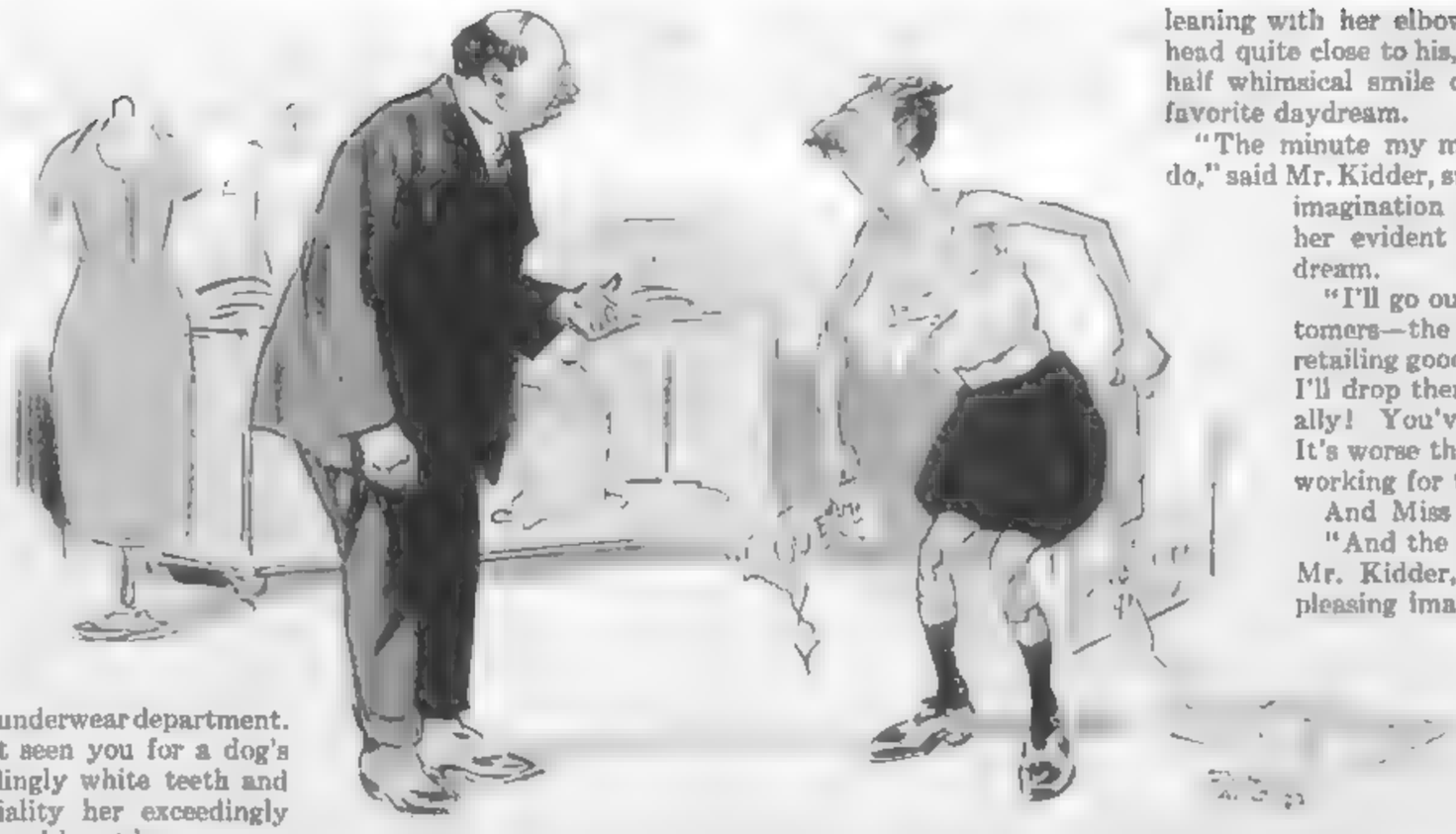

"Get Dressed," He Stated, "and Come Up to the Office. We Can Curse Back Other More Comfortably There"

Two of the Noonday Strollers of the Gum-Chewing Sex Stopped Before the Show Window With an Expression of Distinct Surprise

YOUR TOWN TO-MORROW

Granddad Seldom Found a Level Piece of Land Upon Which to Establish a City

By James H. Collins

TO-MORROW you may not know your own city. They have probably begun altering it already, or are planning to do so. If not, it doesn't greatly matter, because certain forces at work will compel far-reaching changes automatically. To-morrow your city will have wide boulevards cut through its narrow streets. These will accommodate four, six and eight lines of traffic. They will start at the center and run miles out into the country. Thousands of buildings will be torn down. Sharp street corners will be rounded off and the circle and crescent take the place of the checkerboard.

Did your city fathers, years ago, lay out a downtown boulevard or two with a strip of parkway in the center?

That beauty spot will be needed for traffic. But better beauty spots will appear miles from the downtown section. Slums and tenements will disappear too. There will be a general grading up of living standards and an equalization of real-estate values.

When you drive a car the traffic cop will no longer be able to bawl you out, for he will disappear from street crossings, guiding traffic by electric signals from a point where he can see everything but say nothing—that is, if he doesn't disappear altogether. For there will be double-decked street crossings at congested points. And traffic at ordinary street crossings will be speeded up by diffused lighting which kills the shadows that now make them dangerous.

When you go for a walk it will be a far safer and more comfortable form of exercise than to-day, for the bulk of automobile traffic will either be transferred to elevated roads for automobiles alone, or disappear into automobile subways.

The trolley cars will disappear underground or be replaced by motor omnibuses, which are not only more flexible than the trolley, dodging in and out of traffic, but are more flexible in routing. Elimination of tracks and central power plants will give desirable economies in investment and operation.

Sorting Out the Traffic

YOUR city will be linked with others all over the state and country by great trunk motor highways, with lighted traffic signals and perhaps traffic officers. Much of the motor travel between cities will be out of sight, on separate highways that do not enter the towns at all, but skirt them. There will probably be separate freight highways for motor trucking, both in the cities and between them.

And though these far-reaching changes will cost hundreds of millions of dollars, improved property values will come near paying for them in many cases if they are carried out in the right way—and the sooner the better. These changes, far from being dreams, have mostly begun taking shape already, in this city or that.

The automobile is at the bottom of it all. With the number of cars increasing to one for each two to nine families in different cities, our cities have developed street traffic comparable with high blood pressure. Less than twenty years ago New York established its first traffic-control system, adopting the methods of London. The simple wave of the policeman's hand to move a few cars across Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street in New York has now developed into a system of moving them in units of five and ten blocks by electric signal, and still they do not move fast enough. When a new system for moving automobiles in blocks of ten in New York's theatrical district was installed the first night, a single misunderstanding of signals jammed five blocks of automobiles together in a jiffy, interlocked and at a standstill. Street accidents are steadily increasing through the growth in automobile traffic and its entanglement with pedestrians and slower vehicles.

"Say, that thing'll never be practical!" exclaimed a New Yorker when he first saw a horseless carriage. "Why, a man has to go ahead of it with a red flag!" Within five years he was driving an automobile himself.

When horses and pedestrians became accustomed to the automobile the man with the red flag was no longer necessary. But to-day he is again walking ahead, figuratively, as the traffic policeman. They have put him in towers, with red, green and yellow electric lights, and made other ingenious improvements, but he is fundamentally wrong.

"Speed limits on the automobile are a paradox," says a New York trade-journal publisher who has given much study to the traffic problem.

"The automobile is designed to run fast. That is its whole function, attraction and service. Limit it, and you lose all its benefits. Speed limits and traffic control have become necessary because we have not yet learned to separate the automobile from slower traffic, and give it highways of its own."

The first railroads ran through city streets and across country roads at the same level. Growth in railroads themselves, and the horse traffic which they stimulated, caused many accidents and necessitated the slowing down of speeds. Only when hoisted above other traffic and given their own right of way were the full possibilities of fast passenger and freight travel realized. To-day, like the iron horse, the gasoline horse needs its own right of way, not only in cities but between them.

Few of our cities were really planned—for the most part they just happened—and even the best city plans of our fathers and grandfathers have been outgrown.

The cowpath origin of city streets is familiar and amusing. People delight in its absurdities, getting lost in Boston's old water-front mazes, and verifying the fact that Pearl Street, in lower New York, crosses Broadway twice.

When first settled, São Paulo, Brazil—now the Pittsburgh of South America—was surrounded by hostile Indians, with one friendly tribe headed by Chief Tebyriça. He brought his tribe into the settlement and built a line of cabins, living there for its protection. Tebyriça and his people and the cabins have long disappeared, but the line upon which they stood is now the city's chief street, the Rua São Bento. The original street, shaped not unlike a fishhook, is surrounded by a maze of narrow, jumbled, broken alleys that made São Paulo probably the most complicated city in the world, yet a perfectly satisfactory walking-distance city to those who knew their way about—until the automobile came.

Granddad seldom found a perfectly level piece of land upon which to establish a city with room to grow in all directions, as in London or Los Angeles. His layout was usually governed by water, as the old lady discerned when she expressed surprise that large bodies of water were almost always found near important cities. Water transportation was about all granddad had, so he picked out an island like New York or a promontory like Boston. Again, his town site was often complicated by hills, as in Pittsburgh or San Francisco.

Towns of Three Kinds

A COWPATH town was often most convenient for getting about, so long as it was kept within walking distance, and goods were delivered by wheelbarrow. When it got larger the cowpath section was extended on a checkerboard plan providing for growth, but usually with streets too narrow for present-day traffic, and with far too few parks and breathing places if the job was done several generations ago. If granddad was very farsighted he laid down a combination of checkerboard and turnpike, as in Washington and Indianapolis, the turnpikes radiating like the spokes of a wheel, providing lines of growth, and also highways by which farmers could bring in food from the surrounding country.

In general there are only these three kinds of towns—cowpath, checkerboard and cartwheel. A cowpath town tends to congestion at the center rather than healthy growth at the radius, and makes dandy slums. The checkerboard town grows faster. The cartwheel town grows fastest of all, and most evenly and healthily. For this reason it has been found profitable to cut expensive cartwheel boulevards into old cowpath cities—Baron Haussmann spent two hundred and fifty million dollars doing it in Paris, and London spent forty million cutting Kingsway from the Strand to Holborn through a mass of dives and rabbit warrens. It has even been found profitable to level hills and fill up hollows to facilitate growth. Right in the center of Rio de Janeiro there is a three-hundred-foot hill populated chiefly by goats and wash ladies, with an old monastery at the top. Its total valuation is probably less than that of one good lot on the splendid Avenida Rio Branco, from which one could almost hit a goat with a stone. Just before the war, it is said, a German syndicate offered to remove this hill free of charge, turning several acres of central business property over to the city. The hill happens to be dirt instead of granite, a rarity in Rio de Janeiro, and the syndicate was to make its profit by filling in a hollow elsewhere and selling the land.

Looking back now, we see that granddad was often farsighted in his town planning. But he lacked information. When he laid out a checkerboard extension above cowpath New York a hundred years ago, his scheme was excellent. Everything came to New York by water then. Ships tied

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YE GENIAL HOST

By a Hotel Man

I WAS born in the hotel business, or right next door to it. We lived in a big summer resort. My earliest recollections are of tourists and race horses. My uncle sold groceries to feed the tourists, and hay to feed the horses. Naturally I grew up to believe that great success in life came only through running a hotel or running race horses. It wasn't so easy to pick up a race horse for a starter, so I got a job as errand boy in a hotel.

Luckily I was born too close to the races to have any illusions about them. At the age of twelve it had dawned on me that all the money won at the track was spent in the hotels. Even the losers had to pay. Nothing could be simpler—I would be a hotel man and get the money coming and going.

That's exactly what I have been trying to do for thirty years. My boyish theory was quite correct, but I found that some time was required in the perfection of details before this money could be caught in rolls. There were a few things that had to be learned.

I was getting along pretty well in years, for example, before I fully realized what it meant for a guest to walk in and after shaking hands with the proprietor say, "Well, it certainly feels good to get back home."

There are some hotel proprietors who don't realize what that means to-day. Some of them never even see this homing guest. They have an idea that if a customer registers, checks out and pays his bill everything is perfectly all right. It may be all right, at that. But the fellow who comes in talking about home will come back—and bring his friends. The other may not.

I got my first real lesson as to what was required of a successful host in a rather odd way. I was on a month's vacation from my job as night manager of one of the old New York hotels, and had started South.

Our train was held up by a wreck at a little town somewhere in Kentucky. We had to stay over all night. Being curious I wandered over the town. There was a little hotel—the Commercial House, of course. The rates were two dollars a day, room and meals.

A Secret Worth Learning

IT WAS in the fall and a big stove heated the main office. Around this men sat discussing the news of the day. The proprietor's wife, off to one side in a rocking-chair, was knitting.

I was told that I could get a room—the only one left—if I didn't mind putting up with a few little inconveniences.

As I registered the lady noticed that I was from New York.

"Do you know Mr. Sheppard, of your city?" she asked. "He sells farm machinery. Often stays over Sunday."

I had to admit that I did not know Mr. Sheppard, but I had sense enough not to laugh at the question.

"Oh, I wish you did," she said. "We like him very much. I've been hoping he would come along. We are saving something for him. He's crazy about fried chicken, and I have a coop full of nice broilers that I'm fattening for him."

"I like them, myself," I said, smiling.

"Oh, do you? And do you like hot biscuits split open and covered with the gravy? That," she explained, noticing my glance at a framed photograph back of the desk, "is my daughter. She is studying music in New York. Mr. Sheppard has known her since she was a tiny little girl; used to bring her some little souvenir from the city every time he came."

I found myself asking all about the family and the town, feeling as if I had dropped in on some old friends.

I told this old lady, who, it seemed, really ran the Commercial House, that I was in the hotel business in New York. She was evidently impressed.

"With so many people coming and going I suppose you have made a lot of interesting friends," she said.

That was rather an odd way of looking at the hotel business, I thought to myself. After I had said good night and had gone to my room I pondered over that for a long time. I had not thought of expressing it that way before.

The next morning a negro boy knocked on my door to wake me up.

"The ole missus thought mos' lackly you'd want a cup of coffee 'fore you got up," he said, "an' I fetched it. She say a lot of New York gemmun lacks it dat way 'fore brekfus."

I did like it that way, though I never knew it before. It wasn't very good coffee, but it was warm and made me feel good.

When I got downstairs I found that the lady actually had fried a chicken for my breakfast, a thing I had never seen before in my life. In New York chicken was a dinner dish. I liked it though.

There were no fancy airs and not much service in the dining room, but the thought of criticism did not cross my mind. In fact I felt exactly as if I were in somebody's home. It was all new stuff to me.

I went to the desk to pay my bill and say good-by.

"Oh, there isn't any charge," said the lady. "You are a hotel man. All hotel people are our guests."

"And some day," I declared, after getting over my astonishment, "you are going to be mine, I hope?"

"Maybe, when I go to visit my daughter."

When I got back on that train and we had pulled out I knew that I was a hundred per cent better hotel man than I had ever been in my life. I could have shown that woman many things about business systems and perfection of service, but she had shown me something that no efficiency expert ever dreamed of. As a matter of fact that woman had given me the secret to my later success in the hotel business—a success, I may add, that is not small financially.

Since that time I have managed a few of the biggest hotels in America. I now assist in running a chain of them. I have catered to working men, to business men and to royalty. I find that they all like exactly the same thing that I liked down there at the little old Commercial House.

I don't mean to say that I had never had any previous inkling of what the personal touch means in running a hotel, but this visit gave me my first demonstration of what real hominess means.

After leaving the summer resort in which I was born my first job was cashier in the restaurant of a historic New York hotel—we called them cafés in those days. My desk was in a corner of the old bar, where tables were arranged along the walls to serve meals to men, most of whom were politicians and what we called sports. There I came to know a lot of famous characters, and I made a point of knowing them well. The manager had noticed my familiarity with the names of the patrons and one day he gave me the job as night clerk. Later I got to be night manager.

I'll never forget the arrival there one night of a man who registered from Texas. He wore a big pearl-gray sombrero and a funny kind of necktie. Across his vest hung a huge watch chain with a nugget of gold as a watch charm. I assigned him to Room 315. I remember the man and the room number as well as if it was yesterday. I guess it was the peculiar clothes and hat that impressed me. It was his first visit to New York.

Two years later the Texan came back to our hotel. It was his second visit, it developed. I shook hands with him and called him by name. Naturally he thought I knew his name from looking at the register, but I would have known it anyway.

"Well, Mr. Potter," I said to him, "if you like, I think I can give you the same room you had when you were here before."

He said nothing, but looked at me as if he thought I was crazy—or tricky.

"Take the gentleman to Room 315," I directed the boy.

I cannot explain it, but I remembered the number distinctly. I might have missed it on others, but the former visit of this man had impressed me.

An hour later the Texan came down to the desk.

"Say," he said, "that's the dog-gonedest thing I ever heard of in my life. That is the same room that I had before, and I haven't been in New York for two years."

"I knew it was," I said.

"Well, that beats all! That's one I'll sho tell the fellows about when I get home. Sounds like sleight-of-hand, don't it?"

Personal Hospitality

HE DID tell the boys too. During the next few years we had a steady trade from that part of Texas. The devil of it was that every one of them dared me to remember his room number. Often I had to do some stalling until I could check up a little. But we all used to joke and have a good time laughing if I happened to be caught. Profiting by my trip through Kentucky, I was making them feel at home.

That idea of personal hospitality got to be a life study with me. Strangely enough, just as I thought I had it down pretty pat it has risen up to be my most besetting problem. If anyone can tell me right now how an ultra-modern hotel, housing one or two thousand people a night, can make each of those men and women feel like one of the family he will be a genuine benefactor.

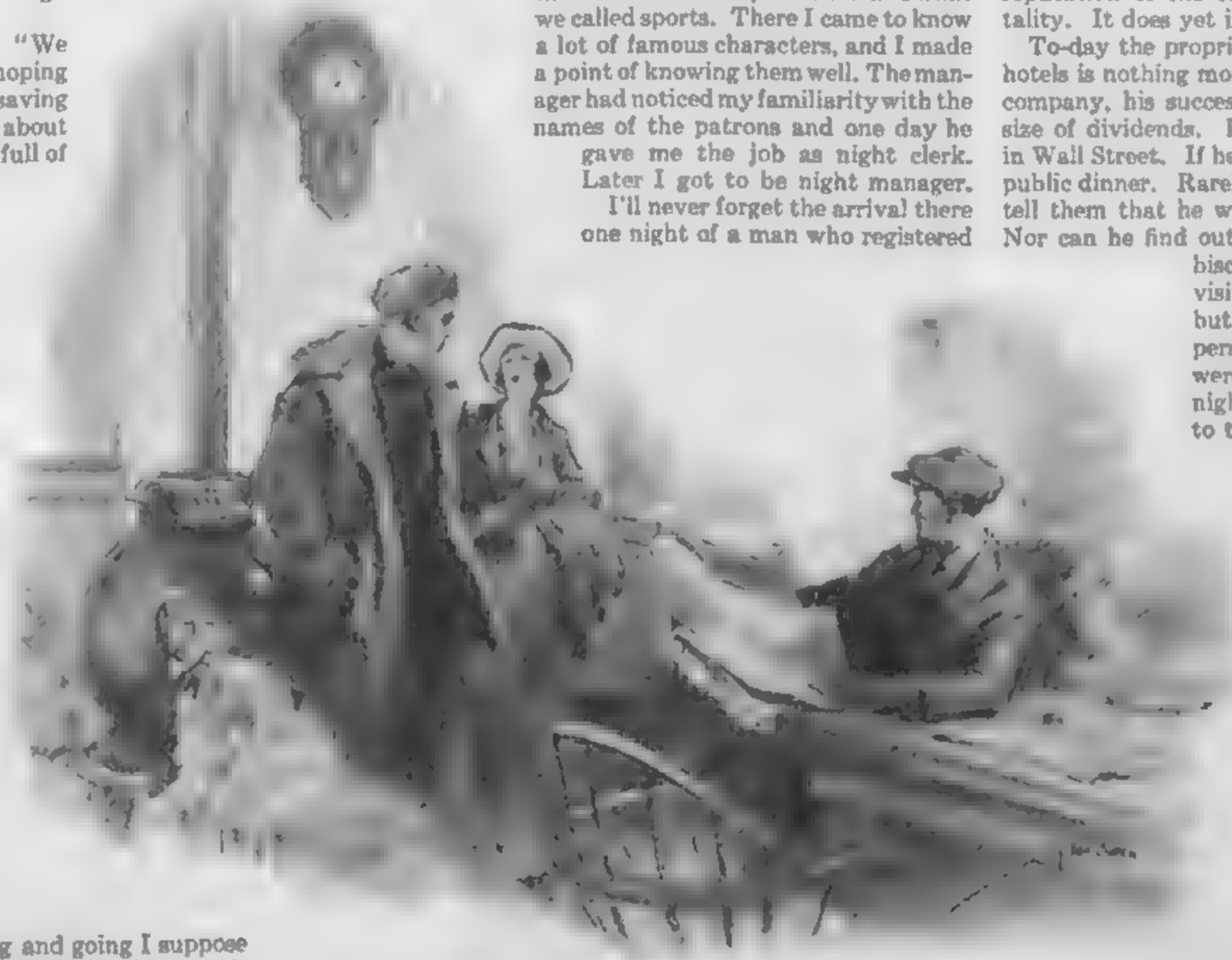
Though I am in the thick of it and managing to hold my own, this mad competition in the building of enormous hotels sort of saddens me. It is changing the running of a hotel from an art to a business. We even call it operating a hotel.

The innkeeper of old was a personality, an important factor in any community. He was a public host and the reputation of the town often depended upon his hospitality. It does yet in small towns.

To-day the proprietor of one of the great metropolitan hotels is nothing more than the president of a great stock company, his success being rated by the regularity and size of dividends. He might just as well have his office in Wall Street. If he ever sees his patrons it is at some big public dinner. Rarely does he meet them in the lobby and tell them that he will try to give them their old rooms. Nor can he find out if they like fried chicken with split biscuits and gravy. These hundreds of visitors find little of which to complain, but they wander as aimlessly and as impersonally around the lobbies as if they were in the Grand Central Station. No night clerk has the time or the opportunity to tell them what is going on in town and what has happened since they were there before. I don't know how it can be helped.

If this superdreadnought building craze keeps on, the hotels are going to run away from the people, I'm afraid—unless the people take a notion to run away first.

Often when I walk from my private office to the balcony and look down on the imposing lobby filled with this throng of guests, unknown to each other and to me, I think of that little Commercial House back in Kentucky. One a hospitable tavern; the other a convention hall. Often I wonder if the old lady is still there and if Mr. Sheppard ever came back.



There Was a Little Hotel—the Commercial House, of Course. It Was in the Fall and a Big Stove Heated the Main Office

(Continued on Page 42

THE GOOD UNCLES

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE Parc Monceaux, that dainty pleasance of beribboned *bonnes* and befrilled children, showed at its best upon that spring morning; a timid generosity of sun shone upon its young green, the white of its marble and the mirrors of its pools; and there was a tinkle of children's voices and the joyousness of their movement. And here, through the gentle and pretty pageantry of it all, went Maurice Bertholet, moving as in an aimless saunter, his hands clasped behind him, his cane slanting under his arm, his face composed and inexpressive.

"*Tiens!*" murmured one white-and-blue-linen nurse to another as he passed. "*Voilà un monsieur vraiment comme il faut!*"

Their eyes followed his tall spare figure with real appreciation. He was one of those perfect products of life who are the bloom upon the social surface of Paris, complete both inwardly and outwardly—from the soul to the fit of the coat—to satisfy its exigencies and its taste. At forty, or thereabout, he had yet the figure and the carriage of the athlete; there was a sophisticated mastery of grace in his every movement; and his face, demurely handsome, was keen without being sharp, and self-possessed without arrogance. His accouterment—black tie, dark gray gloves, gray felt hat with a deep black band—was more than merely quiet; it was even a little noticeably somber in that *bonbonnière* of a Paris playground. But one felt, on viewing him, that there must be a reason for that; it must be right or he would not be wearing it.

His saunter brought him about a bend in the way; he caught his hands from behind his back to raise his hat to a lady who was coming towards him.

"Good morning!" he greeted, with the cordial little smile he had. "You are doing your footing?"

She smiled back and gave him her hand. "*Tiens!*" she exclaimed. "You here? No, I have done my footing. And you—you were meditating, I suppose."

"It may be!"

He accepted her little gesture of invitation and turned to stroll at her side. Nurses watching in the offing smiled meaningly; they knew an assignation when they saw one, they considered; but nurses can be wrong as easily as other juries.

The two chatted a while trivially as they went; but Madame de Leyle glanced from time to time at her companion consideringly; she had not missed the somber note in his effect.

"The voice is the voice of a bachelor," she ventured at last, in reply to some small jest of his; "but the costume is the costume of a widower. There is nothing wrong I hope, Maurice?"

He turned his face towards her, yet smiling with that manner of schooled courtesy which was implicit in him; but for an instant or two his eyes were grave and pained.

"I have lost a relative," he said. "You would scarcely have heard."

"Oh, I am sorry," she said. "Who was it, Maurice? Not——"

He nodded. "Yes," he said. "It was my uncle."

She frowned thoughtfully and stole another glance at him. Insensibly they had slowed in their stroll; they came to a stop beside a marble basin whose surface was yet strewn with the dead leaves of last year's water lilies.

"I am very sorry indeed!" she said.

"I Was Going Down to Look at the Sea," Said Maurice. "That, and the Wine When It Is Red, are the Only Things to Look Upon Here"

"You are kind," he replied quietly. "He was practically my only relative; he was very good to me always. But, you know, I had not seen him for years."

He had one smartly shod foot on the low parapet of the basin and leaned forward, staring for a while at the water. She had leisure to survey him again, in profile, the keen quiet lines of the face, its breeding, its humor and its restraint; and once more her delicate blond brows knitted in thought. She was a woman of the perfect age, somewhere between twenty-seven and thirty-two, slim, nearly as tall as he, and brilliantly fair, with that shining quality of fairness which gives to face and neck the effect of a golden flush. Before she married the French military attaché at Washington she had been Irma Redden; she had been a widow since the great battles around Verdun; and there were moments yet, plenty of them, when the vivid American fires flashed through the social armor of the Parisienne.

"Tell me something more, Maurice," she said. "You see—we've been friends. Just what does this mean to you?"

He rose upright and dropped his foot from the parapet. His uncle had been a wealthy shipbuilder and shipowner; the allowance he conferred upon Maurice had been the latter's entire livelihood—and Irma de Leyle knew that. Maurice, his place in a fastidious world, his undeniable taste in pictures, in furniture, in frocks, in all the apparatus of elegance—these were a mere by-product of the daily work in the old-fashioned, brig-infested offices in Marseilles. She had not seen and therefore could not remember, as he had been doing all the morning, the figure of the old merchant prince, gross of girth, uproarious of voice, white-bearded and bald but swarthy yet, flamboyant as the South which bore him and made him—laboring happily, living with gusto, and merely exuding Maurice, his position and his opportunities as a man exudes sweat from his body.

"Tell me," insisted Madame de Leyle gently. "You remember—I know! Let us walk back and you can tell me about it."

They moved away again, side by side. "Well?" she asked.

Once more he smiled at her. "He has left me ten thousand francs," he replied.

She stared. "Ten thousand francs—a year?"

He shook his head. "No," he said. "Not ten thousand—*pour tout potage!* It is one quarter's installment of my old allowance. And"—he ceased to smile and made it apparent that he spoke in all sincerity—"it is very good of him! There was no reason why he should leave me anything. I was his wife's nephew, really—his first wife's; and he had since married again, and there is a son of the second marriage, you know. No, really; it was good of him to leave me anything; he was always good!"

"But," objected Madame de Leyle, "after all these years! Still, the son, your cousin, of course he will——"

She ceased to speak before the amusement that lit in his face.

"Shall I really ask him?" he suggested, holding her eyes with his. "Shall I appeal to him: 'Since you succeed to your father's wealth, succeed also to his parasite'? He is twelve years younger than I; do you think such an appeal would move him?"

She flushed faintly. "What will you do, then?"

His shoulder moved in a restrained little shrug. "Oh, something, assuredly. I do not think I shall be reduced to the husks, exactly. You must not think nor look as if you were in the presence of a tragedy."

"You have many friends," she said slowly.

"Many," he agreed. "Many good friends, thank God!"

They walked for a while in silence. He seemed to be reflecting, with a grave gladness, upon his last words, but the thought of Irma de Leyle touched the matter in hand from another angle. His good friends included many men of wealth and influence; there would be no difficulty in finding him a dignified and comfortable employment; but even so, the Maurice Bertholet she knew, that consummate work of delicate art and generous Nature, must be shattered. An office, hours of routine, days abstracted from the life of ease at no profit, to the life of labor! He had called himself a parasite, but Irma knew wealthier parasites than he with less of his gift for beautifying the rôle. To harness him now would be a kind of murder.

"You have rather startled me," she said presently. "I don't know what to say for the moment. But I am horribly distressed, Maurice!"

He turned to her at once with a quick, spontaneous gayety of remonstrance. He was about to laugh and chaff her from her concern for him and his fortunes. But her face showed real pain and sympathy, and he fell serious in immediate compliance with her mood.

"But you must not be distressed," he said. "I would not have told you, but you claimed a right to know. And I granted your right—I would never deny it. And but for that, please believe I would have said nothing."

She did not answer, and he went on upon a lighter note.

"And really, there is nothing to distress you! *Voyons*—I am not a hero; I should hate to be one! When one is expelled from one niche one finds another—not? And fortunately saints are so scarce that there are always vacant niches!"

He rattled on and she listened unsmiling, watching him. There had been a time when their friendly intimacy had tended to ripen into something more, but at the time she had shrunk from it. And he, with his singular adroitness and a tact that seemed to her the essence of kindness and consideration, had forthwith fallen back to his position of familiar and endearing friendship. It was in the

possibilities that she had declined that lay the right of which he had spoken.

"Do not do anything hurriedly," she said. "I must think about this."

"You must not, indeed!" he smiled. "I will do all the thinking. In fact, I am going away to-morrow to find thinking space."

"Where are you going?"

"You would not know it," he told her. "It is a little place on the Breton coast—Le Robain they call it. Twenty cottages, an inn of sorts, an occasional Englishman on a cheap holiday, a few stray artists, and for the rest, dull green rocks, dull green country, and a sea that snarls when it does not sob and always sobs when it does not snarl. One must think there; there is nothing else to do."

"Le Robain," she repeated. "I will write—perhaps! And now I must go. My car is on the avenue."

They walked thither, saying little. But when she was seated in the car, while the chauffeur awaited the order to drive on, she leaned forward suddenly to the window, and the gold-and-rose of her face appeared suddenly as in a frame.

"Maurice!"

"What, then?" he asked.

"Maurice, you have told me everything? All that was in your mind when you came to the Parc to meet me?"

He smiled. "*Touché!*" he admitted in the swordsman's phrase. "I did come to meet you. And I have told you all."

"Well"—her eyes searched his face in vain—"perhaps I will write," she said, and sank back in her seat as the great car slid away.

He met a friend upon the boulevard and they lunched together. The friend was anxious, of course, for the news of the uncle's will was already abroad, and there came duly the question: "And what will you do?"

Maurice was ready for it; he had practiced his answer.

"I assure you," reported his lunch companion to other friends that afternoon, "I assure you, he mocks himself of the matter. He is at his ease. So, either the uncle made him a handsome allowance in his lifetime; or the cousin has declared himself willing to continue the allowance; or ——"

He shrugged and did not complete the sentence. His hearers shrugged likewise; they understood the third alternative so completely and unanimously that none ever spoke the word "marriage."

Even alone in his rooms that afternoon, with no eye to mark him, Maurice Bertholet did not relax his composure. They were charming rooms. Maurice's home fitted him as accurately and becomingly as his clothes. His five or six pictures, his five or six hundred books, his two or three bronzes, his china, his rugs, his furniture—the choice of them and their arrangement were as characteristic of him as his smile or his epigrams. As he sat with his cigar in his smoking room he looked about him, taking in the sum and detail and significance of his environment. It would remain his for a space of days that he could number on his fingers.

He made no movement or grimace of anger or regret. His mind was made up; his purpose was like a binding document, completed, signed and made effective, filed away in his clear and steady brain, not to be amended or tampered with. His life, the only life for which he was equipped, was at an end. Then it was time for death. He had selected death as the least of the evils among which he might choose, and it remained only to end up in decency.

The single inn at Le Robain—an old straggling stone farmhouse converted to hospitable uses—is accustomed to artists and economical tourists; it can even rise to the exploring or strayed motorist and the occasional weather-bound yachtsman. But it was all too frankly puzzled and awed by M. Maurice Bertholet, of Paris. It gave him a vast bedroom with a tangle of beams crisscrossed on its ceiling and a curtained bed that looked like a traveling theater and smelled like a circus. The inn had been sworn at for that in its time; but M. Bertholet only smiled delightedly and delightfully and murmured words of praise. He unlocked a suitcase and set forth toilet gear of ivory and silver, pajamas and a dressing gown of silk, and descended later to the table-d'hôte dinner in the likeness of one who has just come out of a comfortable bandbox.

There were already a couple of elderly artists in residence; they, with M. Bertholet and a lanky, diffident English youth in hairy tweed clothes, had the long table to themselves. The youth had the place opposite to him, and several times Maurice marked his shy eyes nervously reconnoitering him. He smiled inwardly; there had never been a time when he suffered from that lack of address and self-possession, and it struck him now as childlike and pathetic. He was in the mood to be gentle with all mankind.

He looked up and caught the youth staring. The latter dropped his eyes at once and reddened hotly.

"An Englishman, is it not?" inquired Maurice pleasantly in English.

"Ye-yes, sir," hesitated the boy. He could not have been more than twenty-one.

"You are an early visitor to Brittany," went on Maurice. "Especially to Le Robain. Do you stay here long?"

The lad explained eagerly. Plainly he had been miserably lonely till now, and was famished for want of talk and company. "A fellow in our office" had told him about Brittany, and he had never been out of England before.

"So as soon as I could get away from the office I started off. But I haven't seen much yet. Still, it's better than the office."

Maurice nodded, with a full sense that what Le Robain held for him, too, was better than the office.

"I can easily believe it," he said. "You will be sorry to go back."

"Aha!" The youth laughed nervously. "But I'm not going back to it—not ever. I'm my own master now. No more office for me."

"Really!"

"You see"—the boy was gluttonous for a listener—"on my twenty-first birthday I came in for my money. My father wanted me to keep on at the office ——"

"Then your father is still alive? It was not his money?"

"Oh, Lord, no!" The boy laughed. "I'm richer than him now. It was an uncle of mine—Uncle Charles, my mother's brother—that left it to me."

Maurice poured himself a glass of wine and drank it slowly. He relapsed into French for one instant. "*Tiens!*" he said, and he resumed his English forthwith. "I, too, had a good uncle," he remarked, looking at the youth with a smile. "Like you, I am the son of my uncle. Two of us, and we meet at Le Robain. It is as impossible as it is true."

The young fellow gaped uncomprehendingly. "Did—did your uncle leave you money?" he asked stupidly.

"He did," replied Maurice. "You have no monopoly in that kind of uncle. He left me all I have. And like you, it

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They Came to a Stop Beside a Marble Basin Whose Surface Was Yet Strewn With the Dead Leaves of Last Year's Water Lilies. "I am Very Sorry Indeed!" She Said

The Print of My Remembrance

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

IN THE spring of 1887 James G. Blaine was an important figure in the field of national politics. Less than three years before he had been defeated by Mr. Cleveland by a very narrow margin. The state of New York had been lost to Blaine by a little more than one thousand votes. Shortly preceding the election the Reverend Doctor Burchard, a member of a committee of visiting ministers, had made an address in which he spoke of the opposition to Blaine as a party of rum, Romanism and rebellion. This phrase, unnoticed by Blaine at the time, and unchallenged or uncorrected until it reached the public, had undoubtedly alienated at least the five hundred and odd votes in the state of New York upon which the election turned.

But the two years and more between that time and May of 1887 had in the public mind relieved Blaine of any responsibility for this utterance, and in a spirit of fairness there was a disposition over the country to give another chance to this gallant candidate. That he should be dangerously ill at an out-of-the-way military post in the southwest territory was of interest.

Fort Gibson is nine miles from the little railroad siding and telegraph office of Gibson. Instructed by The World to go to this place from Kansas, where I had been reporting the state elections, I found it necessary to make two round trips between the station and the fort each day, a total of thirty-six miles, on a little cow pony hired for the service. Along the trail the grass and spring flowers were showing profusely. The ride was pleasant, and during the week's stay in the quiet place it was agreeable in the saddle to think over the offer by the generous citizens of Leavenworth, under a total misapprehension on their part, to give me an afternoon newspaper. The prospect offered immeasurable possibilities to a man of thirty, not unfamiliar with politics and in thorough sympathy with the people of the section. But to accept the offer would mean the abandonment of a long-desired association with the theater. It was a difficult choice. On one side was a property established and in the hand; on the other, a dream.

Julia Marlowe as Rosalind

John Drew

Robert Taber as Romeo

Disturbing

IN GIBSON town, besides the station house, a dinky shed, at once passenger and freight depot, there were exactly two houses. One of them was occupied on its first floor by a small general grocery store and post office, with two family rooms above. The second red frame of four rooms sheltered a squaw man and his full-blood Cherokee wife, besides three or four small children, and his handsome half-breed daughter, aged eighteen. There was no hotel, no boarding house. In the squaw-man's house I shared one ground floor room with a great Dane watchdog. Before my coming he had had the bed to himself. He was a particular dog, and during my week there never grew fully reconciled to my using half of the bed. If I turned over in the night too vigorously he growled, but perhaps because I stopped promptly each time at his first growl he never bit me.

The window was open. There was no lock on the door. Two or three times each night at irregular intervals the dog suddenly bounded through the window with terrifying barks, and, as I judged by their diminuendo, regulated some distant intrusion into what he held to be the home district of that wide prairie. After a while he would come grumbling back and resume his place on our bed, and like an English tourist turn around and over as much as he liked. Each morning I washed my face and hands in a tin basin on a bench outside the kitchen and combed my hair by the help of what reflection I could get in the window glass of the open door, while the Cherokee half-breed daughter asked me how I liked my eggs.

That half-breed girl was one of the prettiest, best-mannered, best-educated girls I had seen anywhere. She was home at that season because the female seminary at Tahlequah had temporarily been put out of commission by a fire. She had a senior high-school knowledge of English literature and its accompanying studies of that grade, and she specialized in French. Of the Indian mother I had only an occasional glimpse. The white father was busy with his planting. I was the only person at table for twenty-one meals, and this dusky beauty stood opposite me at each meal and talked down at me on all subjects wherein my dependence was upon books. About Wednesday she started in to improve my mind. There was a phrase in the Cherokee tongue that she wanted me to learn. I got it perfectly, although I forgot it years ago; but I shall never forget her roguish eyes, or the perfect teeth as she smiled in its repetitions.

Women unchaperoned are the same the world over. She wasn't bold and she wasn't timid, but she wouldn't tell me the English of it. I did all I could with it in Cherokee, however, careful of course to let nobody else overhear me. I gave it all the insinuation a man could give any phrase of whose meaning he was still a bit uncertain. I repeated it while on the little buckskin pony so as not to forget it. An old Indian fighter at the post with whom I got friendly couldn't translate it. Friday night I resolved to take a chance. Two squaws were buying sugar at the grocery. The big storekeeper was speaking Cherokee to them. After they left I got near the door, because there are things a pretty girl can say to a stranger with more propriety than the stranger can claim in saying them to a general grocer with whiskers and a flannel shirt and a gun.

I said, "Mr. Brown, will you translate a sentence in Cherokee for me?"

"Certainly."

I can see him now tidily wiping out the big sugar scoop on the scales with a soiled towel. The sun had gone down. Outside it was dark. He waited. I repeated the speech just as the girl had pronounced it to me, but without the teeth-and-eye business or any coquettishness, of course. I didn't want him to plead my impertinent manner as an additional excuse for violence.

As I finished and he shook the sugar crumbs from the towel he said: "Oh, yes, that means, 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.'"

The Perfect Breakfast

THE next day Mr. Blaine was sufficiently recovered for me to leave him to local reports. Getting back to Kansas City I met by appointment our old advance man, Frank Hamilton. Hamilton was the owner of a weekly paper recently started, called the Kansas City Mirror. He was also the owner of a lease of a proposed theater to be called the Warder Grand Opera House. He offered to give me one-half interest in both if I would help him in their management and would decline the Leavenworth offer. I returned to St. Louis, closed my relations with The Post-Dispatch, left it flat, and contrary to the advice of my father, who thought the Leavenworth opportunity was the greater, joined Hamilton in his enterprises.

As editor and half owner of his paper I had a drawing account of thirty dollars a week, partly commuted into a room and dinners at Hamilton's home. Breakfast and lunch I got outside. By Hamilton's advice, and following his sturdy example, my breakfast was uniformly a cup of coffee and a quarter section of pie. I had heard that certain real intellectuals in parts of New England had pie for breakfast—apple pie, I thought—but Hamilton explained that with its crust, its fruit and its meat, mince pie had all that the human system required. I often recalled the story of the dyspeptic gentleman who to the maxim, "You can't eat your cake and have it too," replied that he could do just that; and to my own feeling of possession the generous alcoholic content of the mince pie in that locality and time added the vague feeling of a banquet the night before and a surviving aroma of popularity.

The Kansas City Mirror was an eight-page paper of a somewhat larger sheet than THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Four pages of what is called patent inside came to

us already printed with matter about equally divided between inferior fiction and national advertisements not entirely devoid of that element. The four outside pages I filled each week with original and selected matter, and some illustrations. I had an editorial column and a dramatic department. I was more interested in the latter. The local news, wherever possible, was manipulated to forward the opera-house enterprise. The dramatic notes and gossip gave preference to the attractions that we had arranged for and others that we hoped to get.

As the editor of the paper I met many old theatrical friends who came as members of the companies that visited Kansas City while the Warder Grand Opera House was being built. I also made new acquaintances. Among those the most lasting and agreeable was that with Edwin Milton Royle, since author of The Squaw Man and other dramas, but then playing juveniles with Booth and Barrett. Royle's play-writing inclination was a strong bond between him and me.

Kansas City was organizing a great exposition. President Cleveland came to the town with his bride for a visit of two days, during which municipal activities—public reception, a grand ball and the like—made such demand upon the local papers that I was called in to help the reporters of the Kansas City Times, and began in that two-day engagement a valued acquaintance with the author, Roswell M. Field, brother of Eugene Field.

The opening attraction of the Warder Grand was to be a week's repertoire by Booth and Barrett under the management of Arthur B. Chase. They were to play six nights and two matinées, and were to receive a guaranteed share of three thousand dollars a performance, a minimum total of twenty-four thousand dollars. Each man was a favorite in Kansas City; Booth was a popular idol. The Warder Grand was to be a good-size house. We had plenty of publicity. Prices were more than doubled. There was no reason to doubt returns far in excess of the twenty-four thousand on the week, and Mr. Hamilton had no difficulty in giving the bond that Manager Chase required. Things looked fine.

Saving Barrett and Booth

AS THE summer waxed and waned, and as the theatrical season came upon us, it grew painfully evident that the opera house was not going to be completed in time for the Booth and Barrett opening in November. L. M. Crawford, who had a chain of theaters through Kansas towns, offered to take the contract off Hamilton's hands, as its terms permitted it to be assigned. But in his mind Hamilton saw a completed opera house, and no logic availed against that vision. A week before the date the sale opened at the downtown library, and every seat was promptly subscribed. But the opera house itself was a shell. There wasn't a chair in it. The stage was not completed; it had no roof. There wasn't a stitch of scenery. The carpenter in charge of the stage was a youngster then, but one of the best stage mechanics in the world, Claude Hagen. He promised to be ready with the stage, but foretold the impossibility of opening without scenery or equipment. Hamilton had felt sure of being able to rent sufficient scenery from the opposition houses, but it was impossible to get any.

On the Thursday before the opening I went to St. Louis and explained the dire distress of our enterprise to Mr. Pope. Pope knew Hamilton and liked both him and me. I started back Saturday morning with a baggage car full of scenery attached to a freight train. We reached Kansas City Sunday afternoon and had the scenery on the stage Monday morning. But there was still no roof. One stubborn beam that swung from the overhanging derricks was still to be put in place. The Booth-Barrett company called for rehearsal, walked about the cold stage in their fur coats and looked through to the threatening sky that showed above the entire auditorium.

This auditorium was empty except for some men who were filling it with temporary camp stools in rows. The rehearsal was dismissed, and as a matter of form the company reported in the evening; but during the afternoon a snowstorm had fallen, and at night there was an inch of snow on the streets and much inside the theater; no roof on the Warder Grand Opera House, and no heat. Hamilton and I, two Craig brothers who were interested in the enterprise, a stenographer and two men from the Mirror office met the arriving patrons and explained the postponement of the performance until the following night.

Julia Marlowe as Juliet

There was a good deal of grumbling then and a great deal of confusion at the ticket office the next day. During that Tuesday, however, Hamilton got some tarpaulins put over the roof and brought four large cannon stoves into the theater. These stoves were set up in the private boxes with pipes leading to the nearest outlets and kept red hot during the day. At noon Mr. Booth and Mr. Barrett, with their fur collars turned up, were on the stage again looking at the still-forbidding conditions. As there was no other assistant who knew anything about moving scenery, I was in a suit of overalls to help Hagen on the stage.

One green hand trying to take a wing across the back of the stage got it wabbling on its forefoot and then let go of it as it started to fall. If it were to drop flat-sided it would come down easily as a kite falls, and without much damage; but edgewise, and dropping as a knife blade, it had lethal possibilities. There was no time to talk. I jumped at the two stars whose backs were toward this menace, pushed them violently apart, just as the scene fell between them, striking the stage where they had been standing, splitting the wood of its two-inch stiles.

Mr. Barrett, in real tragedian fashion, said indignantly, "Don't put your hands on me, fellow!"

Mr. Booth lifted his gaze from the broken scene and said, "Thank you."

I was pretty hot at the Barrett rebuke, and told Hagen, who was also cross about it, that it would make a fair story for the Saturday Mirror. That night during one of the intermissions Mr. Barrett thanked me for pushing him out of the way, explained that he was very nervous and his irritable remark involuntary. I had no difficulty in believing this. The whole plexus of events was trying on everybody.

A Wintry Macbeth

DURING the day there had been a conference between the stars, their manager and attorneys on one hand, and on the other hand Hamilton, his bondsmen and their attorneys. This conference resulted in a decision to stand by the guaranty and to open with Macbeth. There was no dressing room in which anybody could have with safety disrobed, and no ordinary theatrical costume would have kept out the freezing temperature of the building. To shut out drafts the stage was boxed as a baronial hall with a set ceiling. Mr. Booth wore his heaviest costume, a robe in which ordinarily he played Richelieu. Barrett as Macduff wore a long quilted gown which had served in Francesca da Rimini. Minna Gale as Lady Macbeth had some equally warm and equally incongruous attire. After the first act of the play the audience, that had been freezing in their wraps—the men retaining not only overcoats but hats—began to move toward the boxes where the cannon stoves were. Those already near these furnaces made way and perishing ladies row by row approached the heat. Men stood in the outer circle stamping their feet. After two or three minutes of this there was a general readjustment of camp chairs, moving from their alignments towards these thermal centers that suggested Birnam Wood on its road to Dunsinane.

Some prudent or habitual gentlemen had brought flasks with them. Others went to the nearest places of supply, and the close of the intermission took on a convivial even if precautionary color. The greatest enthusiasm of the night—not excepting Mr. Booth's reception—was for a line which perhaps in all the previous history of Macbeth had never called for more than a giggle.

In the third scene of Act Two the Porter, roused from his slumber by the knocking at the gate, says, "But this place is too cold for hell." This was greeted with a laugh and successive rounds of applause, and then recurrent ripples as the

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Lawrence Barrett

Edwin Booth in Hamlet

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 1, 1922

The Great Delusion

ONE of the oldest, most seductive and fatal delusions which mankind has suffered from is the belief that prosperity can be created by increasing the supply of money. In only slightly altered dress this ancient and exploded fraud is finding lodgment in many minds and preparing the way for inevitable disillusionment.

Most people instinctively welcome an increased supply of money. So arduous is the struggle of the individual to add to his own holdings of the lucre that there is something almost unconscious in the mental process which regards as beneficial to the people as a whole that which is eagerly desired by each person for himself. Money is the general expression of purchasing power and symbolizes all other forms of wealth. Thus it often assumes an exaggerated importance in the public mind, and there is confusion of cause and effect. People think a community is poor because there is so little money, when in truth the lack of money is due to the community's being poor.

When prices are rising and profits easily made no one complains either as to the amount or the character of money. But when prices have fallen and the farmer or merchant can no longer sell at a profit a hundred bushels of wheat or a gross of felt hats, a demand arises for the enlargement and extension of the function of money to take care of business which is waiting to be done. When a great part of the civilized world has collapsed, or almost collapsed, politically, industrially, socially and financially, it would seem as if only the slow interaction of many forces and the healing process of time could work a correction. But there are always those who believe there is a short cut back or forward to Eden, and to them the cheap-money delusion makes a powerful appeal.

But in this country at least there can be no substantial addition to the supply of money without a radical departure from the gold basis or standard of currency. Therefore those who believe that a lack of money is preventing higher prices for products and holding the country back from its normal development must first of all batter away at the gold standard. They hold that money is such because the Government certifies it, because it bears the government say-so or fiat. And if they are right money might as well be anything. It might as well be based on automobiles, on motion-picture films or kilowatt hours.

But this conception of money is fundamentally wrong. Through the experience of the ages nations have learned that money backed by gold, or ultimately redeemable in gold, has been valuable, and most other kinds of money worthless. Gold has been acceptable in itself, intrinsically, since the dawn of history. It is the ultimate real money because its value is deeply rooted in the established ways of mankind. There has never been a time when paper money was regarded as good except only as long as people had confidence that the issuing government or bank could and would if called upon redeem it in gold.

Paper money, government fiat money, may do all the work for a time, but as a great student of the subject has said, "It does so with a constant prospect of backsliding. Whether there is enough of it, or too much, or too little, is always a matter in the discretion of the government for the time being." But for any one country the value of gold is not within the control of whim or fiat at all. Its international acceptance gives it a basis on which the currency system of the country can rest securely.

But it is argued that money should have a broader base and be secured by such great forms of wealth as land or productive energy or potential producing power. France once tried issuing money upon land, the paper being known as assignats, so called because of the lands that had been assigned to secure them. At first only a small quantity was put out, and it was said that no more would be issued.

"Those French issues of paper rested not merely 'on the will of a free people,' but on one-third of the entire landed property of France; on the very choicest of real property in city and country—the confiscated estates of the Church and of the fugitive aristocracy—and on the power to use the paper thus issued in purchasing this real property at very low prices," wrote a famous historian. Yet this money declined in value as its quantity was added to, until the final result was utter ruin.

It is astounding in view of the present condition of Europe that anyone should even suggest, as the way to make everybody prosperous in this country, an increase in the supply of money. If it were not for the American dollar, based as it is on gold, there would be very little of firmness and stability remaining to-day in the currencies of the world. One of the prime causes of agricultural depression in this country is the inability of Europe to buy because of the disorganized exchanges, which in turn finds an important explanation in their debased currencies. The whole world has been upset by the worthlessness of depreciated European currencies.

But it is said that a rich, strong country like this cannot be compared with Europe in its present plight. But why not, if it adopts the same open road to destruction? The fundamental difficulty with the depreciated paper currencies of France in John Law's day and again during the French Revolution, in the American Colonies during our own Revolution, in the Confederate States, and in the Central and Eastern European countries of to-day, was and is that from the very nature of such currency systems there is no logical stopping place. The difficulty is that once having started to take drugs as a stimulus the dose must be constantly increased. Just why should we have more self-control if we start taking the same sort of dope?

No government has ever started on the road to depreciated paper currency except with the argument that it was strong and wise enough to try the experiment reasonably, moderately and without overdoing it. Yet history shows there has been no stopping place short of either general collapse or the repudiation of the money itself. Always the first effect has been to stimulate business. Naturally. But the reaction from this artificial exhilaration has been so severe that another and larger dose of the drug was required.

One means suggested for paying a soldiers' bonus is the printing of additional currency, and this method has been defended on the ground that it would stimulate prosperity. To keep up the stimulus it would be necessary to print currency for every desired object, and the last stage of the patient would be like the finish of every drug addict.

But the most pitifully tragic part of the cheap-money delusion is that the chief beneficiaries are supposed to be the farmers, laborers and others who are not connected with Wall Street or with the greedy moneyed interests. Long ago Daniel Webster said, "Of all the contrivances for cheating the laboring classes, none has been more effective than that which deludes them with paper money." The depreciated paper currencies of Europe have cost the laboring classes of that continent more in suffering even than the war itself. Although wages have mounted to unheard-of figures they are less in purchasing power than they were before the war under the gold standard.

When the farmer or business man is led to believe that his troubles are chiefly due to a lack of money he may be merely the victim of an ignorant or dishonest dreamer and fanatic. But he may embrace such views because he has been unable to secure from the banks what he regards as sufficient and legitimate credit. There are profiteers among banks, just as among other merchants. But on the other hand there are thirty thousand banks in the country, most of them owned by local people in no way connected with Wall Street or the moneyed interests. There is as much competition in banking as in any other industry. If laborers or farmers or business men do not like the service of existing banks they are at liberty to form new ones.

Indeed many new banks are formed every year. The field is wide open. It is an old, old story, that of the enterprising and ambitious person who complains of the bankers until one fine day he starts a bank of his own. Then he sees the other side, and realizes that a bank is organized not only to make loans to ambitious but often reckless and incompetent borrowers, but exists also for the purpose of protecting the deposits of the people who have intrusted their savings to its care.

But far too many people have a vague idea that if only the Government engaged in banking such hard and necessary restrictions upon the unlimited extension of credit could by an unexplained miracle be done away with. Thus one proposal is that every postmaster be empowered to make loans, and a United States senator has announced that the proper banking system is one that would provide credit to all people on terms of equality. Obviously the easiest way to bring this about, the simplest machinery for the purpose, would be an issue of currency secured by land or by productive energy, or by the undeveloped wealth of Alaska, or by waterfalls, or by the potential power in the atom, in the tides and in the sun.

Such a method of extending credit would seem to be very cheap, for it carries no interest charge. But if credit is to be supplied to all the people on terms of equality, where is the line to be drawn? Does it not mean that every borrower will determine the amount of his own requirements? If all the Government has to do to issue money is put its stamp of approval upon energy and power and undeveloped resources, why can it not make everyone rich all at once? Certainly that is an absolutely logical and necessary deduction.

Alas, the Government cannot create value, wealth, capital, credit, by a mere fiat. It is not superior to the recognized laws which govern the slow process of accumulating savings. One of the greatest of our statesmen has said that the Government did not have a single dollar to give anyone which it did not take from someone else—a statement which should be posted up in a conspicuous place in every city, town and village in the land.

The Government cannot start with nothing and accumulate something, except by taxing its citizens. The idea that credit can be made available to everybody boils down to the belief that every man should be the sole judge of his own credit, which in turn means that he has the right to use other people's money when and as much as he pleases.

Now of course there is nothing to prevent the Government from supplying paper money based on such unlimited security as power or energy, if the people decree that it be so. But that's just exactly the trouble! Such security is unlimited, and people soon cease to value what is unlimited in quantity. Consider the air, sunlight and scenery. Why not make them the base for currency? They have the advantage of being plentiful.

But alas, there's the rub. The simple fact, so easily overlooked, is that the value of money depends, among other considerations, upon its being limited in quantity. If only that basic economic law could be repealed by Congress or a constitutional amendment, then how happy and prosperous we should be!

THE COAL MINERS' CASE

By Ellis Searles

Editor United Mine Workers' Journal

MEMBERS of the United Mine Workers of America were unable to understand the amazing action of the bituminous coal operators in refusing to meet with them in a joint conference for the purpose of negotiating a new wage agreement to take the place of the agreement that expired on March 31, this year. The operators were in honor bound to meet with the miners, and their refusal to meet was a direct, flagrant violation of the solemn agreement which miners and operators, by command of the Government, signed in New York on March 31, 1920. Not all the operators were guilty of this violation of contract, however. The refusal to meet with the miners was confined to that element among the operators that appears to be determined to destroy the coal miners' union if possible, or at least to weaken its protective influence.

At their international convention, held in Cleveland in September, 1919, the United Mine Workers adopted a set of demands that was to be presented to the operators at the joint conference. The wage agreement then in existence was to expire when the war was ended. The miners insisted that the war was over. They set the first day of November, 1919, as the date for the expiration of the existing agreement. They issued a call for the operators to meet with them in joint conference at Buffalo on September twenty-fourth to work out a new agreement.

It was unfortunate that the demands formulated at the Cleveland convention were so worded as to convey to the public an erroneous idea of what the miners meant when they declared for a six-hour workday and a five-day week. What the miners needed at that time was a first-class city editor to edit their copy before it went to the public. But they did not have one, and the demands went forth in such form as to place the miners in a false light. The operators hopped on this demand and, by the skillful use of propaganda, induced the public to believe that the miners were asking for more pay for less work. In fact, the miners were asking nothing of the kind. What they were demanding was a reasonable assurance that they would have the opportunity to work steadily six hours a day and five days a week throughout the year, instead of eight hours a day, six days a week only a part of the time.

Fruitless Conferences

WHEN they assembled for the conference at Buffalo the operators flatly refused to deal with the miners. They said the miners' scale committee was hog-tied with instructions and that it had no authority to accept anything less than the full demands of the Cleveland convention. They said they could not and would not grant those demands, and that therefore it was useless to undertake to negotiate. The operators insisted, also, that the war was not over, and that it would not be over until peace was proclaimed by the President. Because of these chimerical objections the Buffalo conference broke up. But another call was sent out, for a meeting in Philadelphia, and miners and operators reassembled in that city. The operators still maintained their stone-wall attitude of refusing to negotiate, and that joint meeting also dissolved.

Officials of the United Mine Workers issued a call for a general strike of bituminous mine workers to take place on the first of November. Approximately 453,000 men responded to that call by laying down their tools and suspending work. The Government went into the Federal court of Judge Anderson, at Indianapolis, and obtained a mandatory injunction against the United Mine Workers, commanding the officials of the union to recall and cancel the strike order. They obeyed this injunction, but the men did not return to work. The strike continued for six weeks, with practically the entire bituminous industry tied up in organized fields. It was then that President Wilson appointed the Bituminous Coal Commission to settle the controversy.

This commission held exhaustive hearings at Washington, beginning in January, 1920, and in March it handed down its award granting to the miners an increase in wages of approximately 27 per cent. President Wilson directed the miners and operators to hold a joint conference and write the award of the commission, unchanged and in full, into a contract. This joint meeting was held in New York, and on March 31, 1920, the contract was signed. Thus the coal operators signed an agreement not only with the miners but with the Government, and when they violated it they flouted the dignity and authority of the Government. In addition to the award of the commission the miners and operators agreed to and inserted in that contract a provision reading as follows:

> Resolved, that an interstate joint conference be held prior to April 1, 1922; the time and place for holding such meeting is referred to a committee of two operators and two members from each state herein represented together with the international officers of the United Mine Workers of America.

That clause was just as binding as any other part of the agreement. But, even though they signed it, the operators refused to live up to it. President Lewis issued a call for a joint meeting of operators and miners to be held in Pittsburgh, January 6, 1922, to select a time and place for the joint interstate conference that was provided for in that agreement, but the operators of Ohio and Pennsylvania bluntly refused to attend the Pittsburgh meeting. Their refusal to meet constituted a bare-faced case of contract violation which surprised and disappointed the miners. The refusal of the operators to attend the Pittsburgh meeting was the first step in what afterward developed into a deliberate attempt on the part of powerful coal companies

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THE OFFICE DEVIL

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

By Harry Leon Wilson

XV

New Triumphs

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Pinch His Cheek Once More, Lulu. Now, Merton, Look Up and Offer Her a Bottle of Ma's Preserves"

ONE genial morning a few days later the sun shone in across the desk of Baird while he talked to Merton Gill of the new piece. It was a sun of fairest promise. Mr. Gill's late work was again lavishly commended, and confidence was expressed that he would surpass himself in the drama shortly to be produced.

Mr. Baird spoke in enthusiastic terms of this, declaring that if it did not prove to be a knock-out, a clean-up picture, then he, Jeff Baird, could safely be called a Chinaman. And during the time that would elapse before shooting on the new piece could begin he specified a certain study in which he wished his actor to engage.

"You've watched the Edgar Wayne pictures, haven't you?"

"Yes, I've seen a number of them."

"Like his work—that honest-country-boy-loving-his-mother-and-little-sister stuff, wearing overalls and tousled hair in the first part, and coming out in city clothes and eight-dollar neckties at the last, with his hair slicked back same as a seal?"

"Oh, yes, I like it. He's fine. He has a great appeal."

"Good! That's the kind of a part you're going to get in this new piece. Lots of managers in my place would say, 'No, he's a capable young chap and has plenty of talent, but he lacks the experience to play an Edgar Wayne part.' That's what a lot of these wisenheimers would say. But me—not so. I believe you can get away with this part, and I'm going to give you your chance."

"I'm sure I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Baird, and I'll try to give you the very best that is in me."

"I'm sure of that, my boy; you needn't tell me. But now—what I want you to do while you got this lay-off between pieces, chase out and watch all the Edgar Wayne pictures you can find. There was one up on the Boulevard last week I'd like you to watch half a dozen times. It may be at another house down this way, or it may be out in one of the suburbs. I'll have someone outside call up and find where it is to-day, and they'll let you know. It's called Happy Homestead, or something snappy like that, and it kind of suggests a layout for this new piece of mine, see what I mean? It'll suggest things to you.

"Edgar and his mother and little sister live on this farm, and Edgar mixes in with a swell dame down at the summer hotel, and a villain tries to get his old mother's farm and another villain takes his little sister off up to the wicked city, and Edgar has more trouble than would patch hell a mile, see? But it all comes right in the end, and the city girl falls for him when she sees him in his stepping-out clothes.

"It's a pretty little thing, but to my way of thinking it lacks strength; not enough punch to it. So we're sort of building up on that general idea, only we'll put in the pep that this piece lacks. If I don't miss my guess, you'll be able to show Wayne a few things about serious acting, especially after you've studied his methods a little bit in this piece."

"Well, if you think I can do it——" began Merton, then broke off in answer to a sudden thought. "Will my mother be the same actress that played it before, the one that mopped all the time?"

"Yes, the same actress, but a different sort of mother. She—she's more enterprising; she's a sort of chemist, in a way, and puts up preserves and jellies for the hotel. She never touches a mop in the whole piece, and dresses neat from start to finish."

"And does the cross-eyed man play in it? Sometimes, in scenes with him, I'd get the idea I wasn't really doing my best."

"Yes, yes, I know." Baird waved a sympathetic hand. "Poor old Jack. He's trying hard to do something worth while, but he's played in those cheap comedy things so long it's sort of hard for him to get out of it and play serious stuff, if you know what I mean."

"I know what you mean," said Merton.

"And he's been with me so long I kind of hate to discharge him. You see, on account of those eyes of his it would be hard for him to get a job as a serious actor, so I did think I'd give him another part in this piece if you didn't object, just to sort of work him into the worthwhile things. He's so eager for the chance. It was quite pathetic how grateful he looked when I told him I'd try him once more in one of the better and finer things. And a promise is a promise.

"Still, Merton, you're the man I must suit in this cast, and if you say the word I'll tell Jack he must go, though I know what a blow it will be to him."

"Oh, no, Mr. Baird!" Merton interrupted fervently. "I wouldn't think of such a thing! Let the poor fellow have a chance to learn something better than the buffoonery he's been doing. I'll do everything I can to help him. I think it is very pathetic, his wanting to do the better things; it's fine of him. And maybe some day he could save up enough to have a good surgeon fix his eyes right. It might be done, you know."

"Now that's nice of you, my boy. It's kind and generous. Not every actor of your talent would want Jack working in the same scene with him. And perhaps, as you say, some day he can save up enough from his wages to have his eyes fixed. I'll mention it to him. And this reminds me, speaking of the cast, there's another member who might bother some of these fussy actors. She's the girl who'll take the part of your city sweetheart. As a matter of fact, she isn't exactly the type I'd have picked for the part, because she's rather a large, hearty girl, if you know what I mean. I could have found a lot who were better lookers; but the poor thing has a bedridden father and mother and a little crippled brother and a little sister that isn't very well, and she's working hard to send them all to school—I mean the children, not her parents; so I saw the chance to do her a good turn, and I hope you'll feel that you can work harmoniously with her. I know I'm too darned human to be in this business."

Baird looked aside to conceal his emotion.

"I'm sure, Mr. Baird, I'll get along fine with the young lady, and I think it's fine of you to give these people jobs when you could get better folks."

"Well, well, we'll say no more about that," replied Baird gruffly, as one who had again hidden his too-impressionable heart. "Now ask in the outer office where that Wayne film is to-day and catch it as often as you feel you're getting any of the Edgar Wayne stuff. We'll call you up when work begins."

He saw the Edgar Wayne film, a touching story in which the timid, diffident country boy triumphed over difficulties and won the love of a pure New York society girl, meantime protecting his mother from the insulting sneers of the idle rich and being made to suffer intensely by the apparent moral wreck of his dear little sister, whom a rich scoundrel had lured to the great city with false promises that he would make a fine lady of her. Never before had he studied the acting method of Wayne with a definite aim in view. Now he watched until he himself became the awkward country boy. He was primed with the Wayne manner, the appealing ingenuousness, the simple embarrassments, the manly regard for the old mother. Then word came that Baird was ready for him in the new piece.

This drama was strikingly like the Wayne piece he had watched, at least in its beginning. Baird, in his striving for the better things, seemed at first to have copied his model almost too faithfully. Not only was Merton to be the awkward country boy in the little hillside farmhouse but his mother and sister were like the other mother and sister.

Still, he began to observe differences. The little sister—played by the Montague girl—was a simple farm maiden as in the other piece, but the mother was more energetic. She had silvery hair and wore a neat black dress, with a white lace collar and a cameo brooch at her neck, and she embraced her son tearfully at frequent intervals, as had the other mother; but she carried on in her kitchen an active business in canning fruits and putting up jellies, which, sold to the rich people at the hotel, would swell the little fund that must be saved to pay the mortgage. Also in the present piece the country boy was to become a great inventor, and this was different. Merton felt that this was a good touch; it gave him dignity.

He appeared ready for work on the morning designated. He was now able to make up himself, and he dressed in the country-boy costume that had been provided. It was perhaps not so attractive a costume as Edgar Wayne had worn, consisting of loose-fitting overalls that came well above his waist and were fastened by straps that went over the shoulders; but, as Baird remarked, the contrast would be greater when he dressed in rich city clothes at the last. His hair, too, was no longer the slicked-back hair of Parmalee, but was tousled in country disorder.

For much of the action of the new piece they would require an outside location, but there were some interiors to be shot on the lot. He forgot the ill-fitting overalls when shown his attic laboratory where, as an ambitious young inventor, sustained by the unfaltering trust of mother and sister, he would perfect certain mechanical devices that would bring him fame, fortune and the love of a pure New York society girl.

It was a humble little room containing a workbench that held his tools and a table littered with drawings over which he bent until late hours of the night.

At this table, simple, unaffected, deeply earnest, he was shown as the dreaming young inventor, perplexed at moments, then with brightening eyes making some needful change in the drawings. He felt in these scenes that he was revealing a world of personality. And he must struggle to give a sincere interpretation in later scenes that would require more action. He would show Baird that he had not watched Edgar Wayne without profit.

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

Healthy, happy, robust children!

How they delight in great steaming platefuls of Campbell's Beans with their tasty tomato sauce! Every time you give the youngsters this dish you are adding just so much more to their chance for perfect health which is every child's birthright. For Campbell's Beans are slow-cooked, which makes them perfectly digestible. Food that builds!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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Another interior was of the neat living room of the humble home. Here were scenes of happy family life with the little sister and the fond old mother. The Montague girl was a charming picture in her simple print dress and sunbonnet, beneath which hung her braid of golden hair. The mother was a sweet old dear, dressed, as Baird had promised, in neat black, with the bit of lace and old-fashioned brooch at her throat. She early confided to Merton that she was glad her part was not to be a mopping part. In that case she would have had to wear knee pads, whereas now she was merely, she said, to be a tired business woman.

Still another interior was of her kitchen, where she busily carried on her fruit-canning activities. Pots boiled on the stove and glass jars were filled with her product. One of the pots, Merton noticed—the largest—had a tightly closed top from which a slender tube of copper went across one corner of the little room to where it coiled in a bucket filled with water, whence it discharged its contents into bottles.

This, it seemed, was his mother's improved grape juice, a cooling drink to tempt the jaded palates of the city folk up at the big hotel.

The laboratory of the young inventor was abundantly filmed while the earnest country boy dreamed hopefully above his drawings or tinkered at metal devices on the workbench. The kitchen in which his mother toiled was repeatedly shot, including close-ups of the old mother's ingenious contrivances—especially of the closed boiler with its coil of copper tubing—by which she was helping to save the humble home.

And a scene in the neat living room with its old-fashioned furniture made it all too clear that every effort would be required to save the little home. The cruel money lender, a lawyer with mean-looking whiskers, confronted the three shrinking inmates to warn them that he must have his money by a certain day or out they would go into the streets. The old mother wept at this, and the earnest boy took her in his arms. The little sister, terrified by the man's rough words, also flew to this shelter, and thus he defied the intruder, calm, fearless, dignified. The money would be paid, and the intruder would now please remember that until the day named this little home was their very own.

The scoundrel left with a final menacing wave of his gnarled hand; left the group facing ruin unless the invention could be perfected, unless mother could sell an extraordinary quantity of fruit or improved grape juice to the city folk, or, indeed, unless the little sister could do something wonderful.

She, it now seemed, was confident she also could help. She stood apart from them and prettily promised to do something wonderful. She asked them to remember that she was no longer a mere girl, but a woman with a woman's determination. They both patted the little thing encouragingly on the back.

The interiors now possible on the Holden lot having been finished, they motored each day to a remote edge of the city where outside locations had been found for the humble farmhouse and the grand hotel. The farmhouse was excellently chosen, Merton thought, being the neat, unpretentious abode of honest, hard-working people; but the hotel, some distance off, was not so grand, he thought, as Baird's new play seemed to demand. It was plainly a hotel, a wooden structure with balconies; but it seemed hardly to afford those attractions that would draw the wealthier element from New York. He forbore to warn Baird of this, however, fearing to discourage a manager who was honestly striving for the serious in photo drama.

His first exterior scene saw him, with the help of mother and little sister, loading the one poor motor car which the family possessed with mother's products. These were then driven to the hotel. The Montague girl drove the car, and scenes of this in motion were shot from a car that preceded them.

They arrived before the hotel; Merton was directed to take from the car an iron weight attached to a rope and running to a connection forward on the hood. He was to throw the weight to the ground, plainly with the notion that he would thus prevent the car from running away. The simple device was in fact similar to that used, at Gashwiler's strict orders, on the delivery wagon back in Simsbury, for Gashwiler had believed that Dexter would run away if untethered. But of course it was absurd, Merton saw, to anchor a motor car in such a manner, and he was somewhat taken aback when Baird directed this action.

"It's all right," Baird assured him. "You're a simple country boy, and don't know any better, so do it plumb serious. You'll be smart enough before the show's over. Go ahead, get out, grab the weight, throw it down and don't look at it again, as if you did this every time. That's it! You're not being funny; just a hick like Wayne was at first."

He performed the action, still with some slight misgiving.

Followed scenes of brother and sister offering mother's wares to the city folk idling on the porch of the hotel. Each bearing a basket, they were caught submitting the jellies and jams. The brother was laughed at, even sneered at, by the supercilious rich, the handsomely gowned women and the dissipated-looking men. No one appeared to wish his jellies.

The little sister had better luck. The women turned from her, but the men gathered about her and bought out the stock. She went to the car for more and the men followed her. To Merton, who watched these scenes, the dramatist's intention was plain. These men did not really care for jellies and jams; they were attracted by the wild-rose beauty of the little country girl. And they were plainly the sort of men whose attentions could mean no good to such as she.

Left on the porch, he was now directed to approach a distinguished-looking old gentleman, probably a banker and a power in Wall Street, who read his morning papers. Timidly he stood before this person, thrusting forward his basket. The old gentleman glanced up in annoyance and brutally rebuffed the country boy with an angry flourish of the paper he read.

"You're hurt by this treatment," called Baird, "and almost discouraged. You look back over your shoulder to where sister is doing a good business with her stuff, and

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Slowly the New York Society Girl Approached the Couch of the Sufferer, Tenderly She Reached Down to Infold Him

IF people have ever shown that it is the Hupmobile they want, they have shown it conclusively during the recent past.

While buying in all lines was materially reduced from its normal scale, Hupmobile sales registered a remarkable vitality and volume.

The truth is that they increased over any similar period in our history—and that increase is now reaching even larger proportions.

These facts are worthy of record, because they signify again that in times when people really seek out sound value for their money, they turn instinctively to that which is *known* to be good.

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you see the old mother back in her kitchen, working her fingers to the bone—we'll have a flash of that, see?—and you try again. Take out that bottle in the corner of the basket; uncork it. The old man looks up—he's smelled something. You hold the bottle toward him and you're saying so-and-so, so-and-so, so-and-so, 'Oh, mister, if you knew how hard my poor old mother works to make this stuff! Won't you please take a little taste of her improved grape juice and see if you don't want to buy a few shillings' worth'—so-and-so, so-and-so, so-and-so—see what I mean? That's it, look pleading. Think how the little home depends on it!"

The old gentleman, first so rude, consented to taste the improved grape juice. He put the bottle to his lips and tilted it. A camera was brought up to record closely the look of pleased astonishment that now enlivened his face. He arose to his feet, tilted the bottle again, this time drinking abundantly. He smacked his lips with relish, glanced furtively at the group of women in the background, caught the country boy by a sleeve and drew him farther along the porch.

"He's telling you what fine stuff this grape juice is," explained Baird, "saying your mother must be a wonderful old lady, and he'll drop over to meet her. In the meantime he wants you to bring him all this grape juice she has. He'll take it; she can name her own price. He hands you a ten-dollar bill for the bottle he has and for another in the basket—that's it, give it to him. The rest of the bottles are jams or something. You want him to take them, but he pushes them back. He's saying he wants the improved grape juice or nothing. He shows a big wad of bills to prove he can pay for it. You look glad now—the little home may be saved after all."

The scene was shot. Merton felt that he had carried it acceptably. He had shown the diffident pleading of the country boy that his mother's product should be at least tasted, his frank rejoicing when the old gentleman approved of it. He was not so well satisfied with the work of the Montague girl as his innocent little sister. In her sale of mother's jellies to the city men, in her acceptance of their attentions, she appeared to be just the least bit bold. It seemed almost as if she wished to attract their notice. He hesitated to admit it, for he profoundly esteemed the girl, but there were even moments when, in technical language, she seemed to vamp these creatures who thronged about her to profess for her jams and jellies an interest he was sure they did not feel.

He wondered if Baird had made it plain to her that she was a very innocent little country girl who should be unpleasantly affected by these advances. The scene he watched shot where the little sister climbed back into the motor car, leered at by the four New York clubmen, he thought especially distasteful. Surely the skirt of her print dress was already short enough! She need not have lifted it under this evil regard as she put her foot up to the step.

It was on the porch of the hotel, too, that he had his first scene with the New York society girl whose hand he was to win. She proved to be the daughter of the old gentleman who liked the improved grape juice. As Baird had intimated, she was a large girl; not only was she tall and stoutly built but she was somewhat heavy of face. Baird's heart must have been touched, indeed, when he consented to employ her. Merton remembered her bedridden father and mother, the little crippled brother, the little sister who was also in poor health, and resolved to make their scenes together as easy for her as he could.

At their first encounter she appeared in a mannish coat and riding breeches, though she looked every inch a woman in this attire. "She sees you, and it's a case of love at first sight on her part," explained Baird. "You love her, too, only you're a bashful country boy and can't show it the way she can. Try out a little first scene now."

Merton stood, his basket on his arm, as the girl approached him.

"Look down!" called Baird, and Merton lowered his gaze under the ardent regard of the social butterfly.

She tossed away her cigarette and came nearer. Then she mischievously pinched his cheeks as the New York men had pinched his little sister's. Having done this, she placed her hand beneath his chin and raised his face to hers.

"Now look up at her," called Baird. "But she frightens you. Remember your country raising. You never saw a society girl before. That's it—look frightened while she's admiring you in that bold way. Now turn a little and look down again. Pinch his cheek once more, Lulu. Now, Merton, look up and smile, but kind of scared—you're still afraid of her—and offer her a bottle of ma's preserves. Step back a little as you do it, because you're kind of alarmed about what she might do next. That's fine! Good work, both of you!"

He was glad for the girl's sake that Baird had approved the work of both. He had been afraid she was overdoing the New York society manner in the boldness of her advances to him, but of course Baird would know. His conscience hurt him a little when the Montague girl added her praise. "Kid, you certainly stepped neat and looked nice in that love scene," she told him.

He would have liked to praise her own work, but could not bring himself to. Perhaps she would grow more shrinking and modest as the drama progressed.

A part of the play now developed as he had foreseen it would, in that the city men at the hotel pursued the little sister to her own doorstep with attentions that she should have found unwelcome. But she still behaved in a way he could not approve. She seemed determined to meet the city men halfway.

"I'm to be the sunlight arc of this hovel," she announced when the city men came, one at a time, to shower gifts upon the little wild rose. Plainly she was destined to be the victim of a brute's treachery.

Swiftly it became apparent that she must pay dearly for her too-ready acceptance of these favors. One after another the four city men, whose very appearance would have been sufficient warning to most girls, endeavored to lure her up to the great city, where they promised to make a lady of her. It was a situation notoriously involving danger to the simple country girl, yet not even her mother frowned upon it.

The mother, indeed, frankly urged the child to let all of these kind gentlemen make a lady of her. The brother should have warned her in this extremity; but the brother was not permitted any share in these scenes. Only Merton Gill, in his proper person, seemed to feel the little girl was all too cordially inviting trouble.

He became confused ultimately by reason of the scenes not being taken consecutively. It appeared that the little sister actually left her humble home at the insistence of one of the villains, yet she did not, apparently, creep back months later broken in body and soul. As nearly as he could gather, she was back the next day. And it almost seemed as if later, at brief intervals, she allowed herself to start for the great city with each of the other three scoundrels who were bent upon her destruction. But always she appeared to return safely and to bring large sums of money with which to delight the old mother.

It was puzzling to Merton. He decided at last—he did not like to ask the Montague girl—that Baird had tried the same scene four times, and would choose the best of these for his drama.

Brother and sister made further trips to the hotel with their offerings, only the sister now took jams and jellies exclusively, which she sold to the male guests, while the brother took only the improved grape juice, which the rich old New Yorker bought and generously paid for.

There were other scenes at the hotel between the country boy and the heavy-faced New York society girl, in which the latter was an ardent wooer. Once she was made to snatch a kiss from him as he stood by her, his basket on his arm. He struggled in her embrace, then turned to flee. She was shown looking after him, laughing, carelessly slapping one leg with her riding crop.

"You're still timid," Baird told him. "You can hardly believe that you have won her love."

In some following scenes at the little farmhouse it became impossible for him longer to doubt this, for the girl frankly told her love as she lingered with him at the gate.

"She's one of these new women," said Baird. "She's living her own life. You listen—it's wonderful that this great love should have come to you. Let us see the great joy dawning in your face. Dream your eyes at her."

He endeavored to do this. The New York girl became more ardent. She put an arm about him, drew him to her. Slowly, almost in the manner of Harold Parmalee, as it seemed to him, she bent down and imprinted a long kiss upon his lips. He had been somewhat difficult to rehearse in this scene, but Baird made it all plain. He was still the bashful country boy, though now he would be awakened by love. The girl drew him from the gate to her waiting automobile.

(Continued on Page 73

Simple, Unaffected, Deeply Earnest, He Was Shown as the Dreaming Young Inventor. He Felt in These Scenes That He Was Revealing a World of Personality

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European Statesmanship and the Question of Nationalities

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

IN ATTEMPTING to trace the part that the question of nationalities has played in influencing the course of the political history of Europe ever since the French Revolution, it is desirable to establish as precise a definition as possible of the meaning of such terms as "nationality" and "nationalism." Precision in the use of these terms is desirable in order to meet such vague and sweeping assertions as, for instance, that nationalism is the cause of wars and perpetuates the evils of war in time of peace, assertions which, although true in a measure, leave it to be implied that, nationalism being the real source of the evils of war, salvation should be sought in its opposite—internationalism.

What then is nationalism? I think it could be best defined in the words of the New International Encyclopædia as "a modern historical tendency having for its object the organization in well-knit political states of populations naturally bound together by ties of nationality"—nationality itself being conceived as including community of language, traditions, morals, religion and, in a broad sense, culture. But this is not the only possible conception of nationality as the tie which holds together populations in well-defined states. In international law this somewhat vague term is used strictly as denoting merely the external condition of belonging by birth or nationalization to a nation or sovereign state. In this sense nationality, although it may, does not necessarily imply community of language, traditions, religion or culture. Indeed, in the majority of the great states of Europe such an entire community has been and still is conspicuously absent. The community which has held and still holds together the heterogeneous national or racial elements in such states, is a community of, in a broad sense, economic and political interests, either voluntarily assumed, as, for instance, in the Swiss Confederation, or imposed by the development of political events which in the course of history have determined the confines of political organisms known as states or nations.

An Outgrowth of the French Revolution

THUS the term "nationality" as used in international law could denote membership in a nation or state itself composed of several nationalities—confederated as in Switzerland, or united as in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; or in France under the monarchy as well as now under the republic; or else composed of one dominant and several subordinate nationalities, as in the Empire of Russia and the Kingdom of Prussia and in the Ottoman Empire; or of two dominant and several subordinate nationalities, as lately in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy under the régime of dualism. On the other hand, a nationality no longer recognized as such by international law, such as the Polish nationality, since the passing of the independent Kingdom of Poland, although for more than a century divided in its allegiance among three different states and in spite of all efforts at denationalization practiced on it by the governments of Russia and Prussia, and to some extent also by that of Austria, has never, in the consciousness of mankind, lost its character as a distinct nationality.

Then again there were nationalities racially, lingually, culturally united, but not recognized as such by international law—such as the Germans and Italians occupying territories divided into a number of separate internationally recognized states, some of them even, as in Italy, ruled over by alien dynasties, such as Lombardy, Tuscany, Modena, Parma and Naples; so that, until the creation of the German Empire and the Kingdom of Italy, the very words "Germany" and "Italy" were but geographical terms denoting certain territories inhabited by peoples of German or Italian race.

As a matter of fact, before the great political upheaval of the French Revolution the idea of statehood, the sentiment of state autonomy and loyalty to state and ruling dynasty, had been entirely overshadowing the idea of nationality. In its modern form, therefore, nationalism as a tendency toward the independence and unlimited sovereignty of nationalities, dates from and is an outgrowth of the French Revolution. It might, indeed, be said that before the revolution Great Britain and France were really national states, inasmuch as their political organization was coterminous with their national culture; but their, so to speak, unconscious nationalism had not assumed the character of a conscious force. Conscious nationalism developed in France in her struggle with hostile coalitions, and Napoleon, with a great statesman's perspicacity, did not fail to recognize its value as a driving force and to make it subservient to his plans of revolutionizing the political configuration of Europe.

The idea was subsequently taken up by German and Italian statesmen, thinkers and poets, and resulted in a movement the vicissitudes and struggles of which provided material for the history of the greater part of the nineteenth century, culminating at last in the formation of the German Empire and the Kingdom of Italy. It will be readily granted that in these cases nationalism has proved not only a powerful driving force but also a beneficent one, inasmuch as it has been instrumental in terminating chaotic conditions of multifarious particularistic and often conflicting interests by the creation of great unified political and economic organisms under the shelter of which the two nations reached a degree of material prosperity, let alone an international status that otherwise would have been unattainable.

This much will have to be placed to the credit of nationalism, for it stands to reason that under the conditions—whatever the future may have in store for us—of modern civilization, with its colossal development of industry and international trade, the absorption of numerous small independent political entities, with their individual customs barriers and obstructions to the freedom of communications and trade, by larger political and economic organisms, such as the leading modern states, can only inure to the advantage of all civilized mankind.

But nationalism, however laudable and useful as a tendency aiming at the organization of large national states, has also not infrequently developed a tendency toward oppression of minor subject or dependent nationalities included in the confines of such states. Similar tendencies are the more difficult to withstand and to combat, as they are often inspired by sincere albeit misguided patriotism when not masquerading under its convenient cloak. Of the difficulties in the way of combating them the author of this article is entitled to speak from personal experience. The dangerous character of policies pursued as an outflow of such tendencies to which he has repeatedly had occasion to call attention from the tribune of the Russian Legislative Assembly, of which he was a member, has been sufficiently demonstrated by the history of a recent past. In the guise of militant, forcibly imposed, so to speak, cultural patriotism, nationalism—intended to be a powerful means of unification—was bound by a natural reaction to become a no less powerful element of latent disunion, awaiting only a favorable turn of events in order to produce open disruption. All the four Continental empires that have been pursuing similar policies have passed through the same experience. In the cases of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and the Ottoman Empire it has meant their total collapse. In the cases of Russia and Germany it has brought about their partial dismemberment—permanent if definitely acquiesced in, or, otherwise, a fruitful source of perennial conflicts in the future.

Nationalism in the Nineteenth Century

IT WOULD, however, be hardly just to lay the blame for policies inspired by militant nationalism entirely at the door of the governing bodies of the countries concerned. The natural instinct of self-interest would be sufficient to prompt rulers everywhere to endeavor to conciliate subject national minorities, so as to make sure of their loyalty, rather than to foster discontent among them and to promote hostility between them and the dominant nationality in the state. Nor could rulers, however incompetent, be quite unconscious of the dangerous character of militant nationalism as a guiding principle of government and a deliberately chosen policy. The adoption and practice of such policies must be attributed not so much to the purblind incompetence of rulers as to their weak-kneed subserviency to what they hold to be the patriotic demand of so-called public opinion—that is to say, of the clamor of prejudices, ambitions and passions entertained by a small minority of nonproducers, intellectuals, writers, thinkers and professional and amateur politicians, but in which the real people, the bulk of the nation, the workers and producers, have no share until their passions are stirred by propaganda, that curse of modern society.

There is, moreover, another side to nationalism. If nationalism, aiming at the organization in large political states of populations homogeneous in language, culture and race, even at the cost of suppression or oppression of small distinct nationalities, may be considered as a substantially constructive force, nationalism in smaller subject or dependent nationalities, with its claims to what is now called self-determination, is apt to become a mainly destructive force, beneficent in some cases, the reverse in others.

In the first category must be placed the national movement in Greece originating in the beginning of the nineteenth century, which, fostered and aided by Russia, Great Britain and France, culminated in the establishment of the independent Kingdom of Greece, although the numerous populations of Greek nationality, settled in other parts of the Ottoman Empire, had to remain under Turkish rule. Likewise nationalism in the Balkans, which awakened somewhat later and led to a series of revolts resulting in the establishment of various autonomies, until in 1878, after the victorious campaign undertaken by Russia for the liberation of Bulgaria, the independence of Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro was recognized under the Treaty of Berlin. Also the severance of the union between Sweden and Norway and the resulting establishment of a separate Kingdom of Norway may be regarded as an outgrowth of the nationalistic movement which swayed the minds of the peoples of Europe in the nineteenth century.

Troublesome National Fragments

PERHAPS even the creation in 1913 of an independent Albania might be included in this enumeration, although in this case, instead of arising out of a spontaneous popular movement the condition of independence was imposed by the diplomacy of the Great Powers as a specimen of the specious and sometimes ludicrously unworkable devices to which it is prone to resort when at a loss how to reach rational solutions of ticklish questions and to disentangle knotty situations.

To the same class of national movements, deserving in their aims, may be assigned the national movements in Poland, Finland and the Slav countries under the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, which remained unsuccessful until the great upheaval of the World War.

If now we turn to national movements whose destructive force, directed against higher elements of civilization, has been the reverse of beneficent, we have, for instance, the national movements in India and Egypt. Then there were before the World War cases where nations having achieved unification have had to leave part of their nationals under alien rule. Examples of national fragments left under alien domination have been the Italian-speaking populations in the Trentino, Istria and Dalmatia under Austria-Hungary; the populations of Serbian stock in Bosnia and Herzegovina; and, until the Balkan War, the Greek, Serbian and Bulgarian populations in Macedonia and Thrace under Turkish rule. In all these cases national Irredentist movements have been conducted in such unredeemed territories with a view to their annexation to the parent states representing the national unity. As a consequence, in order to react against similar Irredentist movements, not unnaturally deemed dangerous to the security of the states holding under their sway such unredeemed territories, their governments have been pursuing policies of forcible assimilation which could but aggravate the spirit of revolt latent among the populations of these territories.

Apart from the revolutionary struggles and wars traceable to and created directly by Irredentist agitation and movements, nationalism, aiming at the unification of theretofore disunited nations, as in the cases of Germany and Italy, had to resort to foreign wars in order to reach the full realization of its ideals. It is therefore not unreasonable to maintain that nationalism has been the chief cause of military conflicts in Europe in the nineteenth century, as it has been one of the main contributory causes of the outbreak of the late World War.

But it must be owned that although nationalism was the direct cause of three of the wars among the Great Powers of Europe in the last century its aims—that of uniting in great political and economic national organisms disunited particularistic political entities, and that of carving out of the moribund body of a decaying empire such as Turkey and calling to life a number of young and

(Continued on Page 33)

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Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

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Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

How to Read the Chart:

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

The recommendations for prominent makes of engines used in many cars are listed separately for convenience.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1921		1920		1919		1918		1917	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A		A	A	A	Arc
Apperson (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Mod.							A	A		Arc
Armleder	A	A	A	A						
" All Other Mod.	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Atterbury (Mod. B-E)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Auburn	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buda	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Bethlehem (2½ ton)										
" All Other Mod.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet (4 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
" (Model 490)	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
" All Other Mod.	A	A	A		A	A	A	A		
Cleveland	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Clydesdale	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Mod.	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	A
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Denby (Model L)									A	Arc
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge Brothers	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Frank	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Garford Trucks	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (4 cyl. Gasoline)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Mod.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
G M C (Trucks)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Graham Brothers										
" (4 cyl. and Gas.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Grant (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Gas. Model 12)					A	Arc				
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A				
Gray Dort			A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Holmes	A	A	B	A						
Hudson Supersix	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
International	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel (6 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lafayette (Indianapolis)	A	A	A	A						
Lange	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Lexington (Gasol. Eng.)	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Liberty	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lincoln	A	A								
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E
Mack	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Marion	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (Model 671)							A	A		
" (Gas. Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Mod.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
National (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl.)							A	A		
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Peerless (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Mod.									Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" Coupe or Sedan	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Mod.	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rock Falls	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
R & V Knight	B	A	B	A						
Saxon	A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E	E	E	E	E
Schacht (Series	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Mod.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Stephens	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Stewart (Buffalo) (6 cyl. con)			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (4 cyl.)			Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Mod. 7 & 8)	A	A	A	A						
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Velie (Models 22, 23 & 24)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Series 5)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Wheeler-Schebler	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B					
Willys Six					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A

Prominent Makes of Engines

Beaver (Mod. J, JA, JB, JC)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	Arc
Dodge (Mod. AFL, BFL)									
"									
"	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
"									
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Continental	A	A	A	A	A	A				
"							A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Falls	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
G B	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Herschell-Spillman										
"							A	A	A	A
"	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hinkley	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Northway										
"	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A		
Waukesha										
"	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Wisconsin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

The Proper Edison MAZDA Lamps *for your car*

Ask for them by name and MAZDA number; look on the base to make sure that you have been given a genuine Edison MAZDA Lamp, and the number you asked for

EDISON MAZDA LAMP NUMBERS

Car	Year Model	Head (Spot)	Auto Head	Side	Tail	Dash
Apperson	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Auburn	18 19	1129		63	63	63
Auburn	20	1129	65		63	63
Auburn	21 22	1129	65		63	64
Bour Davis	all	1129	63		63	63
Buick	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Cadillac	all	1129		63	61	61
Chalmers	all	1129	63		63	63
Chandler	all (18 FA & FB)	1129	63	63	63	63
Chevrolet	19 20	1129		63	63	64
Chevrolet	all other 18 models	1130		63	63	64
Chevrolet	21 22	1129			63	63
Cleveland	all	1129		63	63	63
Clyde	all	1129		63	61	61
Cole	'18 19 22	1129	63		63	64
Cole	20	1129	63		63	
Cole	21	1129	65		63	64
Cunningham	18, 19 20, 21	1129		63	63	64
Cunningham	22	1129		64	64	63
Dodge	all	1141			67	67
Dort	'18 19 20	1129		63	63	64
Dort	'21 22	1129		63	63	63
Elgin	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Essex	19 20	1129	63	63	61	61
Essex	21 22	1129		63	63	63
Ford	18 19	1140				
Ford	20	1129	63		63	
Ford	'21 models with coil for trimming	1129			63	
Ford	21 models without coil for trimming	1158				
Ford	'22 models equipped with starter	1158			63	
Ford	'22 models not equipped with starter	1126			63	
Franklin	all	1142	66		64	64
Gardner	all	1129			63	63
Grant	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Haynes	'18 19 20 21 except 47 and 48	1130	64	64	64	64
Haynes	21 44 and 46 22	1129	65	63	63	63
Hudson	19	1142	66		64	64
Hudson	20 21	1142	66		64	64
Hupmobile	22	1141	67		67	67
Hudson	'18 19 20	1129		63	61	61
Hudson	21 22	1129		63	63	63
Hupmobile	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Jordan	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Jordan	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Kissel	'18, 19, 20	1130			64	64
Kissel	21	1129	63		63	64
Kissel Kar	'19 20 21	1129		63	63	63
Kissel Kar	19 22	1129			63	64
Lexington	all	1129	63		63	64
Liberty	all	1129	63		63	63
Locomobile	18, 19	1130		64	64	64
Locomobile	20 21	1129	63		63	63
Locomobile	22	1129	65		63	63
McFarlan Six	'18, 19, 20, '22	1129	63	63	63	64
McFarlan Six	21	1129	63	64	63	64
Marmon	18 19 20	1129	63		63	63
Marmon	21 22	1129	65		63	63
Maxwell	18 19 20 (12V)	1141	67		67	67
Maxwell	20, 21 (6 Volt)	1129	63		63	63
Mercer	18	1141		67	67	67
Mercer	19 20 21 22	1129	63	63	63	63
Merrell	18 E 19	1130			63	64
Moline	other 18 models	1130			64	64
Moon	20	1129			63	63
Moon	'21 22	1129		64	63	64
Moon	'18, 19 20, 21	1129	63		63	64
Moon	22	1129	63		63	63
Nash	all	1129	63	63	63	64
National	19	1129	63		63	63
National	'18, 20	1129	63		63	64
National	'21 22	1129	65		63	64
Nyberg	'21 23	1129		63	63	64
Oakland	all	1129	63		63	63
Oldsmobile	19, 19, 20, '21	1129	63		63	63
Oldsmobile	22	1129	63		63	64
Overland	18 touring cars	1129		63	61	61
Overland	18 other models	1130		64	61	61
Overland	19 20	1130			61	61
Overland	19 (90) 21 22	1129			61	61
Overland	20 4	1129			64	64
Packard	18 19 20					
Packard	'21 22 (10)	1129	63	63	63	63
Packard	21 (135	1129	65	63	63	63
Packard	'22 (Twin Six)	1129	65	63	63	63
Paige	all	1129	63	63	63	64
Peerless	all	1129	63		63	63
Pierce-Arrow	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Premier	18, 19, 20	1129		63	63	64
Premier	21	1129	65	64	63	64
Premier	22	1129	65		63	63
Reo	18, 19	1130			63	63
Reo	'20, 21 23	1129			63	63
Lambert	18	1129		63	63	63
Reliance	'19, 20, 21 22	1130		63	63	64
Saxon	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Scripps Booth	18, 19 20	1129		63	63	63
Scripps Booth	21	1129			63	64
Standard	'18 19	1130	64	64	64	64
Standard	20	1129	63	63	63	63
Standard	21	1129	65		63	63
Stearns-Knight	18, 19 20	1141		67	67	67
Stearns-Knight	21	1141	67		67	68
Stearns-Knight	22	1141	67		67	67
Stephens	18, 19 20 21	1129	63	63	63	63
Stephens	22	1129	64	63	63	63
Studebaker	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Stutz	'18 19 20	1130	64	64	64	64
Stutz	21 22	1129	63		63	63
Templar	'18 19 20	1129	63		63	63
Templar	21 22	1129	63		63	64
Velie	'18 19	1129	63	63	61	61
Velie	20	1129	63		63	63
Velie	21 22	1129	65		63	63
Westcott	18, 19 20 21 Sedan	1130	63		61	61
Westcott	21 22	1129	65		63	64
Willys-Knight	18, 19 20	Same as			Overland	
Willys-Knight	21 22	1129	63		61	61
Winton	18 19, 20	1129	63		63	63
Winton	21 22	1129	65		63	63

YOUR DEALER or garage man has a book which specifies the proper Edison MAZDA Lamps for other cars in addition to those listed above.

You specify the oil for your car—specify the lamps

THEY are even more important.

The right kind of oil will lengthen the life of your car. But your *own* life, in a moment of crisis, may depend upon the performance of your lamps.

So it pays to say: "A new kit of Edison MAZDA Lamps, please," instead of merely "A new bulb." You are sure, then, of three things:

1. Lamps fitted especially to your particular make and model of car. See the chart at the left.

2. Lamps backed by MAZDA Service, centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company. The same kind of lamps that have given your home better light and greater comfort at less cost.

3. Lamps that will give maximum light with minimum drain on your battery.

These three advantages are worth the little effort of saying "Edison MAZDA Lamps."

Keep an extra kit in the pocket of your car. The lamps are packed *securely* in the kit; always and everywhere they are dependable.

MAZDA Lamp Numbers 1129, 1130	52 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Numbers 61, 62, 63, 64	28 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Numbers 1141, 1142	55 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Numbers 67, 68	30 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Number 1126	50 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Number 1158	60 cents each

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 30)

vigorous national states—it must be owned that these aims of nineteenth-century nationalism were making for real economic progress of the world.

This much could not be said of the new nationalism and its aims, such as were born and developed in the World War and received the seal of approval in the treaties of Versailles, St. Germain and Sèvres. The realization of these aims included the complete disintegration of Austria-Hungary, a once great and powerful economic organism, and its division into several small, independent, particularistic political entities, financially insolvent and economically unsound because abruptly torn from their age-long economic interdependence. They further included the partial dismemberment of the two other great empires and the carving, out of the writhing body of one of them reduced to temporary paralysis, of a chain of independent republics such as Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, so far existing only in the clouds, so-called Ukrania, Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, and so on.

That the eclosion of all these fantastic republics should have given intense satisfaction to the foreign and domestic enemies of Russia, as a symptom holding out the hope of a definitive disintegration and passing of a once great and powerful empire, hated on account of its political and cultural backwardness as well as feared on account of its size and potential although overrated power, is not to be wondered at. Nor is it unnatural that the numerous revolutionary nobodies, some of whom for years had been working for the undoing and ruin of their common country, should now be proud of the hardly ever hoped for opportunity of masquerading as statesmen, ministers, and so on, in their respective newborn or exhumed national states. But it would seem hardly credible that any one of them could have any faith in the permanency of a state of things which to every Russian patriot appears to be a hideous nightmare.

The Rise and Fall of Nations

IT COULD, however, hardly be questioned that the destructive, so to speak, centrifugal aims of the new nationalism were the natural reaction against the centralistic, forcibly assimilating aims of the old militant nationalism above alluded to, as pursued by the policies of the three empires in regard to their subject populations of various races and nationalities. From this point of view it may reasonably be contended that the governments of the three empires have been pursuing a particularly ill-advised, injudiciously oppressive and in its effects—as regards Russia and Austria-Hungary—truly suicidal policy. But on the other hand it must be conceded that on account of the geographic configuration and peculiar ethnographic conditions of Eastern Europe—that is to say, of the greater part of the European continent—the statesmanship of the Continental empires has had to deal with very complex and intricate problems, the solution of which presented difficulties which were, perhaps, not sufficiently realized by public opinion in Western countries with their compact, lingually, culturally and racially more homogeneous populations. It may even be doubted whether truly national and satisfactory solutions of these problems could really have been found unless it had been possible to eliminate entirely from their consideration the elements of inveterate national animosities and of lust of power and domination on one side, and of separatistic tendencies and craving for independence on the other.

In the course of history the wide expanse of territory reaching from the Baltic down to the Mediterranean had become the abode of many races and nationalities, dispersed and intermingled in such a way as to render their segregation and organization in homogeneous national entities and well-defined states a matter not only of extreme difficulty but in some cases of downright impossibility. In these conditions the only way to bring order out of chaos was for some dominant race or races to gather about them the others, perhaps less gifted with the state-building genius, and to organize with these divers elements firmly established states, each under one dominant nationality. That was the way the immanent logic of things pointed out to the course of history, and that was the part Nature seemed to have assigned to the Teuton, the Magyar and the Great Russian branch of the Slav race. That their success was due not to the wisdom and foresight of their rulers but solely to the constructive genius of imperial races may be granted, as well as that it was the unwisdom and incompetence of these rulers that brought on the final, lamentable collapse of the proud edifices that had outlasted centuries. It was healthy nationalism that had created and maintained the three empires; and it was nationalism run riot—Pan-Germanic and Pan-Slavic nationalism—that brought about their downfall and ruin.

Now that the catastrophe is upon the world it might be worth while to examine briefly what it was that centuries had built up and four years of war and three years of so-called peace have destroyed.

I may be forgiven if I begin with my own country, the fate of which cannot be indifferent to the rest of the world. I shall endeavor to speak of it without giving way to feelings which every loyal son of this his own country, even if unable to share, will readily understand.

Before the war Russia was a country that occupied about the seventh part of the surface of the inhabited globe, with a population of between one hundred and seventy and one hundred and eighty million human beings dwelling in its confines in peace and plenty and in the enjoyment of complete security of life and property under a system of government which, although condemned as backward by public opinion in more advanced countries, responded in the fullest measure to the real needs of the overwhelming majority of the people in their actual state of cultural development. Her finances were in good order, her credit was excellent and unquestioned. Her public debt was large but not out of proportion to the size of her territory, her population and her natural resources. She had never in all her history defaulted any payment due her creditors. During the Crimean War, when the greatest part of her foreign indebtedness was held by England, her enemy, she never interrupted the service of the interest of her debt to her English creditors.

Russia was justly considered to be in a large measure the granary of Europe. Her young industry was developing with giant strides; her trade was flourishing and represented a large share of the world's trade. In short, the Russia of the recent past, and, let us hope, of the not remote future, was, and is undoubtedly going to be again, a most important element in the general prosperity of civilized mankind, and her temporary eclipse leaves a void which nothing can fill. Even her former outlying dependencies, Poland and Finland, will not be long in realizing that their close connection with the Russian Empire offered advantages in an economic sense for the loss of which newly recovered political independence will hardly be able to compensate. As for the new independent republics of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, whose economic life is obviously so closely entwined with that of their Russian hinterland—not to mention Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, and so on—they are all artificial creations favored and patronized by temporary political interests and seem to be destined to last only until the support that enabled them to set up for themselves shall have been withdrawn.

The awakening of the spirit of nationalism in these populations of various races has undoubtedly been due in no small measure to a reaction against the forcible Russification by means of which our bureaucracy, under the inspiration of militant Slavophilism and ultranationalism which had become influential toward the end of the reign of Alexander II, thought it possible to weld them closer to the Russian people. It was naturally hastened by the war and came to a head as soon as the defeat of our arms and the revolution had destroyed the state. It was, moreover, unquestionably in harmony with the general trend in human affairs, of which Doctor Slosson, in a recent address at Columbia University, justly said:

> The general trend of the times is towards particularization in politics, science, art and philosophy. In international affairs we see the break-up of empires and the multiplication of small nations. Languages are resolved into their constituent dialects and obsolescent tongues are revived. Racial divisions are emphasized and exaggerated.

Whether European civilization is going to be benefited by the introduction into the family of European nations of independent political entities in the shape of very small nations speaking such exotic languages as Esthonian, Lettish or Lithuanian is a question I shall not attempt to discuss. It seems to me, however, to be a very striking fact that at the very same time when all the really important activities of the civilized world—industry, trade, finance, with their world-wide network of interdependent interests—show an ever more decided trend toward unity—the only salvation, indeed, of the modern world—that at this very time an exactly opposite trend should prevail in political affairs. It might be interesting to determine how far what is still called statesmanship is answerable for this strange phenomenon, which, by the way, bodes no good for the future peace of the world.

The Austro-Hungarian Break-Up

ANOTHER victim of nationalism has been the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, and a tragic victim at that, for it has suffered not partial dismemberment, like Russia and Germany, but a complete break-up equivalent to annihilation. When I say it has been a victim of nationalism I mean it in a double sense—of dominant nationalism, with its injudicious oppression from above, and of revolutionary nationalism from below. Its break-up had been long expected and been discussed unofficially and clandestinely among all those who had expectations of the rich heritage and were waiting for the decease of its possessor. As a recently appeared article in the London Fortnightly Review has it:

> Within the frontiers it was the case to a greater or less extent of all the nations which inhabited the monarchy, all of which were either speculating on the creation of national states of their own—for instance the Magyars, Czechs, Poles, Croats, Slovenes and Serbs—or longing to be united with those of the same race beyond the border—for instance the Germans, Rumanians, Italians and Ruthenians (Ukrainians).

In discussing the dogma of nationality the author of the article calls it a regular Pandora's box which, once opened, scattered its contents throughout the world, causing unrest, strife and destruction on every side, and he considers it the more dangerous as it has something so specious about it as to be able to hypnotize not only the masses, who are easily carried away, but even educated minds.

In this respect the author's opinion coincides entirely with that expressed by former Secretary of State Lansing on Page 97 of his book on the Peace Negotiations, when, regarding the principle of the self-determination of nationalities, he writes:

> The phrase is simply loaded with dynamite. It will raise hopes which can never be realized. It will, I fear, cost thousands of lives. In the end it is bound to be discredited. What a calamity that the phrase was ever uttered! What misery it will cause!

The author of the above-quoted article concedes, however, that as regards Austria-Hungary the realization of the national principle did indeed seem to be a necessity, so as at last to produce order and peace by segregating the quarreling nations within separate boundaries; but he calls attention at the same time to the fact that insuperable difficulties stood in the way of a partition which should be both just and productive of peace, and that fate itself had woven the nations of the monarchy so inextricably together that in places it was absolutely impossible to separate them from one another; and in support of this contention he points to the case of Hungary, where out of sixty-three counties there are scarcely three or four in which more than one nation is not to be found and where, moreover, the majorities are so small and the minorities so large that for this reason alone the determination of a national boundary was impossible.

He also points out that whereas the Hapsburg Monarchy was adjudged unworthy to exist because it contained many nations, on its ruin was erected a political body—Czecho-Slovakia—which is nothing more or less than a new small-scale edition of despised Austria, containing no less than six nations, and thus, from the point of view of the national principle, had equally little right to exist. It should also be kept in mind that each half of the double monarchy, Hungary as well as Austria, represented an important and powerful economic organism under the shelter of which its subject nationalities profited no less than the dominant one from the obvious advantage of being part of such an organism.

The Outlook for Germany

WHETHER the newly created states will find economic salvation in independent statehood the future will show. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, once a powerful organism with well-conducted finances and firmly established credit, the resulting financial chaos and ruin, the substitution for this solid economic and political unit of a number of small independent states, each with its own customs barriers and obstructions to communications and trade, and beginning the life of independent statehood under a formidable load of debt and hopelessly irredeemable paper currency—cannot possibly be helpful in promoting the economic recuperation of the European world.

As for Germany, the application to her of the principle of nationalities has had a less destructive effect. Indeed, by the elimination from her body politic of Alsace-Lorraine, North Schleswig and Posen, she has become a compact, strictly national state, a condition the advantages of which may perhaps compensate her for the loss of territory implied. In any case, of all the victims of the World War, Germany is the most likely to achieve in a measurably near future a fair degree of financial and economic recuperation, provided no insurmountable obstacles are placed in her way, a condition dependent on political considerations to which I shall have to refer farther on.

Russia, in her state of temporary paralysis under the tyranny of a demented fanatic, who has in the name of a Utopian doctrine of communism systematically ruined beyond redemption in a measurably near future the whole economic structure and prosperity of the country, has been, next to the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, the greatest sufferer from the application of the doctrine of the self-determination of nationalities by the creation of the above-mentioned chain of independent republics encircling her in the west and south. It must be owned, however, that—let alone the severance of her union with Poland and Finland, which was to have been foreseen as a result of the World War—Russia has been far less disastrously affected by the creation of these more or less ephemeral independencies than by the usurpation and still-continuing detention of power by Bolshevism in the guise of a dictatorship of the proletariat, which has turned the country into a wilderness of primitive barbarism, a prison, a lunatic asylum and a slaughterhouse. What the passing of Russia as a civilized state has meant as a blow to the

Jim Henry's Column

An Interesting Theory

You may have noticed during the past year, at the bottom of my column, this little phrase, "Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show."

An advertising expert gave me the theory. He said that if a man sees a simple, true statement about an article repeated often enough, he is bound to believe it in the end and buy.

There must be something in it, for our sales on Mennen Talcum for Men have increased not quite 100%.

I don't understand such things myself. Advertising gets more mysterious to me every day. For example, I am going to devote this whole column to telling you about our Talcum for Men. When I get through, you will know how good it is and how necessary to after-shaving and after-bathing comfort, and you will fully intend to buy a box at once. Yet I may have to keep reminding you for months, before you try it.

It is unfortunate for men that talcum was used first on babies, and second, on noses. I suppose if soap had started as a beautifier, most men would still be too proud to use it.

Now, Talcum is simply a skin soother and protector. It supplies a fairy, gauze-like film which covers sensitive skin and protects it from wind, sun and the friction of clothing.

After shaving, your pores are open and your skin is sensitive, especially so where a collar rubs against your neck. Talcum protects it. Of course, Talcum makes your face feel smooth and silky, but that is unimportant, except to the amorous.

Mennen Talcum for Men is a regular male powder, made and mildly perfumed exclusively for men. Being neutral in tone, it doesn't show when used after shaving. A Talcum shower after your bath will make you feel cool and loose for hours. Of course, if you are one of these big fellows who chafe and get all raw in hot weather, you need Kora-Konia, but for general, everyday, all over comfort, try Mennen Talcum for Men.

The druggist round the corner sells it.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

coherence and stability of the economic structure of the world does not seem to have been fully realized as yet.

On the whole, it can hardly be questioned, I should think, that the practical application of the principle of the self-determination of nationalities has played sad havoc with the economic interests of the world, and represents, therefore, a decided regress in the history of civilization.

But the awakening of the spirit of nationalism in an acute form, coincident with the outbreak of the World War, has affected mankind also in another way: The growing intensity of the feelings the war engendered the longer it lasted has had a marked effect on the psychology not only of the popular masses in the belligerent countries but also of their leaders, and therefore could not but influence the ultimate outcome of the war by standing in the way of a settlement which might have held out to a distracted world a better hope of real and lasting peace.

I remember, at the time when the whole world was anxiously awaiting the final conclusion of peace, expressing in a letter to a friend the pretty generally felt regret that "statesmanship had seemingly had to take a back seat since psychology was trumps"; to which my friend replied in the terse and concise language which he knows how to handle with great and trenchant effect: "You are right, psychology is trumps, but mass psychology is the devil." And, alas, there are not yet perceptible any convincing symptoms of an abatement of the influence of this kind of psychology.

As a more or less legitimate weapon of warfare the doctrine of the self-determination of nationalities was seized upon by the Allies in order to undermine and destroy one of the enemy powers, and incidentally favored obviously with a view to weaken still further a former ally rendered helpless by revolution but nevertheless feared by one of the Allies as a possible future menace to India and by another as a potential ally of Germany in the future. That the United States never was mixed up in similar dealings of European diplomacy, and openly protested against the spoliation and dismemberment of temporarily defenseless Russia, will ever be remembered with profound gratitude by a resurrected nation when the hour of her delivery shall have struck.

Were it not that war hypnosis, and the tendency to look in wartime upon all things exclusively from the point of view of the temporary exigencies of strategy, are apt to blind people's minds to considerations that otherwise would appear obvious enough, the dubious wisdom, in their own interest and especially in that of France, of the policy of the Allies in regard to the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy might have been realized by them before it was too late. It was not in vain that Talleyrand, the greatest of French diplomats of the last century, held that if Austria had not existed she would have had to be invented. But Allied diplomacy could see in Austria nothing but Germany's strongest ally, and was therefore bent on her destruction. From the strategic point of view the policy of favoring the elements making for the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was entirely rational and, moreover, justified by its success. Nor was it from the moral point of view—if such a point of view could be applied to the business of war—any more or any less reprehensible than the financing by Japan of our revolutionaries at the time of the Russo-Japanese War, or the financing by Germany of the Bolsheviks. But the statesmanship of the Allies does not seem to have stopped to reflect what ultimate consequences the complete destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy might possibly lead to. Thus the accomplished dismemberment of the monarchy and the segregation of its component parts were bound to leave its original nucleus, Austria proper, with a German population of barely some six millions and as capital one of the largest cities in Europe, in a position financially, economically, politically and strategically so unsound and insecure that it will presumably compel it to seek salvation either in a reconstruction in some form of the former Austrian state or in union with Germany, both combinations being obviously unacceptable to the Allies, and more especially the latter, as it would imply a considerable accretion of territory and population, and consequently of power, to Germany.

The paramount, the crying need of the world—if modern civilization is to survive—is peace, general peace, real peace. This is a truth so obvious that no one will be found reckless enough to deny it. But the war spirit is not dead yet. It is still abroad and in places is still fostered by propaganda. There is in Europe lying loose incendiary and explosive material enough to cause the smoldering fires of jealousy, of hatred and of revenge to burst into flame anew at any time. There is the latent, camouflaged, but none the less real and bitter conflict of interests between the two leading powers of Europe, one aiming at the economic recuperation of Germany, the other at its prevention. In the presence of this equilibrium of contending forces the balance of power is held by America, and will be held by her as long as she stands aloof and refrains from taking sides. America is at present the greatest power on earth. She wields the biggest of big sticks, for she holds the strings of the purse. Her word is law. At the council table of nations, whatever the place assigned to her by international etiquette, she is in the proud position of being able to say, as did that legendary Scotch chieftain, "The head of the table is where The MacGregor sits!"

THE COAL MINERS' CASE

(Continued from Page 23)

to force the miners to strike on April first. It cannot be construed otherwise, because they knew as well as anyone that unless a new wage agreement was reached before that date the miners would refuse longer to work. They could not be expected to continue digging coal without knowing what their wages were to be and under what conditions they were to labor.

A situation serious to the miner and to the coal-consuming public was thus brought about. It was serious to the miner because he felt that he was being driven into a strike which he did not want. It was serious to the public because a strike would mean stoppage of production and, possibly, a coal shortage. It was the same old trick that has been worked many times by coal operators. They had millions of tons of unsold coal on hand, and by forcing a strike and a cessation of production they would then be in position to demand any old price for their coal on hand, and clean up enormous profits. It has been done before, and it was evident that they proposed to do it again. The public's pocketbook was to be gouged, provided the coal operators could succeed in forcing a strike of coal miners.

There is just one way to negotiate a wage agreement between miners and operators, and that is for the two groups to meet in a joint conference, sit down at a table, in good faith thresh out their differences and come to an understanding. This is the plan that has been followed ever since 1898 by the miners and operators of the Central Competitive Field, with the exception of 1919, and it is worthy of note that in every single instance where this policy has been followed an agreement has been reached. The only reason the plan failed to work in 1919 was because the operators refused to enter a conference.

Knowing this, the miners this year were confident that a joint conference would bring a new agreement and avert a strike. The miners do not want a strike. President Lewis has made this point clear in every possible way and on every occasion. He said in his speeches and in his interviews that the miners would do every honorable thing that they could possibly do to avoid a strike, and if a strike came it would be due wholly to the indefensible violation of their written agreement by the operators and their refusal to confer with the miners. It has long been a favorite indoor sport of the union busters among the coal operators to charge the United Mine Workers of America with violations of contract. They lose no opportunity to flaunt in the face of the miners' union every single instance where miners have indulged in a local strike in violation of their agreement with their employers. But these same operators always avoid telling the public that the officials of the union penalize those contract-violating miners for their conduct. It was not long ago that 12,000 miners in Illinois engaged in a wildcat strike that was a direct violation of their agreement with the operators, and as a matter of discipline the international officials granted blanket authority for the revocation of the charters of twenty-seven local unions for taking part in the strike.

Violations of Contract

And within the last few months the charter of the entire Kansas district was revoked, the district officers removed from office, the charters of eighty-one local unions revoked and their entire membership, including the district officers, expelled from the union because they pulled off unlawful strikes and refused to put the men back at work when they were ordered to do so by the international organization and the international convention of the United Mine Workers. At the time of the great general strike in 1919, thousands of members of the union in Tennessee, Kentucky, Colorado and the Southwest were directed to remain at work because their contracts with their employers had not expired.

When these coal operators hurl their charges of contract violation against the miners they do it for the purpose of putting the miners in bad with the public and turning public sentiment against them. And yet, here we found them violating and ignoring their own written contract, which they signed in ink, in which they agreed to meet with the miners to negotiate a wage agreement and maintain peace in the coal-mining industry. It was a strange and weird performance, to say the least, and the miners felt that it was a case to which the public should turn its attention.

Immediately following the recent convention of the United Mine Workers, held at Indianapolis, and at which the present demands were formulated, the operators invited attention to the fact that the miners were again demanding the six-hour day and the five-day week, and they set up this demand as one of their smoke screens behind which they might take refuge in their refusal to meet with the miners. Every person with a grain of horse sense knows that this demand for a six-hour day and a five-day week means nothing these days. Possibly the six-hour day may come sometime, but the time for it is not ripe.

The same convention that adopted the demand for the six-hour day and the five-day week also did something else. It created a policy committee, consisting of 117 members, with full and complete authority in dealing with the crisis from the moment that the convention adjourned. The convention placed in the hands of that policy committee blanket jurisdiction over the entire matter. Here is what the convention adopted on that subject:

> For the purpose of meeting in a practical and constructive way all unforeseen emergencies which may arise, a policy committee, composed of the scale committee of the Central Competitive Field, three representatives from each of the outlying districts, members of the international executive board and the international officers, is authorized to take such action for the protection of our best interests as circumstances may arise, and to advise the membership upon unexpected developments which may arise and which cannot now be foreseen.

Broader or more absolute authority could hardly be conferred upon any committee than that which is contained in that paragraph. This action by the convention created an effective safety valve with which to avert any threatened explosion on the first of April. Thus the convention removed the objection offered by the operators at Buffalo, in 1919, that the miners' committee had no authority to negotiate upon any other basis than the full demands as adopted by the convention.

The demands that were formulated by the United Mine Workers of America at the recent Indianapolis convention proved to be a disappointment to the bituminous operators, who insisted for many weeks beforehand that the miners would demand a large increase in their wages. No such increase was asked for. On the other hand, the miners demanded a continuance of the present basic wage rates. In the Central Competitive Field the basic rate of pay for digging coal is $1.08 per ton, and the basic

(Continued on Page 36)

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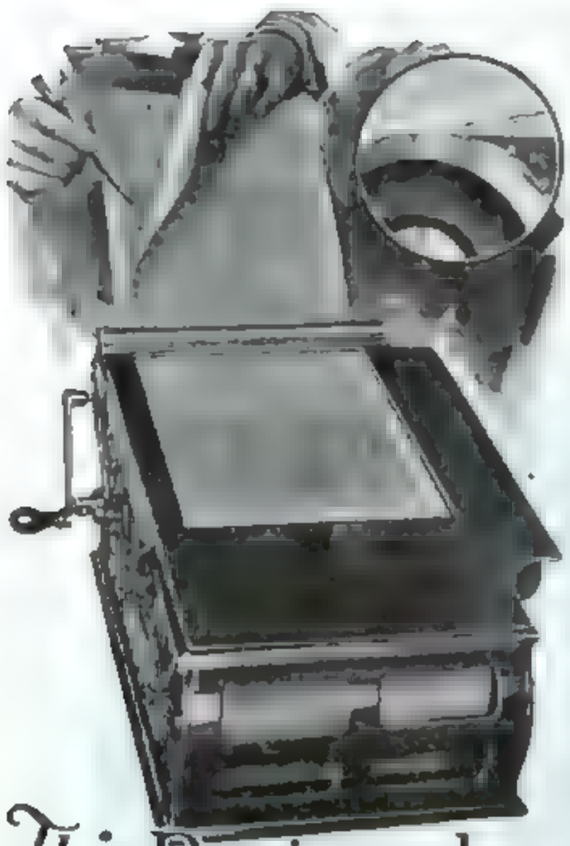

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Roll Printing Costs Less

(Continued from Page 34)

wage for day labor is $7.50 per day. This may sound to some like a high price to pay for day labor, but $7.50 a day does not enable a man to earn a living for himself and his family unless he has reasonably steady employment. Soft-coal mine workers averaged only approximately 125 days' work in the entire year of 1921. If every man earned $7.50 a day for every day worked in that year it would make the average annual earnings $937.50 per man. This is less than $80 a month, and approximately $18 a week. This income would not be sufficient to enable a man to keep his family on a decent American standard of living. But statistics based on reports gathered by the United Mine Workers from the presidents of the various mining districts indicate that the average earnings for the year were around $700 per man.

Miners' Annual Earnings

Here is what some of these reports show:

PITTSBURGH DISTRICT—Average number of days worked in the Pittsburgh District for the year 1921 was 123, or 40 per cent of full time. Average daily earnings, based upon the defense fund collected by the district organization, were $6.20 per day. Average earnings for the year 1921 were approximately $763 per man.

OHIO—Average number of days worked in the year 1921 was 118. Average earnings for the year were $550 per man.

INDIANA—District President John Hessler said in his report: "No definite information is yet at hand. The mine inspector's report has not yet been published. Unofficial report shows the average number of days worked in the fiscal year ending September 30, 1921, as 148 days, which included the last three months of 1920, which was exceptionally good. The same three months of 1921 was a very poor work period."

ILLINOIS—Figures for the year 1921 are not yet available. The last report published was for the year ending June 30, 1920. This report showed that all the mines of that state operated an average of 159 days.

WESTERN KENTUCKY—The mines operated and the miners worked approximately 130 days in the year 1921. The average gross earnings per man for the year were about $80 a month. Out of his gross earnings the miner must pay for his powder, supplies, blacksmithing, tools, and so forth, which reduces his net income to a much lower figure.

WEST VIRGINIA—The approximate number of days worked by miners in the New River District in 1921 was about 80. Average earnings were about $500 per man. Hundreds of miners got only from 14 to 26 days' work during the entire year.

TENNESSEE—Approximately one-third of the total number of miners worked one-third of the time during the year, and when they worked they averaged $105 a month.

The Central Competitive Field—composed of the Pittsburgh District, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois—is the largest bituminous coal producing field in the world. It employs in the neighborhood of 200,000 union mine workers and its output in normal times is about 200,000,000 tons a year. Therefore it is fair to assume that the figures from the Central Competitive Field afford an index to conditions in the other fields of the country.

Certainly no one will contend that the coal miner made too much money last year, when his total earnings averaged about $700, or even $937.50. But in spite of this pitiful showing the United Mine Workers' convention declared for a continuance of the present scale. The miners said they were willing to take this chance. There is no assurance that they will have more steady employment during the next two-year period than they have had in the last two years, but they pinned their faith to a hope for a revival of business and industry that would afford steadier work and a better opportunity to earn a decent living.

Prof. William F. Ogburn, of Columbia University, made a study of the cost of living of bituminous mine workers in mining communities. Doctor Ogburn's study, at prices prevailing in December, 1921, showed that an annual wage of $1870 is necessary in order to support an average family of man, wife and three dependent children in health and decency and with a minimum amount of comfort; and, of course, to this must be added something for savings.

Irregular employment is the greatest evil of the coal-mining industry. No industry can be healthy in which the workers are employed only 40 to 60 per cent of full time. Such irregularity of employment results in tremendous waste not only to the employe but to the consuming public; for the public is compelled to pay the bills, waste and all. In an address at the annual convention of the American Mining Congress at Chicago, in October, 1921, George Otis Smith, director of the United States Geological Survey, said: "Our soft coal business has perhaps become the classic example of irregular employment, for the average bituminous mine in the United States can expect to run only about 215 days in the year." Mr. Smith quoted Eugene McAuliffe as estimating the cost to the nation of irregular employment in the soft coal industry at $500,000,000 annually.

When mines are idle their overhead expense goes on just the same, and the mine owners add this expense of idle days to the selling price of coal produced on operating days. Thus the public must pay for all this unsteadiness of the industry. Under normal conditions we consume approximately 500,000,000 tons of soft coal annually. This means that there is a tax of a dollar a ton on all this coal that the consumer must pay because of irregularity of operation. Why not squeeze out this waste and save this dollar a ton?

It cannot be said that the miner is responsible for this waste. He suffers from an unsteady income. He wants to work full time. In fact, he must work full time if he is to make a decent living. But until some plan is developed that will stabilize the industry this enormous waste will continue, the miner will still have irregular employment, and the consuming public will pay this tax for idle days and idle capital.

Irregularity of Operation

Capital invested in the coal industry is estimated by the United States Census as $1,903,652,355, and it is said that to be profitable it should yield at least 12 per cent, or $228,000,000 annually. If during the past thirty years the mines have been idle approximately one-third of the time, the minimum cost to the public for idle capital in the industry, for which the public pays in purchasing coal, has been by the most conservative estimate $76,000,000 annually. Probably $100,000,000 would be nearer the truth. Even in a normal year, when production reached 500,000,000 tons, this would make an increased cost at the mine of 12 cents a ton, and on the basis of last year's production, 20 cents a ton.

It is estimated that the productive capacity of the mines now in operation is 700,000,000 tons, and the annual requirements for soft coal do not exceed 500,000,000 tons. The coal required could be produced with $760,000,000 less capital outlay.

But the waste in the industry because of irregularity of operation and employment and the waste through overcapitalization and overinvestment, though adding to the burden which the coal consumer must carry, are not the only items that enter into the rape of the consumer's pocketbook. When the average citizen buys a few tons of coal and finds the price outrageously high he is quite likely to complain to the retail dealer and ask the reason for the high price. And in most cases the dealer tells the irate citizen that the trouble is largely due to the high wages paid to miners.

This is a common alibi for the dealer. But the fact is the miner is the least to blame of all the factors of price. J. D. A. Morrow, vice president of the National Coal Association, of which organization two-thirds of the bituminous operators of the country are members, testified before the Interstate Commerce Commission a few weeks ago that the average retail selling price of bituminous coal throughout the United States in October, 1921, was $10.41 a ton. He testified, further, that the labor cost in the production of coal was $1.972 a ton. The total production cost, he said, including the labor cost, was $2.91. In other words, the mine workers received $1.972 as their pay for producing a ton of coal that sold at retail for $10.41.

The miner is not responsible for the high cost of coal to the consumer. It is inconceivable that the public would ask or expect the miner to agree to a reduction in his wages when it learns these facts. Even if the miner were to accept a reduction in his wages, where is there any assurance that the reduction would be passed along to the consumer? The public must look elsewhere to find out why and how $8.44 is added to the price of coal after it leaves the hands of the miner. There is a gouge somewhere, but the miner does not get the money.

Every time an increase is given to the miners the price of coal is boosted to absorb the increase. It is interesting to recall that when the anthracite miners obtained an increase in 1920 the anthracite operators added a dollar a ton to their selling price in anticipation of the increase, and later added another dollar to the price to absorb the increase that was granted.

Newspaper dispatches say farmers in Kansas and other Western states are burning corn for fuel. They say it is cheaper to burn corn than coal, because of the high price of coal, due to the enormous wages paid to the miners. But it should be remembered that this is not the first time the farmers burned corn in Kansas. They did the same thing as far back as 1897, when the miners were working for starvation wages. They burned corn then, just as they are burning corn now, not because of high coal prices but because corn is worth practically nothing in the market. It is not the high price of coal that troubles the farmer. It is the low price of his corn.

The miners feel that they are much misunderstood and much misrepresented. They have been subjected to the charge, spread broadcast by propaganda of union-busting operators, that the United Mine Workers of America is a red radical institution that has no thought for the welfare of the nation. This charge is untrue and it is resented by the miners. It is true that there are radicals in the union, many of them. It may well be expected that there would be radicals among the 500,000 members of the union. But there would also be radicals among 500,000 bankers, farmers, doctors, lawyers or men of any other trade or profession. Therefore this vast group of coal miners is not different in its cosmopolitan make-up from any other group of similar size. But the radical element is not in control of the union. The leaders of the union are safe-and-sane conservative men and they have fought radicalism year in and year out. When the district officers of the union in the Alberta, Canada, district became active in the one-big-union movement two years ago President Lewis did not hesitate to revoke the district charter and throw the entire district out of the union. He afterward reorganized the district and eliminated the trouble-makers from membership.

What the Miners Want

The miners hold that they are good American citizens, with the same kind of patriotism and loyalty in their hearts that exists among other Americans. Eighty thousand members of the United Mine Workers of America laid down their picks and put on the uniform of Uncle Sam in the World War. They fought to save civilization with the same fervor as other men, and with equal bravery. More than 3000 members of the United Mine Workers of America made the supreme sacrifice by giving up their lives in that war.

The half million members of the union bought many millions of dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps. They contributed millions of dollars of their earnings to the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus, and to every other war-relief agency. They obeyed the appeal to give till it hurts.

When the success of the war depended upon an adequate supply of fuel for the manufacture and transportation of supplies to the struggling armies of democracy in France, the American coal miners dug coal as they never dug before. Voluntarily they suspended many of their most cherished rules of employment in order that they might do their full bit. They produced 577,000,000 tons of soft coal in the year 1918, breaking all records, and the war was won.

It is not fair to raise the cry of radicalism against such men. Nor is it fair to charge them with a lack of interest in the public welfare or the safety of the nation.

Now, what do the miners want?

They want steady employment under proper working conditions and at a decent rate of wages, so they may earn enough to maintain their families on a real American standard of living. That tells their whole story. Surely the great American public will see to it that they get a square deal.

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Name

Present Position

Address

THE MAN WITH THE METAL FACE

(Continued from Page 13)

health, the golden glow that came from her as if a gentle light in her were shedding its rays upon the outer world.

At the moment of his going he was quite frank. He said, "I would like to take you in my arms."

She shook her head, denying him that privilege.

"I wonder whether I am letting too much of life slip by," he asked, just as if he held a deciding vote on a board of directors, and he wiped his perplexed forehead with his palm.

"Of course," she said. "But it would hardly do to be so precipitate."

"Why not?" he replied. "I'm a lonely man, I confess it."

"Do you think of me?"

"When I say I want to take you in my arms? Certainly. You are a lonely woman, after all."

Something in these words appeared to wilt her. There was a finality in this pronouncement. Haslam had a pleasant voice—pleasant and decisive. Like his face, his voice could be metallic, but it was not always so. Now it was sympathetic and warm, but like the voice of a wise judge pronouncing reluctantly a final sentence. She might have gone on believing that she was not a lonely woman if Haslam had not spoken so clearly and with such an obvious declaration of truth as one who says, "It is a pleasant day."

"I do not know what to make of you," she replied in a voice neither firm nor much above a whisper.

He looked at her with painstaking care—her figure, her face, her hands. Once he smiled. He saw her lean back against the shelf of plaster casts rather wearily and move her bare elbows on the rough surface of the wood as if pain gave her pleasure.

"Well, that's all," he said brusquely. "That's the fact. Some day when you feel like doing it you will come and put your arms about me. You hear what I say? There's no conceit in that. I am not conceited about that kind of thing, Beatrice. It is because we are the particular beings we happen to be. I will never speak of it again. Good-by."

At the door, turning, he glanced back at the clay bust in the center of the studio.

"You've put a lot of good hard character into that face," he said, praising her.

"Hard?"

"Yes, hard!" he said with a click, and shut the door softly.

Perhaps all she could hear ringing in her ears was that voice of his, saying without bravado and yet without doubt: "You will come and put your arms about me."

Perhaps events contributed something to the fulfillment. Haslam jumped out of his limousine, a week later. There was an uneven broken surface on the curbstone; a skidding truck had cracked out a piece of the granite on a slippery day in winter. The nick was sufficient to turn his foot; he could hear the bone in his foot yield as one can hear the breaking of a pipestem.

"And now you can have me as a helpless subject," he wrote her from the private hospital. "Four days have gone, but I'll be here many more. You have always complained that I was restless in your studio. Here you can catch me half strapped into an armchair, detesting the odors of ether drifting down the corridors and everything and everybody, but completely a captive—a one hundred per cent sitter."

She moved her model into the sitting room of his hospital suite, and nurses and young doctors peeked in and whispered.

"It's a wonderful north light," she said.

"They said you sent in those flowers," he said, pointing. "Did you?"

"Yes"

"You shouldn't have done it."

"Why?"

His answer surprised her as much as anything he had ever said. He replied, "Because I don't like to have that kind of thing done for me."

"I do not see why it is very important one way or the other," she said. "I really was not very sorry for you. Certainly not on account of your broken bones."

Haslam looked up quickly, detecting something in her meaning not completely obvious from her words. After that he drew back into that peculiar silence which had walled and masked him in the last sessions in the studio which had followed his second visit there.

The window of the room looked out over a corner lot held for speculative purposes, where the shouts of boys in spring baseball games were a daily menace to the peace of the hospital. Now the April rain was falling softly. The patches of grass sprang into vivid green and the diamond, worn by running feet, was marked out in pretty brown. It held his gaze as he meditated and she worked in a feverish mood of creativeness.

"My stars!" he exclaimed at the end. "It's dark!"

She came back from the washbasin with hands clean and pink from cold water and hard rubbing with the towel, but she fell into a chair, a little limp.

"You've worked too hard," he said. "You look weary."

"And lonely?" she replied. "I suppose you're going to say I look lonely?"

"I wasn't. But you do. Yes, you do. That's a fact. Sitting there in that rocking-chair with your hands folded and something in your face. You look as if all your success and all that goes with it hadn't given you what you seek."

"It doesn't give that to anyone," she said. "Does it?"

The building was very quiet. They could hear some distant elevator pass the floor with the click of its safety latch resounding down the hard white corridors.

Haslam was still staring at her as if her query had drained away some vitality and left him empty and cold.

"You should get used to it, Em," she said with a nervous laugh.

She had felt the hand of Destiny upon her fine shoulders, and now having spoken she sighed as with resignation, got up and came to his chair, where he was leaning back among the pillows.

"You were right," she went on. "You were right. It is absurd to believe it." And with this vague expression she put her arms about him tenderly and allowed him to take her head in the curve of his palm and bend it softly down until her cheek was sharing the warmth of his. Afterward she often thought how much this caress was like that of a brother and sister rather than one expressing the mood of lovers.

"I did not know then that your kisses would ever be any different," she said some days after he had begun to go to his offices in the great downtown.

"A brother on crutches would hardly ever be devoted enough to come every afternoon, even when the occasion was a sitting for a portrait," he replied. "I think we can never hope to return to any brother-and-sister relationship. It is rather too late."

Beatrice stared at him with a little flickering of fear on her face.

"In any case it is unwise to look ahead," he went on.

"Yes, unwise."

He nodded. "We are lucky—at least I am lucky to have this period."

"Period?"

"Yes, period; everything is a period. All that I ask of you, Beatrice, is to face all truth about me. Look at that face of mine as it has developed under your fingers. All I ask is that you should count upon my being exactly the man you have portrayed. You have shown me the real fact of my appearance. A mirror will never do it. You may have flattered me, but I see only stern single purpose in that face—the face of metal. I see all that I am and a little something of what I would like to be. On the whole I do not think any woman could hope to play much of a part in the life of a man whose face is like that."

"I understand," she said. "Come here and put your arms around me. I am cold."

He laughed as he released her.

"Let's call it a day," he said, using a characteristic phrase. "The thing is almost done. Knock off work and come for a ride in the country—the park, the Bronx, the Heights, and out into the great outdoors of Westchester as they call it in the real-estate folders."

"And find an inn?"

"Yes, and find an inn—or a farmhouse where they'll fry a chicken for us."

"Wait till I get a wrap behind this screen."

He paced up and down, his hands clasped behind his back, a little like Napoleon on the Bellerophon.

"Funny how farmhouses always strive to make food like an inn, and inns always boast of home cooking as good as farmhouses," she said from behind the wall of her improvised dressing room.

He laughed and picked up her fur stole, burying his nose in it, seeking for that particular aroma which was hers.

"Hurry!" he said suddenly. "Let's get away. This bust of me is giving me a stony stare. I can't get a smile out of it. It looks like my boss."

"Perhaps it will be," she replied. "Perhaps it will."

"Don't rush out," he said, holding out his arms. "Come here. You're nice—you're the nicest thing in a very rotten world."

Always it was like that; always an indefinable mingling of joy and sadness; always the strange similarity to lovers who are condemned to die and have only a little span in which to live and love.

The end was quite inevitable. It came when at last Beatrice sat across the table from Haslam at Goriot's, where the ceiling lights are only tiny imitation stars and the electric candles on the tables shed warm rays upon the living beauty of a woman's sentient hands.

Haslam thought that Beatrice's fingers trembled as they moved slightly the silver and porcelain before her.

"Well?" he asked, and bending a little lower looked up into her face. He usually knew now when she had something to say to him; often he surprised her by asking before her thought had taken full shape.

"Em," she said.

"Yes."

"I haven't said this to you. I was waiting. But now there is nothing for me to do."

"Go on."

"The portrait of you is done. It can go to-morrow to be cast."

"In bronze?"

"Yes."

"Well, what of that? It had to be done sometime."

"I have failed with it. I cannot do what I desired."

He chuckled. "It's far better than I ever hoped any sculptor could show anybody. Show, did I say? Expose, I'd better say. And it's the real interpretation of me. That's the wonder of it."

She shook her head. She said, "No, Em."

"Well, it's done," he asserted. "I was not sure. I knew it would be done sometime. I suspected it was about over."

The word "over" made her clasp her hands suddenly in a tense grip of her fingers one upon the other.

"To-morrow—to-morrow is Saturday. I'll send the clay over to Bonelli, who does my castings. And then in the afternoon I'd like to play."

He hesitated a moment before saying, "You ought to play. But now the weather's warm, why don't you get out of the city? I wish I could. Why don't you go to some place by the sea? Didn't somebody tell me you had a bungalow and studio or Italian villa or something at Pipe Harbor?"

He could hear her breath quicken, and avoided looking into her staring eyes.

"No," said he. "If you mean that I could go with you—of course I cannot."

She had known all the time that he had intended an end, and she had guessed that he had fixed its date. For this was just what he would do; it was just what a man whose face was like the one she had modeled would do.

He had told her what he would do. He had warned her. He knew, as she knew, that she was only a fool to turn white like this with pain and shock.

"The cruel thing would be to go on," he said, closing his lips into a thin line.

He was right about that too.

"Cruel to you," he added.

She nodded.

"Will you take me to the studio now?" she said. "There is a moon. We can throw open all the windows."

"No," he said firmly. "I will take you to the door and say good night, Beatrice."

"After all," she said at last, "it will be a great wound. It is my own fault."

"We have a right to our own lives," he said. "I have to go on with mine. Even the diversion of this spring has cut down

Continued on Page 40

"Oh man! I bet mother made it herself!"

Here's a treat that will warm the heart of any fellow—a great big coconut cake! The tropical richness of Baker's Coconut gives this cake a delicious taste that makes it a favorite with everybody.

The reason for the delicious goodness of this home-made coconut cake is the nature-made flavor, sealed up in the Baker air-tight can. When you open the can you have the really fresh, pure, white coconut meat exactly as it was when the ripe nut was opened.

In Baker's Coconut the natural moisture, freshness and wholesomeness are retained. That's why it is so good in cakes, cookies, pies and candies.

Recipe for Coconut Cake

Cream one cup sugar and two heaping tablespoons butter, add two eggs, beat until light. Sift two cups of pastry flour, add two teaspoons baking powder and one-half teaspoon salt, stir into first mixture with one cup of coconut milk or milk to which one teaspoon vanilla has been added. Mix well, place in pans, bake twenty minutes. Make icing with one cup of confectioner's sugar beat in enough coconut milk or milk to moisten it to spreading consistency, and one teaspoon of vanilla. Stir in half of the can of coconut from which the milk has been pressed and spread remainder over top layer.
(If Baker's Coconut in the blue can is used, thoroughly press out the coconut milk.)

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Be sure it is New-Skin, not an inferior substitute
All Druggists—15 and 30 cents

NEWSKIN COMPANY
New York Toronto. London

(Continued from Page 38)

my pungency. There's one thing for me—one love. It is the Street, the dear old Street."

He smiled, satisfied, and added jocosely, "Where they call me the man with the metal face."

"So to-night ——" she began.

"Yes, if anything is to be done—do it!"

She drew back a little, as one who has received a frontal blow.

"I understand," she replied at last. "You have been quite fair—quite consistent and—yes—generous, Em."

"For heaven's sake don't tell me what's in your heart!" he exclaimed with fervor. "Don't let's go into that."

"No."

"Favor to me. Thank you. And can I do one for you, Beatrice?"

She did not answer.

"I said ——"

"I heard you," she replied softly. "I was thinking of what you said. A favor? Yes."

"What?"

"Well, when do you intend sending this portrait in bronze to your mother? Is there any hurry?"

"No. No hurry. Why?"

"The favor I was going to ask you is a queer one. All I ask is that you keep the bronze, when it comes to you, for a month. Put it on your mantel in your library. On the desk. Or that Sheraton table in your bedroom beneath the blue silk curtains. You've told me about your possessions. You would never take me there. That is your characteristic caution. But take my portrait there."

"Bless my stars!"

"Well, will you?"

"It's mad! What a strange girl you were."

She winced but managed to say, "Will you?"

"Certainly."

"Promise? For thirty days?"

"I promise."

She put her cold nervous fingers over his calm hands.

"Oh, Em," she said, "I wonder if you will ever know how much better I knew you than you knew yourself!"

She, too, had now spoken in the past tense.

Haslam reflected afterward that it was an extraordinary promise he had made to her. He laughed as he thought of the conversation he had overheard on the last day he had been in the hospital. One of the young doctors, an interne, and a young nurse with the clear blue of childhood still in her eyes had come into his sitting room, not knowing that he was there. It had been after dusk had fallen and the doctor had lit a match and held it up before the clay face of the bust.

Again he could see the young woman slip her hand into the doctor's and again hear her voice saying, "It is certainly art. But you ought to be glad, Doc, that you do not look like that."

The young doctor had said, "It isn't weak"; and she had answered, "No, strong—horribly!"

The sculptress now had exacted a promise from him to keep the cast close to him—to live with it. She would show him the truth about himself. Well, that was absurd, because the truth about himself was pleasing to him. He laughed and told his valet to unpack the bust and put it anywhere he liked.

This had been done when Haslam returned from the theater that same evening. He did not see it at first. He threw his overcoat over a chair back, drank a full glass of water, poured out of the silver bottle, and then turned toward the fireplace as one does who, through a winter, finds comfort in coming home to find embers still glowing sleepily on the hearth.

Now, however, the warm weather had come. The hearth was quite black and swept clean. Indeed the window was open, so that the China-silk curtains danced about like ghosts. Far away the intermittent flares of a blast furnace yellowed and reddened the purple black of the city night. But a hush had come over the metropolis; Haslam could hear his watch ticking in his own pocket. He raised his eyes.

"Hello!" he said.

There it was above the hearth! The Italian mantel of carved marble held up the dark bronze, and the wall behind with its chill tint of French gray gave its outline emphasis.

Haslam was somewhat astonished that hard bronze could appear quite as flexible and living as it now did. For a moment he stared back into the immobile eyes of the portrait, filled with a strange sense that he, too, was a thing of metal, that they were alike, and two bronze faces looking into each other's cold mysteries. He smiled as he went nearer and tweaked the hard smooth nose with his thumb and one long finger in a familiar gesture of disrespect.

"Good," he said. "She had skill!"

He wondered where she was now and whether she had left the city. But that was a closed book, as he phrased it. He would be a fool to peep into its pages again. She would suffer for a while. That was not his fault. She could have read his face. She did read it. Here it was—the proof in accurate bronze. Furthermore, he had put her on notice. She had said to him that he had been completely fair. So he had been! The book had been closed in cold blood. Where she was now was no longer any business of his. He had been generous to take this stand. Continuing the dream life of their play, as he called it, would not have hurt him; it could have cut deeper scars into her.

He looked into the strong unyielding countenance of the bronze with increasing satisfaction. It would please his mother. No sentiment. Here was decision, oneness of purpose. If saints are ever to be made from extreme devotees of practical, gainful, resolute, uncompromising, ruthless determination, here was the face of a saint. Some day there would be the canonization of some Saint of the Street, some Saint of Big Business or of the Exchange. And the statue of the saint would have a face like this!

Haslam laughed.

As he laughed he thought he saw the face of bronze relax a little, as if it, too, would laugh. The room was silent, as if the progress of time had ceased a moment; there was a hush, as if a hush had come just before this lifeless bust broke into raucous laughter. But there was no sound, no laugh, not even a full smile. It might have been the way the light fell. Haslam's impression was only that the bronze lips had relaxed a little, that for a moment the eyes of the thing had become filled with a moment of tenderness. He felt as if for a moment he had been looking into the face of someone who had for him a little amusement and a little pity, a little tenderness and a little contempt.

He looked at his watch and yawned. No one knew as he knew how regularly he ate, how regularly he went to bed, how regularly he did everything. He gave the impression of a driving force which would smash all regularity into bits. But now it was half past twelve and he always went to bed at twelve. He had been standing there looking into this metal face of his, quite unconscious of the passage of time. The yawn came to a sudden end as he felt the surprise of his forgetfulness.

The next day he looked at the bust in the full sunlight. Then it was that he became convinced that Beatrice had changed something in it since he had seen the model. The difference between the clay and the bronze could not account for this change. On the first glance the thing was exactly as it had been. There were the features, unchanged. They were not lacking in whatever regular handsome modeling he could find in his own face. They still expressed in cold hard metal the character which they had expressed when the young doctor and the young nurse had passed upon them. The head, bent forward a little aggressively, was the same head of a lean powerful creature of prey. Something of the hawk and the wolf was still there as always. He nodded with assurance.

A moment later he returned to look at the thing again. He stood with his hat in his hand ready to go out, and as he stood his own face filled with doubt and perplexity. Somehow the obvious first glance at this bronze face did not disclose all. After one looked, some trick of light and shadow or of expression softened everything. As if the bronze were translucent, one could imagine that under its surface there was half hidden a better portrait of the man. The imagination perhaps brought strange tender smiles to the corners of the mouth and the corners of the otherwise stern relentless eyes. Flickers of warmth ran beneath the adamantine surface. It was as if the sculptress had done one likeness and then covered it with a thin veneer of some other likeness.

"I'm not so sure," said Haslam to his valet, who held overcoat, stick and gloves. "What do you think of it, Becker?"

"I couldn't say, sir. It's very good, sir, of you, and yet it looks one way sometimes and one way at other times. Quite odd, sir! I was examining of it all day yesterday after unpacking, sir. It's like an actor, sir—I mean to say—who has put on a—I mean to say—a part, or expression, sir."

Haslam felt some impatience about that bronze. He would have liked to pack it up and send it on to his mother. He had promised to keep it a month, and by Haslam even a broker's nod was rigidly interpreted as a grim promise. Men big enough and strong enough could afford to treat honor as a luxury worth having. This was his way of expressing it, and he liked the cynical note in his expression of something virtuous which might, in fact, have been his natural instinct to maintain.

Nothing much had ever puzzled Haslam. The puzzle of this bronze face troubled him increasingly. Sometimes he imagined its thin lips were about to part and tell him something of vital importance. They never spoke. They never would, and it appeared nonsensical for them to appear always ready to disclose, when they never would. Sometimes he could see curious appearances of tenderness in the features. It was as if there were two modeled countenances in this one piece of metal.

Once, late at night, after staring into the face of metal during a moment when it expressed in subtle vagueness a whole set of qualities he had always boasted were not his, he walked quickly into his bathroom, turned on the light above the shaving mirror and stared into the reflection of his own flesh and blood, half perplexed, half eager.

"No," said he, "there's nothing in my face like that. Not a thing. It was an accident. She knew me pretty well. It's just an accident of the material."

He wondered what she had done to forget their days together. She had raised no trouble, no scene. She took everything so patiently. Perhaps she had suffered. That was too bad. Could not be helped. And yet it was too bad. He half closed his eyes. Just then as he straightened up he thought suddenly he had seen the expression of the bronze face in the mirror. It was a curious fleeting look. But there was now only the reflection of Haslam's own countenance—the one he had known always.

In that time he had one of his great victories. For two years there had been a duel in the Street between Haslam and Bascom, the operator in the market for two large bank presidents who were playing rogue elephant as speculators. Haslam had considerable contempt for bank presidents who played the market apart from the ring of their own directors. As for Bascom, the feud was an old one. Bascom had reneged a promise once, and Haslam had nearly had his creditors come down on him as a result of Bascom. He had told Bascom that he would break him some day. The day had come. Partly by accident it had come. It just happened that Haslam had a client who held two hundred thousand in Bascom's paper and had discounted it into Haslam's hands three days before Bascom was caught in a bear movement on steel. Haslam knew what to do now—the thumbscrews.

"Curious thing," said Haslam's chief bookkeeper. "They live right near us in Montclair. His wife was a flighty person for years, but the moment she found out a baby was coming ——"

"Late in life," said Haslam.

"Well, it will outbalance any of the pain of this failure," Johnson asserted. "The two of them are like nuts about the youngster. I hope this won't be a shock to her."

There was a pause.

The bookkeeper suddenly said, "What's the matter, Mr. Haslam? You look so funny."

"Me? I look funny?" The head of the house had jumped to his feet. "How the devil do you mean?"

"Why, just your expression. I wondered if you'd changed your mind about closing Bascom out. That's all, sir."

Haslam sat down.

"Yes, I had," he said wearily. "I'm a fool to do it. I'm going to let Bascom pull through."

He walked over to the tape, whistling softly. "I can't imagine my doing this," he said. "Perhaps we don't know ourselves, after all."

(Continued on Page 42)

SEIBERLING CORDS

Dealers' Opening Week April 3rd to 10th

Seiberling Cords and Seiberling Tubes will be offered for sale through selected dealers and completely demonstrated and explained in all principal cities during next week.

Look for local announcements by the Seiberling dealer in your community. You can identify his place of business by prominent display of the red and black Seiberling trademark on his sign and in his window.

"A Tire that Will be Known Everywhere"

Seiberling Clincher Cord -30 x 3½- $12.50

This clincher cord is identical in grade of materials and in excellence of design and workmanship, with the straight side Seiberling Cords for larger cars. There is only one grade of Seiberling Cords and Tubes—"as good as we know how to build them."

Tread stock extends from bead to bead, preventing tread-separation and giving protection against abrasion from ruts and curbs, with unusual strength at the shoulder which has been a point of weakness in many clincher cords.

The On-Air cure process gives uniform tension throughout (no wrinkles or buckles from pinching in the mold) and better distribution of tension in the finished tire.

One tread design (anti-skid) for all wheels, making tires interchangeable. Semi-flat, giving better traction and longer wearing qualities.

If no Seiberling dealer has yet been established in your community, write us for interesting description of Seiberling Cords and Tubes and nearest address where you can obtain them.

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Seiberling Cords and Tubes are distributed through regular retail channels. We desire to establish connections with good business men who agree with us that high-grade products, a policy of selected and not closely competitive distribution, and service to the user form the right basis for a lasting and mutually profitable relationship. Write or wire Seiberling Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

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MAKE THIS YEAR'S vacation a real vacation—right next to Nature's heart.

Come to the Charmed Land. Feast your mind and your heart and your soul on the supreme masterpieces of divine handiwork—snow-clad mountains hanging in the sky and reflected in the crystal depths of beautiful mountain lakes—rushing streams and tumbling waterfalls—serene inland seas, framed with snow peaks and the greenery of primeval forests.

Fish, hike, climb, motor, toboggan, ski, canoe, swim, sail, golf—or just rest. Everything is here, the greatest out-of-doors country and absolutely the best out-of-doors climate in the world.

Come by train or motor. Six transcontinental railroads, with special summer rates, and the open road and a wonderland en route for the motorist.

Maximum temperature Seattle, 1921—80 degrees.

Send for "The Charmed Land" booklet now, and come direct to the Chamber's tourist bureau, 702 Third Avenue.

Seattle Chamber of Commerce

910 Arctic Bldg., Seattle

(Continued from Page 40)

"Well, it's all right with me," Johnson replied. "But that's what I said. I thought I could tell by your face."

That night when Haslam went home he found his valet, Becker, moving about the study as if to create the impression of being occupied by eternal labors of service.

"Look here, Becker," he said. "What about that bust? I had it made for my mother. Do you think it will do?"

The old man pressed his lips. He said: "Well, speaking very frank, sir, I thought it did you a favor, sir. When I first saw it I thought it had a little the better of you, sir. But the last week or so, sir, I'm better impressed, sir. Somehow its face has changed, sir."

"Or mine?"

"Your face changed, sir?"

"It might."

"Yes, it might. Sometimes sorrow changes faces, sir. Sometimes it's being lonely and deserted, sir. I don't believe you've had these crosses to bear—ever."

Haslam replied, "Perhaps not. Perhaps I've got 'em coming to me. Perhaps I've had 'em and didn't know it. Perhaps I've had a lot of things I didn't know I've had."

He stood smiling rather affectionately at old Becker until the latter in complete astonishment blurted out: "There, sir! If you could see yourself now, sir! Mr. Haslam, may I drop down dead at your feet if you're not the living image right now of that thing on the mantel!"

Pipe Harbor is just inside a point covered with scrub pines. At the end are treacherous rocks under the swash of low tide, but they were known by the chart and reckoned with by the skipper as he pulled the nose of Haslam's lean white trout-shaped steam yacht into the cove. The tender came down over the stern with a rattle of blocks and tackle, echoing against the rock and pine wall of shore, and the snick-snock of oarlocks sounded as the master was being rowed under the full sunlight across the waters whipped into shimmering silver by the brisk summer morning's wind.

Where the point curves into the main shore fields of grasses, still filled with white splashes of daisy blossoms, rose from the yellow beach toward the crouching group of little weathered buildings at the top of the knoll. Two old trees, which from a distance appear like elms, lean toward each other over the bungalow and the studio like two old friends. The landing place is a little shaky pier where a red dory rides fretfully on its painter.

Haslam walked up the narrow winding path through the perfumed fields, and when almost at the top he stopped and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. So he was standing hatless when she came out the door of the studio.

He waved to her.

"Come on down here," he called.

A moment of hesitation ended by Beatrice moving forward quite naturally, as if she had expected him for many days, but the first words she said dispelled that illusion.

She said in a trembling voice: "I never expected I should ever see you again, Em. I had gone back to my work—my work alone."

"I guess there are other things," he said, holding out his hand.

"Yes," she said. "Is that your own boat?" She pointed toward the sea.

He nodded.

"Let's sit down here."

He was trying to think of words to tell her why he had come back. He drew her closer, so that, sitting, leaning on their palms pressed upon the cool foliage of the clover, they could look as with a single viewpoint, above the tops of high nodding grasses, over the wide stretches of descending fields, flat expanse of sea and the climbing blue sky.

Suddenly frightened, she exclaimed in horror, "You didn't come back because you were thinking of me?"

"No," he said. "I'm glad you spoke of that. I came back because of me."

"Then you can stay forever if you want to," she said, turning her lips toward his.

"Of course," said Haslam. "Of course. That's what I wanted to say to you." He laughed. "I want to sit for you forever. I want you to make me a new face."

YE GENIAL HOST

(Continued from Page 17)

In a city like New York these immense hotels became necessary. It is the only way we have been able to take care of the ever-growing stream of visitors, even if the intimate, homelike atmosphere has disappeared.

After visitors have been in New York a while I notice a tendency on their part to move to smaller hotels. In fact, a large number of buildings are being converted into apartment and family hotels. The glamour of the big palaces attracts temporarily, but in time there is a longing to get into places where one may be known, may be a personality, a guest in the true sense of the word.

Following what was regarded as my success in running several different houses giving them atmosphere and color, I became a part of one of the big organizations that operate—mind you, operate—chains of magnificent hotels. The salary would have appalled me fifteen years ago.

I am kept so busy directing the financial affairs and making reports that will show profit that I haven't the time to mingle with the people and know them. I have selected managers who were trained as I was, and they are doing as well as one could expect. Our hotels are perfectly appointed and have developed service and conveniences to the finest degree, but the thing is too big, too unwieldy for that intimate personal touch that many old-timers miss.

The difference between these hotel palaces and the little places where the proprietor considered himself a personal host is very much the same as the difference between the old accommodation train that stopped at every little town long enough for a handshake, and the great limited express that flits through, leaving nothing but a cloud of dust to mark its passage.

Personal Recognition

I do not really know the names of all our guests, and neither does our manager, but we have been ingenious enough to make them think we know them. The fact that they enjoy this apparent distinction would seem to be enough, but it isn't. I enjoyed really knowing everybody. There was sincere sentiment in it. Most of the joy of running a hotel has been taken from me. It makes me downright unhappy when I have a chance to think about it.

I am not sure that I was first, but I was certainly among the first to adopt the system for a big hotel by which we can make each guest feel that he or she is personally known. I started it out on the Coast.

The first prominent person to call attention to it was an author who came out there to write up our city in a magazine. He was accompanied by an artist, now a famous illustrator.

The pair arrived at night and the author asked to be called at eight o'clock the next morning.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," was the pleasant greeting of the telephone operator at that hour. "It is eight o'clock. Do you wish breakfast in your room or will you come down?"

The writer responded as cheerily as you please. His surprise at being addressed by his own name, he told me afterwards, made him feel good all morning. It sort of flattered him to discover that he was known way out there.

Later in the day he met Mr. Jones, the artist, and was inclined to be a little boastful.

"This is what I call a wise town," the writer announced. "Have only been here twelve hours and the telephone operator knew who I was when she called me at eight o'clock. Pretty good, eh?"

"I'll say it's fair," agreed the artist, smiling. "She also knew mine."

Paying for Pleasant Voices

Not only were Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones called by their names, but so was every other guest in the hotel. Also they were spoken to in a pleasant voice. I had seen to that. A telephone operator may be ever so proficient, but she won't fill the bill in one of my hotels if she hasn't a pleasant, cheery voice. An insolent tone by a telephone girl will do lots more damage to a hotel than bad food.

I was in a big Eastern hotel once with a manufacturer, a wealthy bachelor. We occupied a double room. He called over the phone, asking the operator if she would have a bottle of mineral water and some ice sent up.

After a wait of half an hour he called again to know what was the trouble. "If you want anything like that whyn't you call 'Service'? Didn't you know this was a first-class hotel?"

The mere tone of that response was so insolent that my friend packed up and left the hotel. The incident spoiled his trip. Rather than make the day more unpleasant he did not report the girl.

In my hotel an operator like that would have been discharged immediately, not so much for the one mistake as for the tone of her voice. In fact, she would never have been engaged. A girl may learn better than to do a thing like that a second time, but a cheery voice cannot be acquired overnight. It must be natural. It is a qualification necessary to employment with my organization. Many girls fail to get jobs in other concerns because of an insolent inflection in their voices.

Above the telephone switchboard in the main office we had a rack placed. Over each room number there was a small slot for a card. The moment a guest registered, a card bearing his or her name in printed letters was placed in the slot corresponding to his or her room. We made it a point to see that every employe on the floor as well as the operator looked at that rack before answering a call.

"Is there anything else I can do for you now, Mr. Smith?" the bell boy would say after making the new guest comfortable. Mr. Smith would be pleased.

Later in the day the baggage would come up from the station. The porter, before going up, would step out of the elevator and glance at the rack.

"Your trunk is here, Mr. Smith," he would announce at the door. "Shall I bring it in now?"

In time the many Mr. Smiths may have learned that this knowledge of names was simply a part of the machinery, but they liked it just the same.

I had a very keen and intelligent house manager out there. In fact, he is with me now. From morning until night he hammered into every employe, from the porter to the night clerk, the necessity of making people feel that they were known and that they were at home.

This manager had a very clever method of making guests known in the dining room, especially if they were at all important. Of course he could not get them all. On one occasion the president of one of the Western railroads—call him Davis, for short—stopped at our hotel and had his wife with him. He had been there before, but always alone.

The Delighted Mr. Davis

The house manager, looking over the call list, discovered that Mr. Davis would get up at eight o'clock—most people do, by the way. So he waited around the elevator landing until the guest had come down and, with his wife, was headed for the dining room.

Walking rapidly ahead of the couple, the manager passed the head waiter and whispered to him: "Mr. Davis, railroad president, and his wife," and went right on without turning his head.

"Good morning, Mr. Davis," greeted the head waiter.

"And Mrs. Davis," he addressed the lady, "is there any particular place you would like to sit? Perhaps you would like the corner, over there by the flowers."

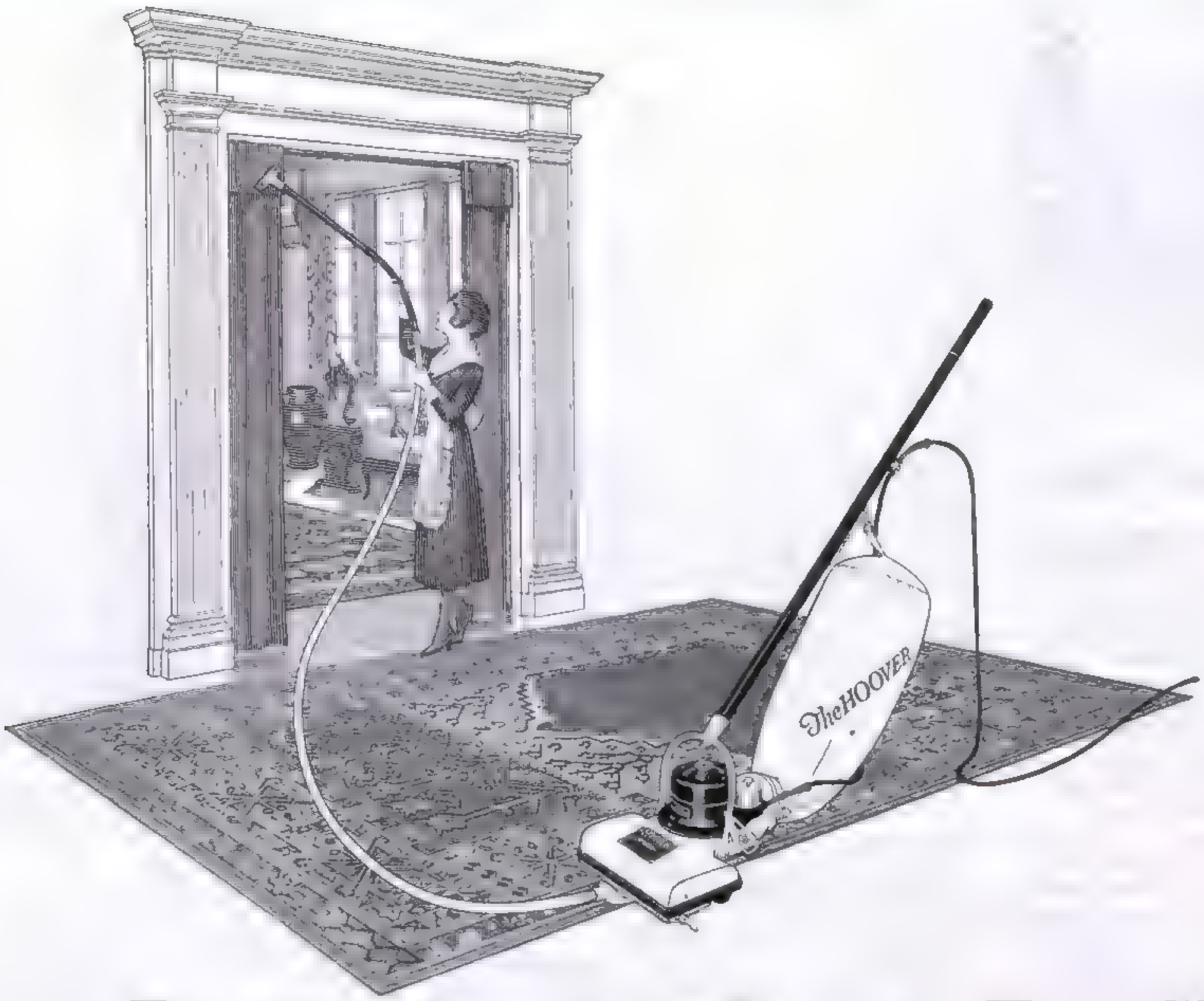
"Why, isn't that remarkable?" said Mrs. Davis to her husband. "How did that man know my name?"

"Well," declared Mr. Davis with just a touch of vanity, "he knew you were with me, didn't he? Who else could you be?"

"Of course, certainly. But isn't it remarkable—his memory?"

For a moment Mr. Davis was really proud of the impression he had created. Just then the house manager came up as if he had seen the couple for the first time and pulled almost the same thing.

(Continued on Page 44)



Clean Dustlessly—this Rapid, Easy Way

The coming of warmer days, which invariably means more open windows and the entry of additional dust into your home, need not be a dread—if you provide yourself with a Hoover.

Dustlessly, quickly, the strong suction provided by the new and greatly simplified Hoover air-cleaning attachments will whisk away all the dust which collects upon house furnishings.

These improved attachments have been developed in our research laboratories to provide Hoover owners with the most durable and highly efficient set of air-cleaning tools that long experience can devise.

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For this efficient cleaner electrically beats out all germ-laden, nap-wearing grit from rug depths.

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Have an immediate free demonstration in your home of The Hoover and its wonderful new air-cleaning attachments. Backed by the Guarantee Bond of the oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners, The Hoover is obtainable on easy terms in sizes for all purposes, all moderately priced.

Phone any Tel-U-Where Information Bureau or write us for the names of your nearest Authorized Hoover Dealers.

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
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The HOOVER

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Perhaps one of your rooms defies efforts to heat it? Maybe your sun porch is unheated, or your attic is cold? You may wish to work in your office after the heat is turned off?

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CLOW GASTEAM is also often used in combination with existing steam or hot water systems. It can then be used in the spring and fall, when only a little heat is needed, making it unnecessary to start the furnace or boiler. In very cold weather the CLOW GASTEAM radiators can be used exactly like any ordinary steam or hot water radiators.

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Many architects specify CLOW GASTEAM radiators on every heating job—frequently as the sole means of heat in the building and sometimes in conjunction with other systems.

CLOW GASTEAM is flexible—you can have one or many radiators—and you can have heat exactly when and where you want it.

A Clow representative will be glad to tell you all about CLOW GASTEAM heating and show you a list of the people in your vicinity who are using it.

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(Continued from Page 42)

This Mr. Davis, by the way, had come up from section boss to railroad president. Suddenly his old-fashioned hard sense came back to him.

"Say," he half whispered to the manager as they walked down the aisle between the tables, "you young rascal, that's all the bunk—that knowing us so well." Then he smiled. "But I'm damned if it ain't good bunk!"

Now there is quite a lot of difference between acting genial and polite and actually being genial and polite. Employes who really do not mean it, but are simply carrying out orders, often overplay their hands. Their acting becomes offensive. We have to hunt out that kind and get rid of them.

The fact that a head waiter has to resort to subterfuge to be sure of a person's name, though, does not mean that he is not naturally well mannered. He makes blunders occasionally that are very embarrassing. A major of cavalry, accompanied by a young lady, got very indignant one day because the head waiter addressed him as "the general." He took the man's honest mistake for an impertinent attempt at flattery, and I had to apologize for it.

Though the average American traveler appreciates service that is pleasant and polite he usually despises the sycophant. He would even prefer the rough and blundering servant to the obsequious one. To smooth out all these things and get thorough coöperation we still have meetings every few days, attended by all the employes who come in direct contact with the guests. Everyone from the chief of the bellhops to the cashiers and clerks is privileged and encouraged to make suggestions.

The manager usually makes a little talk at these conferences, pointing out problems and difficulties—possibly mistakes—that have come to his attention. He gives his own views on how to overcome them. When he is through if anyone has thought of a nearer cut to the same result he speaks right out and is given attention.

The main advantage of this system is that even the most humble employe understands very clearly what we are driving at, the hotel policy.

It was at one of these meetings out in San Francisco that a discussion brought out, in simple sentence, a thought that I had never been able to formulate. It expresses the basic principle of running a hotel successfully, whether it be a little inn or one of the modern palaces.

Useful Suggestions

One of the bookkeepers, I believe, had made the suggestion that we could add considerable to the income of the house by installing devices for the sale of toothbrushes, razors, shaving soap, curling irons and so on.

"That's all right," I agreed. "We certainly need the income, but I'm afraid there's a danger that too much of that sort of thing might give the place the atmosphere of a department store rather than that of a temporary home."

It was my idea, and still is, that patrons would prefer paying a higher rate for service to being bothered by catchpenny schemes. I tried to convey to those assembled the thought that guests always like to feel that they are visiting friends; that our job was to give them that sense of home comfort. I did not express this very clearly, it developed. At any rate, one man there was able to express it much better.

"Excuse me, sir," spoke up the head porter, a venerable-looking man whose kindly, dignified air was somewhat contradictory to his station—contradictory, I mean, to the way the general public expects a head porter to look. "Excuse me, sir," he repeated, rising, "but as I understand it you mean to say that when a guest comes to this hotel he should be treated just as you would treat a guest who came to your home?"

"You are getting it," I urged him on.

"In other words," he went on, "all we've got to do is remember what our mothers taught us about showing hospitality when the preacher or any other visitor came to stay all night—then do the same thing here."

The old porter had put the whole idea into a single sentence—a thing I had vainly tried to do for years. What he said there is what I consider the whole basic principle of running a hotel, so far as making guests feel comfortable.

The financial end is another matter. That can be done by a little supervision and efficiency experts—men whose work requires more application to figures and reports than to imagination.

I had typewritten copies of the old porter's expression made, and gave one to each employe of the hotel, including the cooks, the waiters and the bartenders. There was something about that thought of fixing around and polishing up your manners for the visiting preacher—the home guest—that one does not easily forget.

A few days later one of the attendants came to me with a suggestion.

"Boss," he said, "when a gentleman comes to your home and is asked to spend the night you generally offer him a suit of your pajamas, don't you?"

I told him that was true. I saw he had the germ of some good idea.

"Well, sir," he went on, "there was a gentleman who came in last night after midnight. I took him to his room and he asked me if I could buy him a suit of pajamas. He had no baggage. But it was so late I couldn't find a place open. Now I was thinking how would it be to fix up a place like that so that a man could get accommodated."

The boy had the makings of a dandy notion, all right, but he was on the wrong tack. He was thinking of a convenience for selling pajamas.

Pride in the House

Beginning with that suggestion, though, we worked out a real innovation in hotel service. We made it possible for every guest, man or woman, who came without baggage, to be supplied with nightdress, comb and brush, toothbrush—all without charge. Back of it were the words of the old porter, that we should treat guests at the hotel just as our mothers or fathers would treat an overnight visitor to our home.

I don't know if others had thought of this before, but I believe it was original with our hotel. We supplied the night housekeeper with sealed sanitary packages containing everything that a person without baggage would need to be comfortable for the night; one made up for women and one for men. There was no extra charge for this. A guest who used the emergency package was simply asked to notify the maid next morning.

She would have the night clothes freshly laundered and the hairbrush sterilized, ready for the next guest caught without baggage.

That has proved one of the most appreciated innovations in modern hotels. You should have seen the looks of incredulity and then pleased surprise when unprepared guests were offered these packages. Most of the big hotels have that as part of their service now.

Another device that still pleases the ladies is the electric slot alongside the dressing tables for heating curling irons.

The constant thought for comfort and the constant attention to details on the part of our organization made that hotel a great success. A staff like that would make any enterprise a success. The coördinated effort of all hands made our place a sort of individual institution, not just a place where a man could get a place to sleep and a good meal.

You will notice that every distinctive hotel in the country has a staff with that kind of spirit. I got the credit, of course, but that earnest group of employes really deserved it.

Pride of employes is what gives a hotel distinctive atmosphere. There is a hotel in Norfolk, Virginia, for instance, where every person from the bell boy to the manager will eagerly invite a guest to go and look at the kitchen before he is there six hours. They are so proud of its reputation for spotlessness that they want everybody to see it.

Our bell boys used to want everybody to take one of those emergency packages containing nightdress whether they needed it or not—until the novelty of it wore off.

I am now managing one of the biggest hotels in the world—one where I never get a chance to know anybody's name or to understand personal peculiarities. Most of my work is supervising departments, stopping leaks in finances, and seeing that my weekly reports show a good profit and a possible dividend to stockholders. The amount of executive labor is enormous. I am more of a financier than what the papers used to call "Ye Genial Host"—a term I always liked. It means something.

In the actual dispensation of hospitality I must depend upon my house manager. He has been with me for years, knows better than anybody else how much I miss the romance and sentiment of being a real host.

Don't get the impression that any hotel can be run by a set of clever rules and tricks. It must have a unit spirit—an esprit de corps—that develops in those particular surroundings. California ideas may not go in Boston, and New York ideas may not go in Philadelphia or New Orleans. Atmosphere and color will not transplant easily.

In the first place guests are not all alike in temperament, cannot be treated in the same way in the same hotel. Some like refined, unpretentious comfort; others like show—what they call service and fixings. There is a certain class of people who like to pay excessive prices simply because they are excessive. They want to experience the sensation, new to them, of feeling rich and extravagant. We had much of that during the great spending era following the end of the war. I might add that we are not having much of it now.

Then again we have genteel people, always accustomed to refinement, who cannot afford to pay exorbitant rates, and at the same time they cannot be content in an atmosphere that is tawdry and coarse. That class of people—aristocrats by nature, I call them—is usually easy to please. They rarely make complaints.

Not long ago we had a breezy guest, evidently newly rich, who engaged a suite of rooms at twenty-five dollars a day—bedroom, sitting room and bath.

"Say," he said to the floor manager a few hours later, "I don't see where you get off to soak a fellow twenty-five bucks for this layout. I've got just as good a bathroom as this at home."

"Aren't your rooms comfortable?" asked the manager, a very diplomatic young man. He had wanted to say something else though.

"Oh, sure," admitted the guest, "but I had a notion you were going to show me something new—knock my eye out."

Undesirable Guests

The next morning the manager had an enormous vase of brightly colored flowers placed in the man's room and sent up a couple of novelty smoking stands for the sitting room. The window draperies were made a little more gaudy, and the guest was much better pleased.

It is sometimes very difficult to allocate these guests so that their presence will not jar on each other.

No matter how hard the hotel management may try to separate the rooms and deaden sound so that no one will know the kind of person occupying the adjoining suite there is something in the air that will in time tell. Let one objectionable person escape the eagle eye of the house detective, and in twenty-four hours nearly every guest on the floor will know it. I don't know why, but somehow they do. Is it what those north-woods story-writers call moccasin telepathy?

Nothing hurts a hotel so quickly and so permanently as knowledge that it has housed persons of questionable character. The best of hotels do this sometimes unknowingly. None of the best ones would do it intentionally.

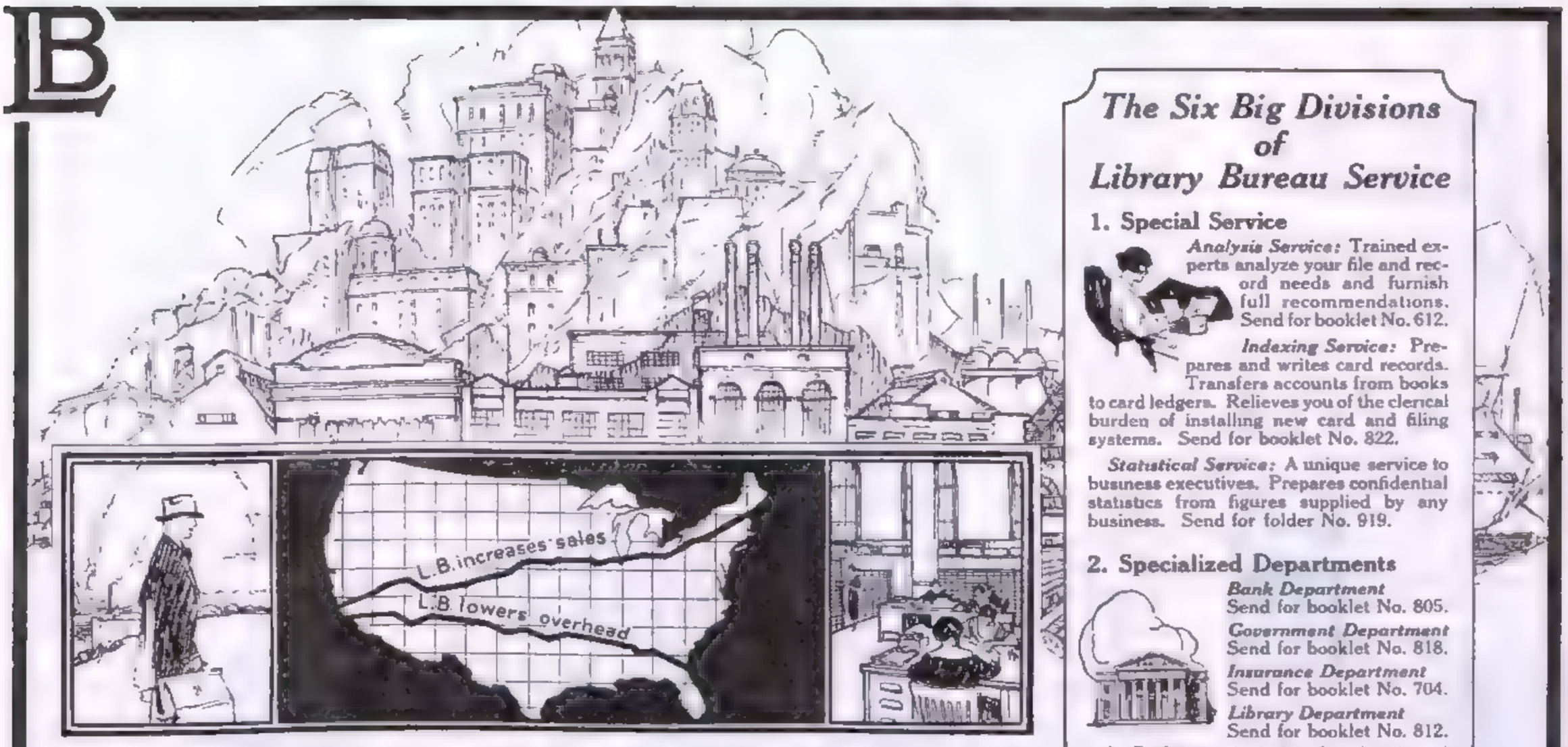
Often I have been asked how we are able to determine the character of guests whom we have never seen before. It is done by what I might call a cumulation of observation. Every hotel has one or more men of unusual memories who are also expert students of human nature. It is very seldom that they guess wrong. Even if they should slip, it is possible that the clerk or the bell boy will note something to arouse suspicion.

My floor man says he can tell usually by the exaggerated mannerisms of these people. They are likely to be overcordial or overexacting, for effect. Of course if there is the slightest doubt the clerk regretfully informs the guest that there are no rooms left.

Some very serious mistakes have been made in ejecting guests from hotels, heavy damage suits resulting.

A first-class refined house hasn't so much trouble in this regard as is generally believed. People whose character would not stand the test as a rule do not find a quiet, genteel atmosphere congenial.

(Continued on Page 46)



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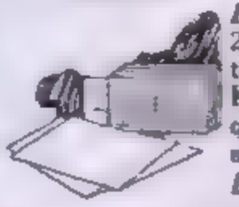

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Deep Stuff

Now, just why do people buy Old Hampshire Bond?

Says A: "To impress the man to whom you're writing. To make him think you're as good, and your goods are as good, as the paper you write on."

But says B: "Not so. People who buy Old Hampshire Bond aren't that sort of folks. They don't consciously care a hang about impressions—they just naturally want the best. They aren't always thinking about knocking somebody's eye out. They buy fine things because the things *are* fine."

A: "All wrong, old man. Scenery counts like the dickens in getting business. Act the part and you'll land the orders."

B: "*Some* orders, perhaps—but you'll never sell my crowd anything by telling them they ought to wear good clothes, or shave every day, or use Old Hampshire Bond just because it *pays*."

Now, this is getting pretty deep. We lean toward B's point of view, we confess—but perhaps that's because B flatters our vanity.

What do you think?

For the best ten answers on each side received before May 20, 1922, we will present a $10.00 box of Old Hampshire Bond semi-business stationery, with envelopes to match, neatly engraved with your name and your home or business address.

To every one who writes us a letter on this subject, no matter whether it wins a prize or not, we will send a sample packet of Old Hampshire Bond.

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The Locker Cuts Mailing Costs

CONVENIENT AND ECONOMICAL

$3.50

G. J. CONLIN CO., Adrian, Mich.

(Continued from Page 44)

The one thing responsible for practically all modern conveniences in big hotels is the telephone. It made the mammoth hotel possible. Without the telephone in each room we could not coördinate the efforts of our big organizations. It would be impossible to keep in touch with such a large number of guests. We could not know their names, nor could we keep ourselves informed as to their wishes. In other words, the big chain hotels of to-day would be out of the question.

The best device they had in the small hotels of the old days for speeding up service was the push button on the wall with the little card of directions: Push once for the maid; twice for ice water; three times for towels, and so on. Remember?

At one of our annual conventions one of the big hotel men, brought up as a country boy, told this story:

"I'll never forget when I first came into this hotel," he said. "It was the first hotel I had ever slept in. On the wall of my room I noticed the button and the sign which read, 'Push twice for ice water.' I was a little scared and lonesome, but I couldn't resist the temptation of seeing how that thing worked. So I pushed the button twice and stood there for ten minutes, holding the pitcher under it, waiting for the water to start running."

Personally I don't believe a word of that, but it went good with all the modern hotel men gathered there to discuss improvements.

In my references to the gigantic hotels I have had New York in mind. For that reason I have not gone into the restaurant feature. There is very little to choose between first-class New York hotels in the matter of food. They are all good, all about the same. The question of cuisine is not so much a problem for the visitor as in the smaller cities, where it is sometimes difficult to find a good place to eat.

The restaurant department of New York hotels is getting more and more detached from the rooming. Our only concern is to offer the best food and service so that patrons will be induced to dine in the hotel where they are stopping. We have very few American-plan hotels, you know, where room and meals are covered by one charge. That, by the way, is another thing that has taken away much of the old-fashioned feeling of hominess.

Most visitors to New York like to go out at night and try the various restaurants which specialize in certain kinds of cooking. They are captivated by stories of quaint little restaurants that some friend has told them about secretly. It is a trait of New Yorkers to learn of some little French, Spanish or Italian eating place that no one seems to know about, and keep it all to themselves. As soon as their friends all find it out they hunt up another. The lure of these places is, after all, their individual and familylike atmosphere. Everybody likes coziness.

Right now the pressure on hotels for accommodations is relaxing, due to the general business depression. People are finding it too expensive to travel.

Personally I have always believed that the rates for rooms are too high, but with the high cost of operation and the payment of interest on money borrowed for building, I don't see how they can be avoided.

Operating a hotel in New York on the present big scale is quite different from running one in a smaller city. The financial system is very complex.

In the medium-sized city there are usually about two good hotels, with limited capacity. The main qualification of a hotel keeper there is the ability to know people—to discriminate between them in the matter of tastes.

Some men who like to consider themselves of the strictly business type imagine that everybody else thinks the same way. They have an idea that guests want things done according to rule and measure—strictly business. That kind of hotel keeper won't get along very well, even though he has the best intentions in the world. He has none of that peculiar intuition that goes to make up Ye Genial Host.

For instance, I know of one of these ruffle-browed business fellows who took over a historic old tavern out in the tourist section of Colorado. His guests ranged from millionaires looking for quiet recreation, to those whooping parties who come in flivvers looking for noise and excitement.

One of the wealthy modest guests, a quiet old fellow who had loved the country since his boyhood, suggested to the proprietor one day that he would like to throw away the menu card and have one of those old-fashioned fish-and-game dinners prepared by a camp cook.

"That can be done," said the brisk, businesslike proprietor, "but it will cost you twenty-five or thirty dollars. Fish alone—well, they must be fresh caught, and that will cost ——"

"Well, never mind," sighed the guest. "I suppose this will do."

With no imagination or intuition the hotel man had killed his guest's boyish impulse. The very thing he did not want to know about was the cost.

An acquaintance, learning of this, tried to set the proprietor right, induce him to be more tactful. He didn't get the idea at all.

"What's a fellow going to do?" the proprietor remarked argumentatively. "There was a crowd came in here last week and raised a terrible kick because I served some special venison that was twenty cents more than the price on the old bill. The only way I can do is give 'em the prices and let 'em figure it out for themselves."

This man had no sense of discrimination. He didn't know the difference in people. Consequently he proved a failure. The hotel changed hands again in three months.

Down in Delaware there is a house that I consider a real hotel, not a pretentious one, at that. On a train coming from there one night were an old gentleman of wealth and distinction, a French officer and an expert mechanic, in conversation. All were praising that hotel. Nobody but a student of human nature could have pleased all three of those men. I knew very well that the service to each of them had been given with a different touch. That hotel man knew people.

I would like to make one suggestion to the hundreds of hotel keepers who are trying to make a success in the smaller cities and in the tourist resorts:

Don't spend your whole time studying business systems. Waste must be prevented, of course. You must know where you stand every day, but you can hire good men to figure that out. Spend your time studying people. Whatever may be their walk in life, make them feel at home. Think about what that old porter said. Remember the old Commercial House.

In my opinion that will pay bigger dividends than the niftiest card-index system in the world.

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 21)

audience waited and congealed. The hardier ones stood through the whole play, but the house was half empty when the play was half over

Through the balance of the week conditions were improved, but it was weeks before the house was a finished theater. The total receipts on the week were eleven thousand dollars short of the company's promised share. The manager of Booth and Barrett properly called upon Hamilton's bondsmen for their guaranty, and our weekly Mirror, with its editorial and dramatic department, went into the general liquidation.

One happening during that editorial incumbency that closed in such summary fashion is worth telling as a coincidence. The business men of Leavenworth had wished to have something written about their section that would call attention to it and yet not look like an advertisement. I wrote a story which they approved and which carried the facts, and yet which seemed to be a bit of romantic fiction. Under an arrangement at regular space rates it had been printed in the New York World, and that paper had sent me a generous commission of something over a hundred dollars. One October day a young man brought to me a pen manuscript which he wished to sell. I promised to read it, although I told him the Kansas City Mirror was not buying fiction. After a fortnight he came again. Ashamed of my neglect, I read the story as he sat there. I was prepossessed by what I thought was its easy introduction.

As I read on I said to myself, "If I had to state that case that's the way I should like to write it."

Another paragraph and I said, "Well, that's the way I did write it."

I looked hurriedly through the script and asked the young man if he was the author of the story. He said he was. He was not a large person, and behind my desk were two compositors standing at their cases and another working on the stone.

So I felt courageous enough to say to the young man, "You're a liar!"

He sprang to his feet with fine indignation. I repeated my characterization and added: "That story was printed on Sunday, May 1, 1887, in the New York World, under the title of A Leavenworth Romance."

The fellow was so astonished that he could only gasp an assent.

I said, "If you will go home to the paper from which you copied this you'll find my initials, G. T., at the bottom of that story."

He said "Yes" and went out, dazed at the mischance which had made him bring to an obscure person sitting in a Western office a yarn he had copied verbatim from an Eastern daily, only to discover that he had placed the stolen article in the hands of its author. There were ninety million other citizens of the United States.

Of course the lines of communication on this little planet of eight thousand miles diameter must occasionally intersect at points that seem supremely significant; and it may be that we should wonder at the absence rather than the occasional presence of a coincidence. But as they have their interest, I would like to jump ahead and tell the only other remarkable one that is in my own experience. I rehearsed and produced a play called The Other Girl in 1903 with Lionel Barrymore at the Criterion Theater in New York. It was in three acts. Effective ending of the second act depended upon the involuntary laughter of a parson, prompted by a wink from a prize fighter who was in the room with him. On the opening night the effect fell short. I had to leave the next day on the steamer Kroonland for Paris. Walking the deck of this boat four or five days later I still tried to analyze my failure at that point. It occurred to me that certain business between members of a group on the opposite side of the stage had made a stronger appeal to the attention of the audience than the quiet minister and prize fighter on their side had made, and I mentally kicked myself for my stupidity in not discovering this. I went at once to the wireless room and sent the following telegram to Mr. Charles Frohman:

"Have the kid touch the parson before the wink."

Mr. Frohman rehearsed this business. The action attracted the attention of the audience, who thereupon saw the wink which was the provocation for the laughter, and all that I had hoped for was secured.

About a month later Mr. Bainbridge Colby was dining with the Thomases in their apartment in the Latin Quarter. He said: "This strange thing happened: On the steamer Cedric, when I was crossing last month on my way to London, I was in the wireless room. We were a day out from New York. A message was relayed from the Kroonland. The operator was Italian and a little uncertain with English, and he asked me if I thought the message could be correct. It was from you to Mr. Frohman, and read: 'Have the kid touch the parson before the wink.' I told the operator it was all right and he transmitted it to New York."

Aside from Mr. Frohman and the members of the company, Mr. Colby was the only person on earth who could have given that answer to that operator out on the Atlantic.

With our failure to get the company's guaranty on the opening of the Warder Grand, the lease of the opera house in which I had been promised a share was forfeited, and with a winter fairly set in I was in a city where I was almost a stranger, and again without a job.

Friends have asked why in this emergent situation I did not try to recover and pick

(Continued on Page 49)

WHAT PROPER SHAMPOOING DOES FOR THE HAIR

A Simple, Easy Way to Make Your Hair Beautiful

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women everywhere now use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Makes your hair soft and silky—bright, fresh looking and luxuriant.

WATKINS

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COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified Shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

When the hair is dry always give it a good thorough brushing.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. A boy's hair being short, shampooing takes but a few minutes. For either a boy or a girl, simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair, and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

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PAR-VEE

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CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT
THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON
READY-TO-PUT-ON

FASHION PARK

Rochester, New York

(Continued from Page 46

up the offer of Mayor Nealy and his banker associates to install me in ownership and direction of the Leavenworth Standard. But as I remember it the thought did not once occur to me, my ideas were so definitely turned to the East and to the theater. Except for the fact that I was subsequently successful in that field, one might with apparent justice make some animadversions upon being stage-struck. But stage-struck I was not; neither then nor afterwards have I felt any insistent wish to act. Playing was a means to the ultimate acquirement of play-writing, and I think it worth while now, with whatever weight anything I write may carry, to say a heartening word to the persistent young man in the neighborhood of thirty years who, despite the wishes of his prudent friends, feels a call to follow his private bent.

In 1863, at sixty years of age, Emerson wrote in his journal: "Tremendous force of the spring which we call native bias . . . whose impulsion reaches through all the days, through all the years and keeps the old man constant to the same pursuits as in youth!" Nearly twenty years before, in a similar mood, he had written in the same journal: "Men go through the world, each musing on a great fable, dramatically pictured and rehearsed before him. If you speak to the man he turns his eyes from his own scene and slower and slower or faster endeavors to comprehend what you say. When you have done speaking he returns to his private music."

And his private music is his self-expression, the most important function in this personal hypnosis that we call life.

After a few days of uncertainty I began work for a couple of weeks as the artist on Willis Abbott's afternoon paper, the Kansas City News, and from there went as the resident artist to the Missouri Republican in St. Louis.

Mr. Sothern came along about this time with the promised interview concerning The Burglar. No fledgling author could ask for a more complimentary opinion than Mr. Sothern had of the play. But as a star he felt that it would be prejudicial to his hopes to undertake a drama from which he was absent during the entire second act. He wanted me to rewrite it so that he might appear in that section. But though the burglar was out of the second act physically he was very much in it as problem and menace. In my stubborn insistence upon the script as written at that time I left myself, as far as theatrical prospects were concerned, still stranded in St. Louis.

One other notable incident for me during that time is that I then made my first acquaintance with Col. Henry Watterson. The paper wanted a picture of him. Marse Henry didn't care to sit for a sketch, but when I saw him two days later he was very complimentary about the one I had made from memory after my talk with him. As a stunt that caused our mutual acquaintance I have more than once repeated it since that time.

I worked steadily on the Republican from the end of 1887 until August of 1888. The time was filled with interesting experiences, few of them, however, pertinent to my career as a playwright, although my duties as artist threw me now and then into touch with events that were dramatic. In the mind of a playwright it made a grisly front scene to be called out of bed at two o'clock in the morning and driven hastily to the levee, and with the light from one lamp taken from the side of the hack that had conveyed him there to sit astride the body of some murdered roustabout and get a memorandum sketch that would transfer to a chalk plate in time for the morning edition.

I suppose it was my exaggerated enjoyment of the dramatic element in any happening that lent zest to my good-by to the Republican and to the newspaper business. Charles Knapp, the proprietor of the paper, was a man liked by all the employes. Frank O'Neill, the editor, was a promoted reporter who had deserved his advancement. A new proprietor who came to us that summer with revolutionary ideas, none of which I recall as subsequently justified, was Mr Charles H. Jones, a small, emphatic, laconic person, with extraordinary side whiskers and an entire absence of the personality that appeals to the Western product. He changed the honored name of the Missouri Republican to the St. Louis Republic and started in upon his campaign of economy and retrenchment. When he reached the art department he instructed the city editor to tell me that my thirty dollars a week had been cut to twenty-five.

The information came the afternoon of a day which brought a letter from Will Smythe stating that Ariel Barney offered me the position of business manager in the season soon to begin, with a young actress whom he hoped to establish as a star. The name of this young person was Julia Marlowe, and Barney and others who had seen her had a high opinion of her ability and a firm belief in her future. I was therefore able to say to the city editor that instead of submitting to a cut of five dollars I would demand a raise of fifteen if I stayed on the paper.

This did not indicate a wish to remain, but as the work on the paper had grown the management had engaged as assistant

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She knows news. She knows the woman's angle. That is why many newspapers publish her despatches, by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

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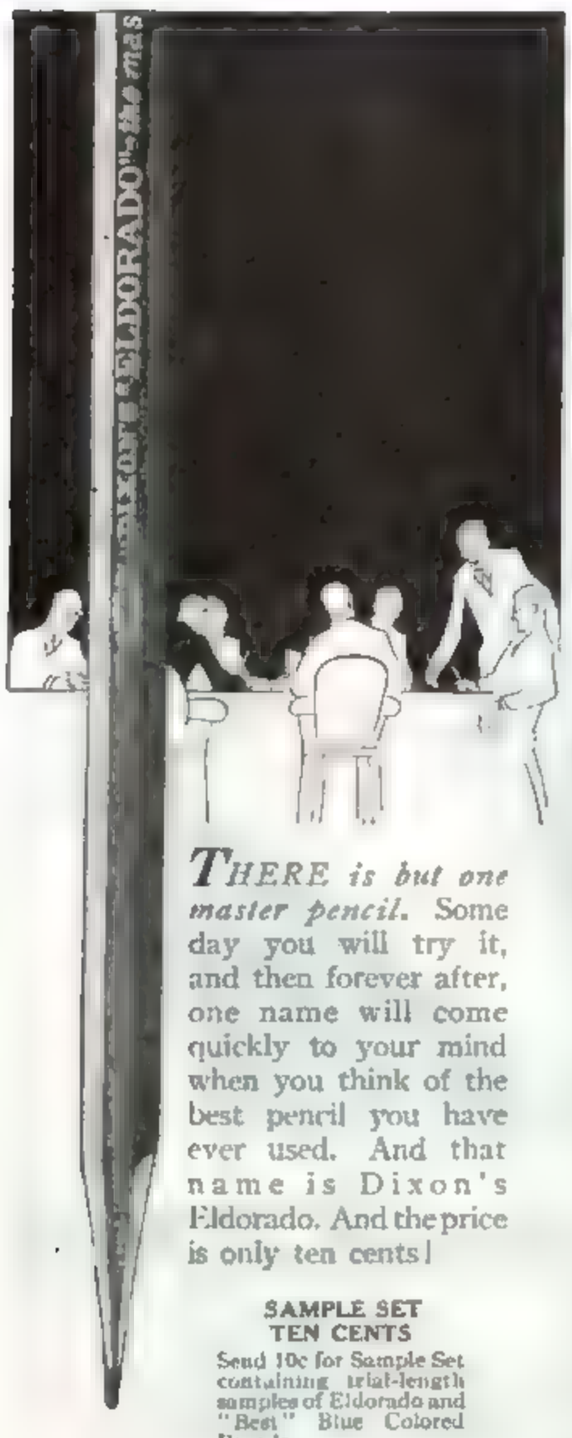

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This odd looking ring excites great interest when observed on your finger. *Go to your local jewelry store at once* and ask to see this odd CHINESE GOOD LUCK RING and obtain a copy of its *history*.

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in the art department a young draftsman from the Washington University by the name of Paul Connoyer, and I felt that a Parthian demand for an increase of salary would operate as a defense against any assault upon Paul. Connoyer took over the department when I left and they got some man to help him. He later came to New York, where as a painter of landscapes and street scenes he took high rank among artists.

At that time the St. Louis Baseball Club, owned by Chris Von der Ahe, was under the personal management of George Munson. Munson was a free lance, ready to try most anything, and in his experience, which ran from newspaper work to management of a swimming school, we had met and were friends. Munson had a Pullman car with twenty-four berths in it which was leaving in two days for New York with the ball club. Three of these berths were unoccupied. He gave me my choice of them, and I left St. Louis the ostensible historian of that party. Railroad fare and Pullman to New York in those days totaled about thirty dollars. It exactly bridged the gap from journalism to management, as my duties began when rehearsals did.

In that old ball club I had several friends. One still in the public eye was Charles A. Comiskey, or as he was called then, Commy. He was playing first base and acting as captain of the team. Arlie Latham, probably the greatest fun maker in the history of professional baseball, was on third. Years after Latham had ceased to play ball he was engaged as a coach because of his ability to entertain grand stand and bleachers. This was a natural gift with Latham, and its exercise was irresistibly spontaneous. The Harrisburg station on the Pennsylvania Railroad is inclosed at its west end by an iron fence about nine feet high, separating its tracks and platforms from the streets. That same fence, or one similar, was there in the summer of 1883. Our train made the usual five minutes' stop. Men were stretching their legs under the sheds of the station. Outside this iron fence a citizen of Harrisburg, with an old-fashioned set of whiskers, was passing. Latham screamed at him, and then as nearly as he could vocally reproduce the noise he dramatized a tornado, theatrically implying in the slang of the day that the wind was blowing.

The Young Playwright

The owner of the whiskers was of Celtic origin. He turned upon Latham and looked helplessly along the fence for some gateway by which he could reach him. None was there. Latham, thus protected, grabbed the iron bars of the fence, went along a section of it like a caged chimpanzee, violently shaking the bars and repeating all the time the whizzing noise that had so angered this inoffensive citizen. Through the man's anger there shot a more intelligent gleam and he started to run for the brick station house itself. Latham made a dash for the train, which fortunately pulled out as the belligerent citizen burst past the ticket taker and into the inclosure. A witness of the whole performance might have called Latham's attack unwarranted hoodlumism, but it wasn't that; it was simple exuberance of animal spirits, and very much the kind of vitality that when the offering is more a matter of personality than of intellect finds a market in the theater. Latham himself had a successful engagement later in vaudeville, after which he came back to the ball field as a coach.

For men who are trying to write for the theater and are impatient at the unavoidable delays it is worth while to take stock of my first arrival as a man in New York. I had in my trunk two long plays and five or six short ones. I was thirty-one years of age and had had an intimate acquaintance and relationship with the theater nearly all my life. I had played many years as an amateur, three or four years as the occasional member of a repertoire company in the legitimate, and had more than a year of consecutive traveling with a company in which I had an interest. I had produced four plays that I had written, had had two years in a box office and had shared for a few full minutes the lease of a theater, while never losing sight of dramatic authorship as objective. I had refused to rewrite a play for so promising an exponent as Mr. Sothern. And yet, in order to keep in touch with the business and do something that would occasionally put me at the producing center, I found myself in a forty-dollar job to count tickets for a young actress upon her first trip as a star.

In the thirty-three years that have passed since that date my observation has built up the opinion that the American playwright does not generally make better headway. There have been one or two brilliant exceptions; but as a rule the public is not interested in a man who has written from books, and to write from life requires that some time should be spent in living it. If there is somewhat in that statement that is depressing it is more than offset by the fact that hardly anything happens to a man or woman during this probationary wait that is not directly or indirectly serviceable in the playhouse. Everything is fish that comes to that pond.

Julia Marlowe, our young star, had played as a child. As a young lady she had been carefully coached in a number of parts by Ada Dow, who shortly after the season of which I write became the wife of the present veteran actor, Frank Currier. Miss Marlowe called Miss Dow Aunt Ada. Of the several parts in which she was prepared Miss Marlowe had been seen only in Parthenia, in which she unquestionably excelled any actress that her generation remembered. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll had seen her performance in this part, and had been moved to write a letter of such high praise that Mr. Barney had sought and obtained his permission to have it reproduced on his large printing. Barney as advance agent had visited St. Louis twice while I was at Pope's. My engagement was the outcome partly of the acquaintance then made. He had with him as adviser an advance man, Fred Stinson, who had conducted more than one tour for Mme. Helena Modjeska.

Julia Marlowe's Early Successes

Stinson was very wise in the matter of arranging legitimate repertoire and in getting public attention for a female star. Barney had been a newspaper man; Stinson was himself a writer with an ambition to do plays. So the association of us three men was at the start an agreeable one. Except to get the names of the company and be told the salary that each was to receive, it wasn't necessary for either Barney or Stinson to lose any time on my theatrical education. With all the duties of this position I was familiar.

In St. Louis I had gone with Barney to the critics and more than once helped him on his publicity. Notwithstanding that fact, and knowing my job, I was complimented when Barney asked me to participate in the councils of policy with him and Stinson. There was a hitch about the matter to go upon the first three-sheet. Barney and Stinson were comparing adjectives to describe the supporting company, and for one reason or another hesitating over all the trite descriptions. "Splendid," "excellent," "distinguished," "adequate," had each some recommending and some objectionable feature.

Happening to know that in certain sections of the country there had been some regret over Mary Anderson's revisiting her old territory with a company that was exclusively English, I suggested dismissing all their adjectives by using the word "American." This so caught the fancy of both men that they used it not only to describe their company but to describe their star. There was an implication of rivalry about it; but fine as Mary Anderson had been, Barney had a star who would stand comparison, however invited. All the parts that Miss Marlowe played that year I had seen played by other actresses. In nearly all the plays I had played some part myself. I felt qualified to form an opinion not only of Miss Marlowe's work but of the business which Miss Dow had devised for the other members of the company, and to which she held them with an inflexibility relaxed only when the opinion of some equally experienced person, such as Charles Barron or Mary Shaw, convinced her of its value.

Julia Marlowe had every requisite for success in star parts on the stage that a girl could need—youth and health, with their attractiveness; facial and physical beauty; stature, poise, carriage, voice, diction, proper pronunciation, mobile expression, definite and graceful gesture and competent, well-shaped, responsive hands. Her mental equipment included gayety, hospitality for humor, self-reliance, ready emotions under fair control, a capacity for attention. One great value was that her beauty of face was of the kind that the stage enhances. It is not unusual for a parlor beauty to be lost in a stage frame; but Marlowe's features were of a scale that fitted that larger canvas. This harmonious ampleness of feature, the bone structure underlying it, was one foundation of her voice, then as now the best woman's speaking voice on the American or English stage. I had heard Charlotte Thompson and others in The Hunchback, but none who by sheer variety and charm of tone lifted from mediocrity and made memorable such lines as "I've seen the snow upon a level with the hedge, yet there was Master Walter."

As a beginner, meeting admiring callers in her hotel parlor or behind the scenes, and even on the railway trains with the company, there was about the girl a slight self-consciousness, a willingness to look to Aunt Ada for moral support, that was altogether girlish; but on the stage that near-timidity was transmuted into an archness quite devoid of embarrassment. This archness hovered over every playful line and inhalation—perhaps inhalation especially, as inhalation is the tide of what the Scot called the come-hither influence.

In those early days, watched by her studious support, it was a question how much of her effect was the girl herself and how much the imprint of her instructress. Some there were who thought that a servile imitation and obedience were the full depth of the possession. And in that first year this belief was encouraged somewhat by Miss Dow's watchfulness in the wings and frequent critical comment right after a scene. For myself, however, not unpracticed in estimating such work, and with the better vantage of seeing all from the front, there was evident an exuberant personality of Marlowe's own, a personality thinking and implying and conveying a most bewitching overlay around all the set and studied business of the teacher. Nobody I ever saw on or off the stage could put into two words the challenge and the retreat, the winsomeness, the temptation and the clean innocence that Marlowe, as she sat on the log near Orlando, put into the words "Woo me."

A Company of Notables

During that period Miss Julia was most jealously guarded. No señorita had ever a sharper-eyed duenna, and I thought then that the balcony and the Forest of Arden were both gainers because of that background of repression.

What a national possession a generation has in such a woman as Marlowe! What a change could be wrought on our national speech if one such exponent might be in every great center where the girls of America could come under her repeated spell.

Besides Stinson, as playwright, there were in that first Marlowe company Mary Shaw, Edward McWade, Albert Bruning and Dodson Mitchell, all interested in playwriting, and all still prominently before the public. Miss Shaw and Bruning were wise in the maxims of the art. McWade and Mitchell subsequently became skilled and successful. Mary Shaw was easily the intellectual center of that theatrical family, not only concerning things of the theater but literature in general. Miss Shaw had been a school teacher before she became an actress, but had not served at it so long that she in any way tired of giving information. She had also been the leading support for Modjeska, which equipped her with many of the traditions of her chosen profession, but better yet, as far as her companions in the Marlowe company were concerned, gave her a fund of anecdote that made that season a joy. Mary's particular hero as a *raconteuse* was Maurice Barrymore. I had not met Barrymore at that time—did not meet him until nearly a year later; but when we did meet I felt pretty intimately informed of his professional and private career through the stories of this generous biographer.

Albert Bruning is among the prominent players of New York at the present time. Previous to that Marlowe engagement Bruning had played Shakspere in German, winning considerable praise in the part of Hamlet, and in that excellent and American company he was a notable actor. In Romeo and Juliet he played the part of Tybalt. As attractive as Juliet was, and as magnetic as Taber was in Romeo, and as Barron was in the part of Mercutio, when

(Continued on Page 52)

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Try this recipe

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BACKUS NOV. CO., Smethport, Pa.

(Continued from Page 50)

Bruning was on the stage as Tybalt he carried such a quiet and intense air of menace that he was the center of attention. Theatergoers of the last year or two will remember the fine impression he made as Polonius to Walter Hampden's Hamlet.

The first time we put up Romeo and Juliet, I think in Washington City, the company was short one member for its long cast. An actor who was expected from New York to play Benvolio missed the train that would have let him arrive in time for the performance. It was too late to change the bill, and at Miss Dow's suggestion I agreed to go on for the part if we could find a costume. One member lent me a pair of tights, another a pair of shoes, and so on. I definitely remember that Frank Currier furnished the doublet. He was a slighter man than I, but by dint of compression I got into his garment.

Benvolio's most important office is to catch Mercutio when he falls wounded by Tybalt in their duel. The scene went remarkably well up to this point, but when sturdy Charley Barron, wounded, dropped into my arms, this tight doublet of Currier's split up the back like a roasted chestnut, and with a ripping noise that defied neglect by anybody in the audience. I doubt if the death of Mercutio ever got so good a laugh.

Charles Barron had supported the greatest actors in the American theater. He was a product of the old Boston Museum stock and had been at times a star himself. He was an acceptable Ingomar, a good Mercutio, a fine Master Walter and an excellent Malvolio. Few actors of his day, and none of the present, had better diction on the stage; but in private discourse he was singularly uneven, at times almost inaudible. It amused the other men in the company to compare notes and see which of them had understood most of some speech of Barron's as he stood with a group on the street corner or at the stage door, mumbling as he mouthed his tobacco pipe and emitting now and then some staccato explosive that served as a stepping-stone through the maze of his unintelligible recital.

Stout Billy Owen, another Modjeska favorite, was at that time a tower of strength in any legitimate company. When he played Sir Toby and Frank Currier was Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek, with Barron's Malvolio, Taber's Duke, and young Ed McWade—the best double Miss Marlowe ever had to her Viola—playing Sebastian, with Mary Shaw and Emma Hinckley in her other women rôles, the public was offered about as good a cast of actors as America gets at any time.

The Handy Moving Van

Robert Taber, our leading man, had been a Sargent pupil and had learned his business with Modjeska and Charles Coghlan. When he had been with Modjeska the leading man had been Maurice Barrymore, and consciously or unconsciously Taber's leads with Marlowe strongly followed Barrymore. It must be said that he could not have found a better model. Taber came of fine family. His sister, who survives him, is the wife of Henry Holt, the publisher. He had had a good education and fine associates. While I was with the Marlowe company he was my nearest friend among its members. Taber liked a good laugh, but his bent was essentially serious. His happiest hours were after the play, when Miss Shaw would let him and me have supper in her room, while Rob persuaded himself and me—perhaps rightly—that he was really discussing philosophy. I would not doubt it now but for memory of Mary's laughter.

When Rob and I were alone he talked much of the star for whom in that first season he protested positive devotion and fortified his feeling by many minute faultfindings. I was some fourteen years older than the girl and a good half dozen older than Rob. The phrase "protective coloring" was then not yet invented, but I was not astonished some two years later to read of the Taber-Marlowe marriage.

We were to leave Trenton one morning for some place farther south where we had a guaranty and needed it. The only train that would make our connection left at ten o'clock in the morning. Miss Marlowe, Miss Dow, their maid, Frank Currier and myself, who were to go to the station in the carriage, met in the hotel lobby at the proper time. After a wait of a minute or two, when the carriage didn't appear, we telephoned the liveryman, who said that the order had been for the same hour in the evening, which was absurd. His rig wasn't ready and there wasn't time to get it.

Currier and I gathered up the baggage and our mixed quintet went to the street. No passenger conveyance was in sight anywhere. To miss the guaranty in that next town meant disaster. I stopped a man who was driving a covered milk wagon. After loss of much precious time he declined to consider the proposition that I made. We moved on to the corner, hoping to find one more willing. On the side street at the intersection stood two large furniture vans with pictures of George Washington on their sides and large letters announcing their ability for long or short hauls with furniture. No drivers were in sight, but a shout into the saloon on the corner produced one. I asked him what he would charge to take the five of us to the station, about a mile away. He said two dollars. I promised him five if he got there in four minutes.

He got onto his box. Currier and I threw the luggage in over the lowered tail gate, helped the two ladies and the maid in after and climbed in ourselves. It was almost a straight run to the station. Certain obstacles in the street necessitated our crossing the car tracks once or twice, in which maneuvers the greatest living Juliet ricocheted between the thin mattresses that lined the two sides of the van.

Where Stout Could be Bought

As we neared the station we saw one of our company pleading with a nervous conductor who was running his left thumb over the heavy crystal of his watch after the manner of railroad men. Currier and I whistled shrilly, the actor saw us and explained to the conductor. A minute later we swung tail end to the railroad track like an emergency ambulance and the day was saved as Currier cried, "Out, you baggage!" The train was rocking under way as we went down the aisle to our seats, the sympathetic company full of questions to the agitated ladies.

Currier, the first man coming after, explained, still in mock heroics, "We had to drag her on a hurdle thither."

How often the human mind accepts intellectually a fact long before ever dramatically or emotionally acquiring it. Thereafter for the much-amused Marlowe the angry Capulet had a magnified reality when he scolded the cringing Juliet:

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!

In the theater, as far back as I remember, when salaries were paid the old actors called it the ghost walking. Our first old man was a youngish actor named Jimmy Cooper. At that time it was customary to pay salaries Tuesday night. One Tuesday, however, the money had to be conserved to move the company. As I neared the door of Cooper's dressing room on my way backstage he watched with hopeful eyes my coming. When on the return trip I again passed him without leaving the pay envelope I heard him quote in melancholy tone Horatio's line:

But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

The average man must always envy the well-stocked memory of the cultivated player. What a delightful element in the bright talk of John Drew, for example, are the pat quotations that sparkle through it from its remembered backing.

Arial Barney, proclaimed on the bills as presenting Julia Marlowe, had business ability. Marlowe had genius. There came a time in the association of these two factors when success impaired Barney's sense of proportion. The persons who felt the consequence of this misconception most were Sothern and myself, who had been on intimate and friendly relations with him. I think, however, that I would have gone through the other two months needed to finish the season if it hadn't been for a trick hat.

The American theater was less a business and more of an institution thirty-three years ago, and Marlowe's audiences in the cities were the nearest in formality to those of the grand opera. Therefore in the cities her business staff dressed. I had a fur collar and this accordion hat as I stood at the door. One form of Barney's solicitude for the star was to carry to her dressing-room door a bottle of Guinness stout. This ministration didn't occur often, and when it did Miss Marlowe didn't like the tonic. On the first night of our second engagement in Philadelphia the lobby was filled with Marlowe's local admirers.

In one group were Colonel McClure, the publisher, and two of his friends. Barney, who was tossing a silver quarter in his hand, at a break in their conference called to me at the door, "Thomas, Thomas!" Ordinarily we spoke to each other by our first names. In the surroundings referred to and under my silk hat the peremptory "Thomas!" had an office-boy sound. I joined him. With some display and without leaving his friends, Barney extended the quarter and said, "I want to get a bottle of stout for Miss Marlowe."

I heard myself answering, "I'm a stranger in Philadelphia, Mr. Barney, but if I were you I'd try a saloon."

Colonel McClure and his friends laughed.

The day I got back to St. Louis out of a job again I called on John Norton at the Grand. He was talking to John Ritchie, who had formerly managed Mrs. D. P. Bowers and was then handling the thought reader, Washington Irving Bishop.

Norton said to Ritchie, "Why, here's your man!"

It was Tuesday. Bishop, who was having a week's engagement in St. Louis at Exposition Hall, had to open the following Monday in Minneapolis, and his advance agent had left him without notice. I went that evening to see Bishop's work. It was astonishing, and as I came to be more and more familiar with it afterward it made upon me a profound impression. It deserves to be described at length; but as I am trying to write here only that which affected my ultimate vocation, I shall tell but two stories significant of his peculiar power. In other articles not included in these remembrances I hope to write special and extended accounts of psychic phenomena. But I explain my wish for brevity if not my achievement of it here.

A Clever Thought Reader

The Bishop experiment that impressed me most that first night was his finding while blindfolded an article carried from the stage and hidden somewhere in that vast audience. To do this the volunteer who had hidden the article down a side aisle was making his second trip from the stage behind Bishop, who was eagerly dragging him. The volunteer, determined to give no help to the blindfolded telepathist, was not only hanging back but was looking at the ceiling of framed glass in a refusal to indicate in any manner the location sought.

Near the hiding place Bishop halted, and after a fretful waver turned to the audience and cried: "This man is not complying with conditions. He is not thinking of the place where this article is hidden. All that I get from his mind is a picture of skylights." In a spirit of fairness the audience burst into a round of applause, regarding that reading by Bishop as more revealing than the finding of the article, which immediately followed.

On Wednesday Bishop was ill. Ritchie and I sat by his bed for our interview. I engaged to leave town that day as his advance man. I took with me nothing but some newspaper clippings. There wasn't a sheet of paper or a single lithograph or anything of the usual equipment of the man ahead. Ordinarily for a visiting attraction in a city like Minneapolis the advertising paper is on the walls on Thursday morning. The advertisements are in the newspapers, and such space as the dramatic men are willing to accord the agent has already been partly used. None of these favorable conditions was mine.

I have had occasion to say before that I wish I might write some of these stories without letting everybody know what a devil of a fellow I am. But the experience I am about to tell would lose whatever value it has if I depressed it below the level of simple statement. I told it once in New York in the middle '90's, when as a more or less arriving playwright I was the guest of an organization of theatrical business men, predominantly advance agents, numbering

(Continued on Page 54

CORBIN

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IF you are interested in building, by all means send for informative illustrated booklet, "Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware." It contains sound counsel on the character and quality of hardware that should be a permanent part of every good building.

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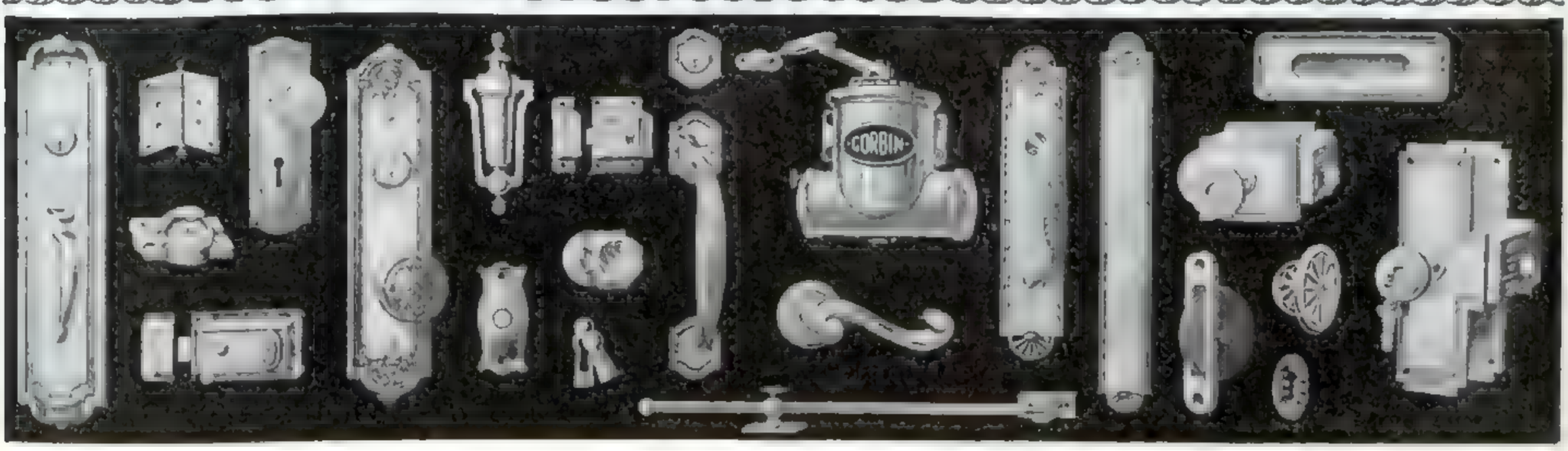


Puffed Rice
The Bubble Grains

On This Dish

Mothers and children agree

No other cereal food in existence compares with Puffed Grains, as you know.

Children revel in them—grains puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size. As flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts.

Perhaps every child would pick out a Puffed Grain if offered the choice of all cereal foods known.

But this is the mother's side

To mothers who know—millions of them—Puffed Grains are the ideal form of grain food.

They are whole grains, supplying whole-grain nutrition.

Every food cell is exploded, so digestion is made easy and complete. There are 16 needed elements in wheat. Puffed Wheat makes them all available.

Made from Prof. Anderson's process—the only process by which all cells are broken. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Let children eat all they will.

Puffed Rice
Steam-exploded grains.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed to 8 times normal size.

Puffed Wheat in Milk
Toasted whole-wheat bubbles—the supreme supper dish.

(Continued from Page 52)

about two hundred. Their taking it as qualifying for honorary membership is the most expert rating I can quote to justify my belief that it is worth telling.

At St. Paul, a half hour before my arrival at Minneapolis, about eleven o'clock on Thursday morning, I got a Minneapolis paper in order to see what opposition Bishop would have in that city. The front page was covered with sensational accounts of preparations for a double hanging to occur the next day, and extended reprints of stories of the crime, the trial, and futile efforts for rehearing and for executive clemency. Two boys named Barrett, employed by a street railway, had been convicted of the murder of a passenger at a terminus of the line. One claimed to be innocent; the testimony of his brother supported him. It was plain that in regular course Friday's paper would be filled with this same kind of news, and that it would be Saturday or Sunday before the papers would print anything about Bishop with a chance of attention. The biggest possible distraction was the sensational hanging. To be noticed at all we would have to get on the band wagon; have to go with the hanging and not against it.

Arriving in Minneapolis, I had a cab driver take me to the principal evening paper. I asked the city editor if there was anything new in the matter of the Barrett boys.

He said, "Nothing."

Would he print any news concerning them? If it was news, yes. I said I had a letter to the governor of the state from Washington Irving Bishop, the thought reader, asking him to postpone the execution of the boy claiming to be innocent until Bishop could reach Minneapolis on Sunday, when he would agree to read the mind of the young man, reenact the crime and define the boy's association with it. The editor asked for the letter. Searching through my pockets, I was unable to find it. Search through my bag also failing to produce it, I told him that it must be in my trunk, but that having originally written it I could accurately reword it.

Getting Publicity

When the afternoon paper appeared its first page carried a ten-line scare head beginning, "Hope for the Barrett Boys! Thought Reader Washington Irving Bishop Asks a Stay of Execution." And then followed more descriptive lines, scaling down to the written introduction and a copy of the letter I had composed; also the important fact that Bishop was to arrive Sunday and that his arrival was preparatory to his week's engagement at the theater. That afternoon all Minneapolis had the information. I went to the jail, explained my call to the captain of the police, was permitted to see the two boys, and convinced them they had little to lose in permitting this experiment by Bishop.

I wish to say here that my confidence was based upon the fact that Bishop in Portland had made a similar visit to a criminal's cell and dramatized his crime. Both boys were glad to sign what I set down for them, which for purposes of brevity and dramatic value read simply: "We are willing to wait."

When I reached the office after leaving their cell in the jail I was confronted by a dignified, martial-looking man who as soon as the captain indicated me opened fire. He knew the object of my call; thought I should be ashamed of myself for trying to play upon the hopes of these two boys in order to get publicity for a showman. I was able quite truthfully to deny this as my sole purpose, because I had then and still have a belief that Bishop would have made good on a test. But the attorney interrupted with a loud "Rot! Remember that you are not talking now to two poor, ignorant boys, but to an attorney at law."

I said "General, my knowledge of you as an attorney is confined to the records of this case. As both your clients are condemned to death, you must excuse me for not being impressed."

The two or three reporters followed me to the door in order to get the line right for the morning papers.

From the jail I went to the Capitol in St. Paul and handed a copy of the letter to the governor, told him of the Portland experiment and dilated upon Bishop's ability. He was considerate and noncommittal.

The regular edition of the morning papers carried full reports of all I have told, and when the Barrett boys were hanged some two hours after these early editions extras issued beginning with the statement that the drop had fallen at eight minutes after six. In these extra editions the proposal and appeal of Bishop, the scenes at the jail and the governor's declination were included. The matter had been telegraphed to St. Louis also, because I received a wire from Ritchie:

"Good work. Your salary is one hundred dollars."

This was a lift of twenty-five.

Bishop arrived on time and we had a sensational opening.

The other example that I wish to report of Bishop's work is worth while, as an attempt to repeat it that spring in New York resulted in his death. We played one night in Jefferson City, Missouri. Hon. David R. Francis, recently United States ambassador to Russia, was then governor. Mike Fanning, already referred to, was his secretary. The governor, who was unable to come to the theater, sent an invitation to Bishop, Ritchie and me to take supper at the mansion. Besides the five men named, there was present only the governor's sister, Miss Francis. After supper, when the governor wished to see a demonstration, Bishop asked him to go alone to his library and select a word from any book. When the governor returned we all followed him again into the library. Bishop went in an ordinary walk to the proper bookcase, took down without hesitation the proper book—there were perhaps two thousand in the room—opened this heavy law volume, turned without hesitation to the proper page, went down the page, put his finger upon a certain word.

Governor Francis said, "That's it! That's it!"

The whole proceeding occupied but little more time than I have taken in its dictation.

A few days thereafter Ritchie, Bishop and I went to New York. Bishop and J. Levy, the great cornetist, had met and agreed upon a joint tour for the following season. Ritchie and I were to be equally interested. It looked like a good business proposition. The Sunday night after our arrival in New York Bishop was a guest at a Lambs Club Gambol. He repeated this exhibition that I have described. Doctor J. A. Irwin, a member, came in after midnight, was skeptical about what he had heard, urged Bishop to repeat that test or perform one similar, and although Bishop had been cautioned against overwork of this kind by his physicians, he repeated it successfully and fell into a cataleptic fit.

A Producing Venture

On Broadway the next day a man said, "Your star is sick at the Lambs."

I found Bishop in a little hall bedroom on an iron cot, where he had been for twelve hours, a tiny electric battery buzzing away with one wet electrode over his heart and the other in his right hand. He was unconscious. Two doctors sat smoking in the adjoining room, tired with their watch of the night. I looked at the handsome face of Bishop and sat beside him for some minutes. Although he was to every appearance dead, a deeper solemnity suddenly came over his face. I stepped to the doorway.

"I think there's a change in your patient, doctors."

They came into the room and said at once, "He's dead."

In half an hour I was on the way to Philadelphia to break the news to his wife. Five hours later I was back in New York with Mrs. Bishop.

With Bishop dead, I was again out of work, this time in New York. Will Smythe was also there, and our meeting, together with the fact that Maurice Barrymore, who had just closed a highly successful engagement in Captain Swift at the Madison Square Theater, was willing to undertake a summer performance of The Burglar, embarked us all upon the production of my first four-act play in the East.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Thomas. The eighth will appear in an early issue.

Perfecto
Actual Size

UNLESS you've tried Havana tobacco that has been properly cured and blended, you really do not know the wonderful mildness that can be merged with that distinctive Havana flavor.

The flavor is *in* Havana. No other tobacco grown anywhere can equal it. But it takes months and even years of just such aging, curing and blending as are given the Havana filler of Robt. Burns to bring the flavor out.

When you smoke Robt. Burns, you know not only that the filler is pure Havana but that it has been brought to a point where it is ready to give up its wonderful flavor to *you*.

Have you tried one lately?

General Cigar Co., Inc.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

Perfectos—2 for 25c
Box of 50—$6.00

Epicures—2 for 25c
Box of 50—$6.00

Invincibles—15 cents straight
(Foil Wrapped)
Box of 25—$3.50

Robt. Burns Cigar is Full Havana Filled

THE TIME-KILLERS

(Continued from Page 7)

prominent society camp followers staggering in and out of as many as five and six daily costumes. How they ever do it will ever remain a mystery to us simple writers and oatmeal manufacturers and mattress makers from the buckwheat belt. Every morning directly after breakfast the hotel lobbies fill up with women who want to talk about dress. The Palm Beach dailies and weeklies cater to their pitiable weakness by specializing on thrilling information of this nature. So far as the female contingent at Palm Beach is concerned, an economic conference in Europe or a presidential utterance on the bonus hasn't a chance in the world with such big news as what Mrs. Harold Bayne Whiffle wore at the Beach Club last night.

Outside, the warm sun may be beating down upon golden sands and an azure sea, the wind rustling softly through the palms, and the bland air thrilling to the melodious murmur of the wheel-chair boys as they point out a million-dollar cottage, with caustic comments on the height of the wall. Yet the dress ferrets sit on with bated breaths in the cool gloom of the hotel lobbies while the papers inform their enthralled readers that:

"Very smart was the slate-colored strictly tailored suit worn by Mrs. Aurelius Vandersouse, Jr., at a recent Poinciana luncheon. Her hat was of a tone of straw perfectly harmonizing with the suit and bore only a flat bow of tomato wire for trimming. The Hon. Mrs. D. Dryver Flubyer's suit was fashioned of an imported bed-ticking fabric guiltless of any embellishment. Her chapeau was fashioned of the same fabric. Mrs. J. Eaton Swank wore a clinging gown of fromage-de-brie crêpe in a light heliotrope shade, fashioned in a one-piece style, with flowing sleeves and uneven hem, whose folds clung gracefully to the tall, slender wearer."

That's the stuff to give the Palm Beach Battalion of Dress. Like Bosco, they eat it alive. They are veritable cormorants for it.

The Democracy of the Beach

At half past eleven every morning, stimulated by the early-morning talk of dress, all the feminine population of Palm Beach, accompanied by all obtainable male escorts, set out from their hotels and homes in wheel chairs for their daily pilgrimage to the beach.

The beach is not prized by Palm Beach visitors because of its bathing facilities, but because of the perfect spirit of camaraderie and democracy which reigns there. A Philadelphia Biddle is just as apt as not to come along and accidentally rub damp sand on a South Bend Smith. Anything may happen. A Vanderbilt may ask you what time it is. There is no distinction on the beach itself between the people who emigrated from Montana to Fifth Avenue back in '01 and the people who emigrated from Odessa to Houston Street back in '91. Both of them have the same funny knobs on their knees.

The beach is the only place in Palm Beach where everybody has an equal chance; and there everybody uses the same ocean and sits around in the same sand in almost hopeless confusion. Things are so congested that if one leans back carelessly and braces himself by sticking his hand down in the sand, the chances are excellent that a couple of ladies from Kansas City or Boston will come staggering along with their eyes fixed raptly on Mrs. B. Gridley Bunn or Mrs. Quincy S. Throwtte and shear off two or three of one's fingers with their French heels

The only portion of the beach which anybody considers worth using is the portion directly in front of the Casino, which is a large, gorgeous, white plaster bathhouse with an outdoor swimming pool and polite attendants who are always appearing at inopportune moments and helping patrons to do things which they could do much better alone—such, for example, as removing a towel from a hook or lifting a brush and comb from a shelf. This is not undue officiousness on the part of the attendants. They got that way from associating with guests who were used to being valeted.

Many people garbed in elaborate dresses stand on the terrace in front of the Casino and stare down at the people on the beach, while the people on the beach stare up at them. On chairs on the beach there are many other elaborately gowned women who examine everyone closely and are closely examined by everyone in a manner that verges on the impolite. Most of them act like rude children, but none of them point.

Down in front of the entire mob stand large numbers of professional photographers who keep a careful lookout for exciting costumes and prominent faces, and constantly snap little groups of laughing people who subsequently appear in leading Sunday papers or monthly magazines over legends like: "Far From Northern Snows; a Happy Society Group on the Palm Beach Sands; from left to right—J. Edge Smush, Mrs. B. Goodwin Eezy, the Hon. Mrs. Claribel Custard, I. Winken Ogle, Miss Patricia Swaddle. Behind the feet at the right—Perry Peevish, Jr."

Every little while the photographers find someone who is prominent and pretty without being too much overweight and overdressed; and when they do they coax her out on an unoccupied section of beach and arrange her in a position of unstudied ease and graceful carelessness, and shoot half a dozen pictures of her admiring the distant horizon with a gay, unaffected, girlish laugh.

Everything on the beach is so simple and natural and wholesome that one can't help but like it. Then, too, one never gets that offensive, salty, seaweedy odor of ocean that one is so apt to get on the New England coast, owing to the ocean odors being completely overwhelmed by the rare and powerful French perfumes that are worn by many elements of Palm Beach society. If one closed his eyes he might think that he was at a perfumery show and that somebody had kicked over all the bottles.

Palm Beach is not exactly what one would call a Prude's Paradise, but a prude can feel more at ease on the beach at Palm Beach than at any other resort in Florida. This is due to the fact that women are not allowed to appear on the beach with any portion of the leg uncovered. A policeman is stationed on the beach to see that this rule is enforced, and there is a great rejoicing among all the local prudes, who—like all prudes throughout the world—sometimes see evil where there is none, and pass blindly by the evils that everyone except themselves can see.

This rule has brought about one great benefit in that it has prevented large numbers of ill-advised and otherwise charming stylish stouts from rolling down their bathing stockings and exposing too much knee. Any rule that does this is a good rule—and it is generally agreed that there are more stylish stouts at Palm Beach than at any other resort on earth.

Life on a Hundred a Day

When the bathing hour has passed into history the merry bathers and clothes wearers sally forth in search of lunch. The ordinary run of Palm Beach visitors eat their lunch at their hotels. This act almost automatically stamps them as buckwheats, or three-day suckers, or people who aren't smart. A buckwheat is a coarse, rude, barbaric person who is addicted to the secret and loathsome vices of eating buckwheat cakes for breakfast and not spending money recklessly

A three-day sucker is a person who stays only a few days at Palm Beach. As a time killer he is not regarded with any respect. He travels so far to kill time that he hasn't any time left to kill when he gets there. This is not regarded as smart. Anyone who stays less than two weeks is not viewed with favor by people who stay a month or more, and who know how important smartness is. If one wishes to have the respect of the cigar-counter clerks and the mail clerks and the head waiters and other Palm Beach people who—as the ultra-refined advertisements say—matter, one must above all things be smart. You might as well be dead at Palm Beach as not be smart.

Certain things are smart and certain things are not smart. It is smart, for example, for a man to go without a hat. It is smart to ride a bicycle. Any article of feminine wearing apparel that is essentially useless is smart. It is smart to speak of a thing as smart. It is not at all smart to tell a Palm Beacher that you would gladly disembowel him when you hear him use the word "smart" for the fiftieth time.

None of the big Palm Beach hotels rents rooms without meals. One must pay for his meals as well. Two people at most of the big hotels pay a minimum rate of about thirty-five dollars a day for the two—which is about the amount from which the same people would have to separate themselves at any of the big New York or Chicago or Boston or Washington hotels by the time they had finished paying for their food. But if one wishes to be smart at Palm Beach one mustn't lunch or dine at the hotel where one's meals are included on his bill. It is very buckwheat to do such a thing; very uncouth, very hick and very roughneck; not, in a word, smart. That is why the desirable Palm Beach habitués, at the height of the season, find it difficult to spend less than a hundred dollars apiece per day. One can't indulge in games of chance or keep many wheel chairs on that amount; but if one is reasonably careful and content to be only moderately smart one can get along fairly well for a hundred dollars a day.

On Being Smart

The truly smart person strives always to pay for two meals where one would normally be paid for. He strives to pay for one that he eats and for one that nobody eats. If one is living at a big hotel, one—to be smart—should make an effort to lunch or dine at another one or at the Country Club or at the Beach Club or at the Everglades Club, or at one of the cottages. It is a fascinating system, and is based on the familiar society theory that the more useless a thing is the smarter it is.

One of the smartest—in a society sense—of all the persons that come to Palm Beach is a man who never eats at the hotel where he lives, and who keeps a flock of twelve wheel chairs always in attendance on him. Day and night his twelve wheel chairs are waiting for him and his friends. They are used about an hour a day—but it is very smart to keep them waiting; frightfully smart.

The head waiters in the restaurants become very proficient at distinguishing those who are smart from those who are not smart. In the dining room of the largest hotel there is a cross strip of carpet which is known as the dead line. The people who sit between the entrance and the dead line have been carefully looked over by the head waiter and put in the smart class. But the people who are put on the kitchen side of the dead line are dubs and buckwheats in the judgment of the head waiter. Once people are put below the dead line they rarely have a chance to come up for air, but are doomed to stay down among the other buckwheats for the remainder of their visit.

The smartest thing at Palm Beach is the Everglades Club. The Everglades Club is so smart that it almost gives itself a pain. It has only a few over four hundred members, but these four hundred include names that make a society editor's scalp tingle, and control so much money and jewels that the mere mention of them is enough to make any normal burglar tremble all over. The Everglades Club building was started in the summer of 1918 by Paris Singer, who is a wealthy society man, as a hospital for convalescent officers. The war was over, however, before the building was ever used as a hospital; and it immediately occurred to the smartest of the Palm Beach colony that the building was exactly the thing to use for a smart club where really smart people could go away by themselves and be too exclusive for words.

The proposition was put up to Paris Singer, who saw the force of it; and that's how the Everglades Club started. The initiation fee and yearly dues might be expected to be about as large as the national debt, but in reality they amount to something like one hundred dollars initiation fee and fifty dollars yearly dues The club has built a very smart and attractive apartment house within a stone's throw of the parent building, and in it club members can rent small but smart apartments for a mere twenty-five hundred dollars a season—and there are several Maine summer resorts where one pays as much and gets no more for his money.

The club has its own golf links and tennis courts; and it has a restaurant whose chef could easily enter a cheffing contest with the leading Parisian chefs, with an excellent chance to win the diamond-studded skillet or the seventeen-jeweled egg-beater. It is my fixed belief that if old M'sieu Marguery, who invented Filet of Sole Marguery, were to be led into the dining room of the Everglades Club and placed where he could look out through the palms to the placid waters of Lake Worth, and handed a platter of Pompano Meunière—it is my fixed belief, I say, that old M'sieu Marguery would put his head down in his hands and cry like a child to think that he could have doubled his fortune if he could have started serving pompano that way thirty years ago.

The interior fixtures of the Everglades Club are of the proper sort to go with such food. The walls are hung with sixteenth-century tapestries, and the dining room is wainscoted with oak from the interior of a Spanish monastery. There was some talk at one time of covering the wall of one room with silver plates made by flattening the silver cocktail shakers of the club members. This was never done, however; and it is probable that the members found other uses for their shakers.

It would be idle to attempt to estimate with any accuracy the amount of money represented by the members of the Everglades Club. If they were pushed they could easily dig up one billion dollars among them.

The Old Guard

While we are speaking in billions instead of in mere beggarly millions it might be appropriate to mention that the most astute Palm Beach estimators figure that the thirteen hundred guests who fill the Royal Poinciana Hotel at the height of the season, if placed in one room and carefully assayed, would yield at least two billion dollars.

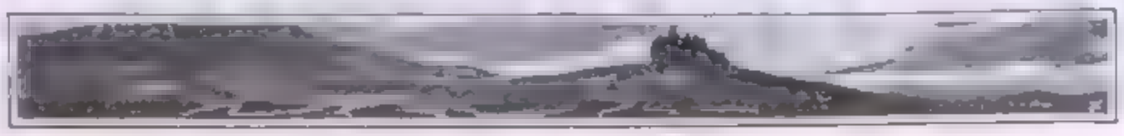
The Country Club is another smart place at which to lunch or dine. There is no restaurant in Europe, to my knowledge, that is able to produce a better dinner than the Palm Beach Country Club, especially if one leaves it, as the saying goes, to François. François is the head waiter; and he works in conjunction with a chef named Marius, who inherited most of his recipes from a gifted relative in the south of France, and who spends a large part of his time when not cooking in fearing that somebody will solve the recipes. The chief object of the Country Club is to provide a golfing retreat from the buckwheats and the three-day suckers, who usually break for the golf links immediately on arrival. Consequently the links which are open to the buckwheats are apt to become so congested that if one doesn't stick rigidly in his place in the golf procession he is more than apt to get a couple of golf balls in the side of the head and then have to stand aside for two hours while a long parade of golfers and near-golfers hacks its way past him. So the smart golfers go to the Country Club. It is there that one finds the Old Guard of Palm Beach.

The Old Guard is a hidebound organization of ardent golfers who know all the intimate personal scandal about practically every dollar that has changed hands in North America since the Dutch purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians for twenty-four dollars, and threw in enough rum to provide magnificent hang-overs for the families of the original owners.

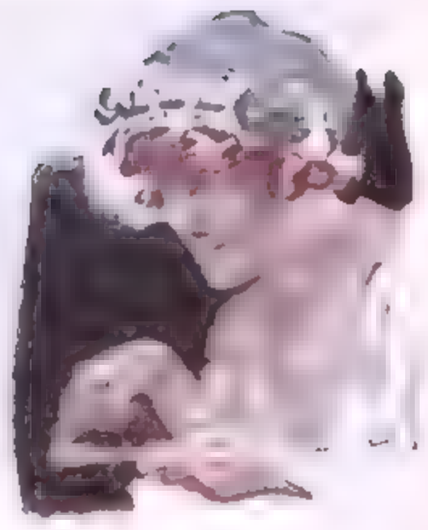
One must have been a resident of Palm Beach for five years before he is allowed to join the Old Guard, the theory being that unless a golfer has lived there for five years he is not thoroughly conversant with the essential features of Palm Beach gossip and will be apt to interrupt a calm and quiet game of golf to ask who the G. Daley Squabbles are going to marry when they have divorced each other, or some other equally irrelevant and unnecessary question.

The business of being smart and appearing at the proper places at the proper hour is merely the accepted method of killing

(Continued on Page 60)



30-Year Teeth in a 70-Year Body



Why shouldn't our teeth last as long as our bodies?

WHY should our teeth begin to go just as our bodies are in their prime? Is it natural or unnatural to lose the teeth?

Early, uncivilized men and women had teeth that stayed firm and sound for a lifetime. Skulls of primitive men and heads of mummies show strong teeth little affected by time.

The hard, uncooked foods and the rugged lives of our ancestors kept the teeth clean and the saliva always alkaline. The modern tendency of teeth is to ache, decay, and require attention long before the rest of the body has gone into decline.

Soft, cooked foods weaken the teeth by denying them exercise. In addition, tiny particles of this food left in the mouth break up and form an acid condition that attacks the structure of the teeth and causes decay.

Most people have "Acid-Mouth"

It is said that as many as nineteen out of every twenty people have "Acid-Mouth." And if it is true that "Acid-Mouth" is the chief cause of early tooth-decay, we can readily understand why so many persons lose their teeth.

Quite probably you have "Acid-Mouth," for if only one person in every twenty is free from this condition, your chances of having "Acid-Mouth" are nineteen to one.

To counteract the destructive work of "Acid-Mouth" is one of the purposes for which Pebeco Tooth Paste is made—and the reason why thousands of men and women use Pebeco night and morning.

How Pebeco checks "Acid-Mouth"

Pebeco counteracts "Acid-Mouth" by stimulating the flow of natural alkaline saliva, which is Nature's own mouth wash, and the most effective means of neutralizing mouth acids.

But not for that reason alone is Pebeco a good tooth paste.

Like thousands of other users, you will like Pebeco for several reasons: First, because it keeps the teeth clean and healthy. Second, because it counteracts the destructive work of "Acid-Mouth." Third, because it eliminates any bad taste that may exist in the mouth. Fourth, because it gives to the mouth a sense of refreshing cleanliness.

And from the first to the last squeeze, Pebeco rolls out of the tube fresh and creamy—none is wasted.

How to tell if you have "Acid-Mouth"

First, send for Litmus Test Papers and big trial tube of Pebeco

We will send you these necessary materials to demonstrate to you how Pebeco acts.

Moisten a blue Litmus Test Paper on your tongue. If it turns pink, that indicates an acid condition in your mouth. Brush your teeth with Pebeco and make another test. The paper will not change color, thus demonstrating how Pebeco helps to counteract "Acid-Mouth."

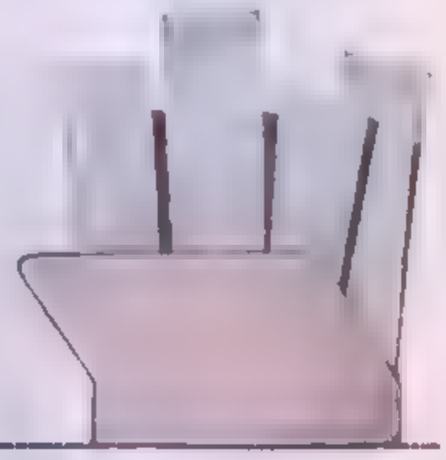
Fill in the coupon now, enclose ten cents and mail to us at once. The Litmus Test Papers and big trial tube of Pebeco will be sent you immediately.

Only one person in twenty is free from "Acid-Mouth"

LEHN & FINK, INC.
635 Greenwich Street, New York

Ask your Druggist for the Pebeco Tooth Brush—
It cleans every part of every tooth

Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Limited,
10 McCaul Street, Toronto



LEHN & FINK, INC.
635 Greenwich Street, New York

Enclosed find 10 cents, for which please send me your Litmus Test Papers and large trial tube of Pebeco.

Name_____

Street and No._____

City or Town_____

State _____

PALM

Nothing So Beau

As a wealth of well-groomed

Nothing so beautiful and nothing more easily attained —if you know how. Satiny, silky, glossy hair is the reward of intelligent care. Follow the suggestions we give you here and prove it. Begin by learning how to shampoo, for this is all-important. The first step is a bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, the blend of palm and olive oils. Use as directed and watch results.

First is the wonderful softness you have never before experienced after washi harsh dryness and flyaw derfully silky in textur Most important, your sc every trace of scurf and doesn't get these results. palm and olive oils, the covered 3,000 years ago

For Sale Everywhere Price 50c

Olive Oil for *Gloss*—Palm Oil

Olive oil possesses softening qualities which neutralize the drying effects of washing. Palm oil contributes body, richness and lasting qualities. In combination they produce a thick, mild, profuse, penetrating lather which softens the scalp and reaches every root and hair cell.

This lather loosens the dandruff scales, dislodges and dissolves them, leaving the scalp and hair free to function healthfully.

The Greatest Benefit

This thorough removal of dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea, is most necessary, as even the accumulation on healthy scalps injures hair.

The dry, oily scales clog the roots of the hair, preventing proper nutrition. Soon the hair begins to fall out. The blend of palm and olive oils you get in Palmolive softens and penetrates the scales, loosening the cap-like accumulation.

Gentle massa the scalp, leavin clean. Hair sham dry, harsh and b soothing oils le

Tr

We will glad bottle of Palmol write a postal c me the free tria poo" and sign y come to you by a valuable book treatments whic it grow. Addre

THE PA Mi

Manufacturers of

PALMOLI SHAMPOO

The Blend of Palm and Olive Oils

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ere is none of the usual leness. Your hair is won- a beautiful satiny gloss. ealthfully cleansed from ff. Ordinary shampooing come from the action of g, soothing cleansers dis- ent Egypt.

Richness

it into the tissue of lthfully purged and th Palmolive is never e blending of these ft, glossy and silky.

Free

you a 15-cent trial poo, free, if you will st. Just say, "Send f Palmolive Sham- and address. It will il, accompanied by ns for simple home your hair and help -252.

COMPANY
S. A.
of Toilet Requisites

E

THAT'S SALESMANSHIP!

SNUG-SEAT tables fitted with plate glass showcase tops put attractive merchandise right under the waiting customers' eyes. Many extra sales are made through well arranged displays.

Staiger Drug Co., Newton, Iowa, writes, "Since having SNUG-SEAT tops in use for several months, we are convinced that they have an advertising value, as the public continually admire them and remark about their appearance."

A SNUG-SEAT set occupied by four people covers only a 5-foot circle of floor space. This gives at least 50% more seating capacity in your grille

SNUG-SEATS are made with black or white Carrara glass tops, polished hardwood tops, and display tops.

Sold through distributors

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Mahogany, oak or enamel finish

The SNUG-SEAT Co. of America

735 Herron Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Insert can

Raise pour cover

Then serve

Davis Can-Server

EVAPORATED AND CONDENSED MILK

Served Pure to the Last Drop!

Housewives—serve evaporated and condensed milk the cleaner, better way—in the *Davis Can-Server*. Milk pours as from regular pitcher—no waste. No sticky, unsanitary can to attract flies and insects. Can is automatically perforated and completely hidden in the handsome nickeled *server*. The *Davis Can-Server* protects health, is easy to clean, and takes large-sized can—25% more economical than small cans.

Get one of these dainty nickeled servers today. Price, $1.50, *express prepaid*. Attractive offer to agents. Write

Davis Can-Server Corporation
Ashtabula, Ohio

HOOVER'S Plantlife

MAKES LUXURIANT FLOWERS

Rich Flowers Easily Yours

R. M. HOOVER LABORATORIES, Inc.
Dept. 2 Freeport, Illinois

BE A BOSS

HELMET PRODUCTS FACTORY, Cincinnati, Ohio

(Continued from Page 56)

time with many Palm Beachers; but with many others it is as serious as the death of a near relative. Palm Beach is well sprinkled with people who are determined to break into New York society, and who have selected Palm Beach as the place to drive the entering wedge because results can be obtained there with greater speed, with less expense and with more noise than in any other section of the country. A young man with a small income broke into society with a crash and married not so very long ago a beautiful widow with a strangle hold on society and a fortune that keeps a couple of income-tax experts working a month each year.

He explained his system to a friend of mine with the peculiar half-childish and half-idiotic frankness that may frequently be encountered in the upper crust of society. If he had attempted to break in by way of New York, he said, he would have spent all his money on dinners and luncheons, and about as much notice would have been taken of his struggles as would be taken of a stray dish of prunes at a banquet. But by coming to Palm Beach and getting on the right side of the society reporters he was able to give one fair-sized and comparatively inexpensive luncheon and have the news telegraphed immediately to the New York papers. By doing this a couple of times a season he was able to repay all the invitations which he accepted in New York; and it was apparent to all New York newspaper readers that he was making a society splash at Palm Beach. So he was soon accepted as being socially prominent, whereupon he picked out the richest thing in sight, married it and stopped worrying.

Many people at Palm Beach feel that they must have press agents to keep them in the limelight. There is one enterprising Palm Beach press agent who supplies the newspapers with palpitating items about seven or eight social climbers, and whose earnings from this source are said to be over thirty thousand dollars a year. When one reads of a socially prominent Palm Beacher doing something fearfully original, like giving a dinner to all her friends' dogs, one may know that she has been hiring a press agent to fill her mind with original and valuable ideas.

Armor-Plate Flasks

The Palm Beach crowd is always ready to part with money for anything that looks sufficiently interesting. In order to facilitate the parting, some of the country's leading costumers and rug merchants and hat makers and jewelers have moved their branch stores into the hotel lobbies, so that the passers-by can separate themselves from their money with a minimum of exertion. There is one Palm Beach window that is known as the Alibi Window. It is full of gorgeous diamond pendants and diamond bracelets and simple little ten-thousand-dollar rings; and the Palm Beach theory is that some of the shop's best customers are men who have been raising what is somewhat loosely known as the dickens. As is well known, a man whose conscience is troubling him can frequently keep it quiet by getting his wife a pendant of diamonds set in platinum. At night, when the shop is locked up, all the jewelry is removed from the window and replaced with a large flock of frosted silver cocktail shakers whose appearance alone is warranted to give even a prohibition-enforcement agent a thirst. This spectacle is jocularly said to make the observer hunt up some whisky and get himself nicely boiled, and possibly to make him fall so low as to speak disrespectfully of the society leaders. On the following day he buys jewelry to square himself with his wife.

Large, curved pocket flasks, two of which would make fine protective armor for the entire upper part of the body if worn on opposite sides, are popular at Palm Beach, as is a new trick cane that unscrews at a joint and reveals a long slender bottle three-quarters of an inch in diameter and two feet long.

There is a great deal of fire water in sight at Palm Beach at all hours of the day and night, and the débutante who can't absorb eight cocktails without raising her voice or falling over the chairs is regarded as being handicapped by some sort of inherited weakness. One of the most frequently pointed-out personages at Palm Beach is a very fat man who can, according to the claims made for him by his admirers, drink thirty-five cocktails at one sitting without blinking. The price of Scotch whisky starts down around forty dollars a case in the summertime and works gradually upward until at the height of the season one is paying from seventy to one hundred dollars a case for it.

The building boom that has struck Palm Beach in the last five years is claimed by most of the loose claimers and enthusiastic drinkers to be due to prohibition. A great many cottages have been erected by persons of wealth and social prominence in these five years; and the prevalent architectural idea for a simple little Palm Beach cottage seems to be a Spanish modification of a Union Station, or a Court of Jewels at a successful World's Fair.

To hear the drinkers tell it, these houses have been built so that the owners could have a place in which to drink without being watched or hurried or made to feel uncomfortable. This may be possible; but if it is, the house builders are the only ones who haven't felt free to drink when and where they chose.

The Nuts in the Grove

The truth of the matter unquestionably is that the people who built houses liked the place and the climate, and so built in order to enjoy them more thoroughly than they could be enjoyed in a hotel room.

After one has spent a fatiguing afternoon pricing whisky flasks, or being pushed along avenues of palms and Australian pines in a wheel chair, or indulging in a little steady bridge and Scotch drinking, or some other equally arduous pursuit, the smart thing to do is to go to the Coconut Grove and participate in a little tea and dancing.

The Coconut Grove consists of a large and beautiful grove of coconut trees surrounding a polished dance floor. All the coconuts have been removed from the trees, owing to their well-known habit of falling off unexpectedly and utterly ruining anyone who may be lingering beneath them. Thus the only nuts in the grove are the ones who come there to dance.

The Coconut Grove starts doing business at half past five every afternoon in the bright sunlight; but in a few minutes the tropic night closes down just as advertised in all books on the South Seas.

By a little after six o'clock the only illumination comes from strings of red electric-light bulbs strung through the palms and from the occasional flare of a match as some distinguished social butterfly tries to find out how much whisky he has left in his cane.

Later in the evening the smart thing to do is to go over to what is formally known as the Beach Club, but universally spoken of as Bradley's. As trains from the North enter the Palm Beach Station the enormous bulk of the Royal Poinciana Hotel stretches out at the right of the train. On the left of the train, directly opposite the station and so close to the train that the traveler could toss even a lightweight biscuit on its roof from the car window, is a long, low, white frame building with a large revolving ventilator in one end.

This is Bradley's, Palm Beach's oldest, most celebrated and most popular charitable institution—charitable, because it assists people who have more money than they know what to do with to get rid of a part of it in a quiet and eminently respectable way.

Every large resort in the world that caters to wealthy people has its gambling houses. In Europe the municipalities run them, recognizing the fact that all people of means who are on a holiday are bound to gamble. At America's resorts the gambling houses are usually concealed; but they exist none the less; and usually, because of the secrecy that surrounds them, they are lurking places for troublesome aggregations of trimmers, bloodsuckers and crooks of various sorts.

Bradley's is different. It is run exclusively for the wealthy Northern patrons of Palm Beach. Everybody who goes there can afford to lose and lose heavily; and a list of the names of the people who play there every night would read like a list of America's leading celebrities, social lights and millionaires.

A crook would get along about as well in Bradley's as an icicle would get along in the crater of Mount Vesuvius.

Anybody in Palm Beach, from the wheel-chair boys to the policemen, can supply the inquirer with all the standard Beach Club stories, usually starting with the one about the man who lost six thousand dollars in one evening and left Palm Beach hurriedly the next morning. A few hours later one of the Bradley brothers was visited by a young woman, who was obviously in great distress. Her eyes were red and swollen and she was sobbing convulsively. She explained that her husband had lost six thousand dollars the night before, that the money didn't belong to him, and that unless she could get the money back for him he would have to go to prison. So Bradley gave back the six thousand dollars after telling the young woman to tell her husband never again to set foot in the Beach Club. A few days afterward the same man turned up in the Beach Club and began to play. Bradley summoned him to his office and asked him how he dared to do such a thing after his losses had been returned to his wife.

"What do you mean?" asked the man. "I'm not married."

"Then you didn't leave town because you were ruined?" asked Bradley.

"You bet I didn't!" said the man. "I went down to Long Key fishing with my business partner, who came down here with me."

A woman in an adjoining room had heard the two men talking before their departure, and had cashed in on the conversation.

Then there is the story about the wife who used to extract uncashed chips from her husband's clothes whenever he played at Bradley's, and who cashed them in for twenty-five thousand dollars without her husband knowing that he had lost anything.

Then there was the one about the gentleman who cleaned up seventy thousand dollars in one week. It is not at all unusual to see one of the big steel men or oil men placing five hundred dollars in chips on the board at each turn of the wheel and dropping fifteen or twenty thousand dollars in half an hour.

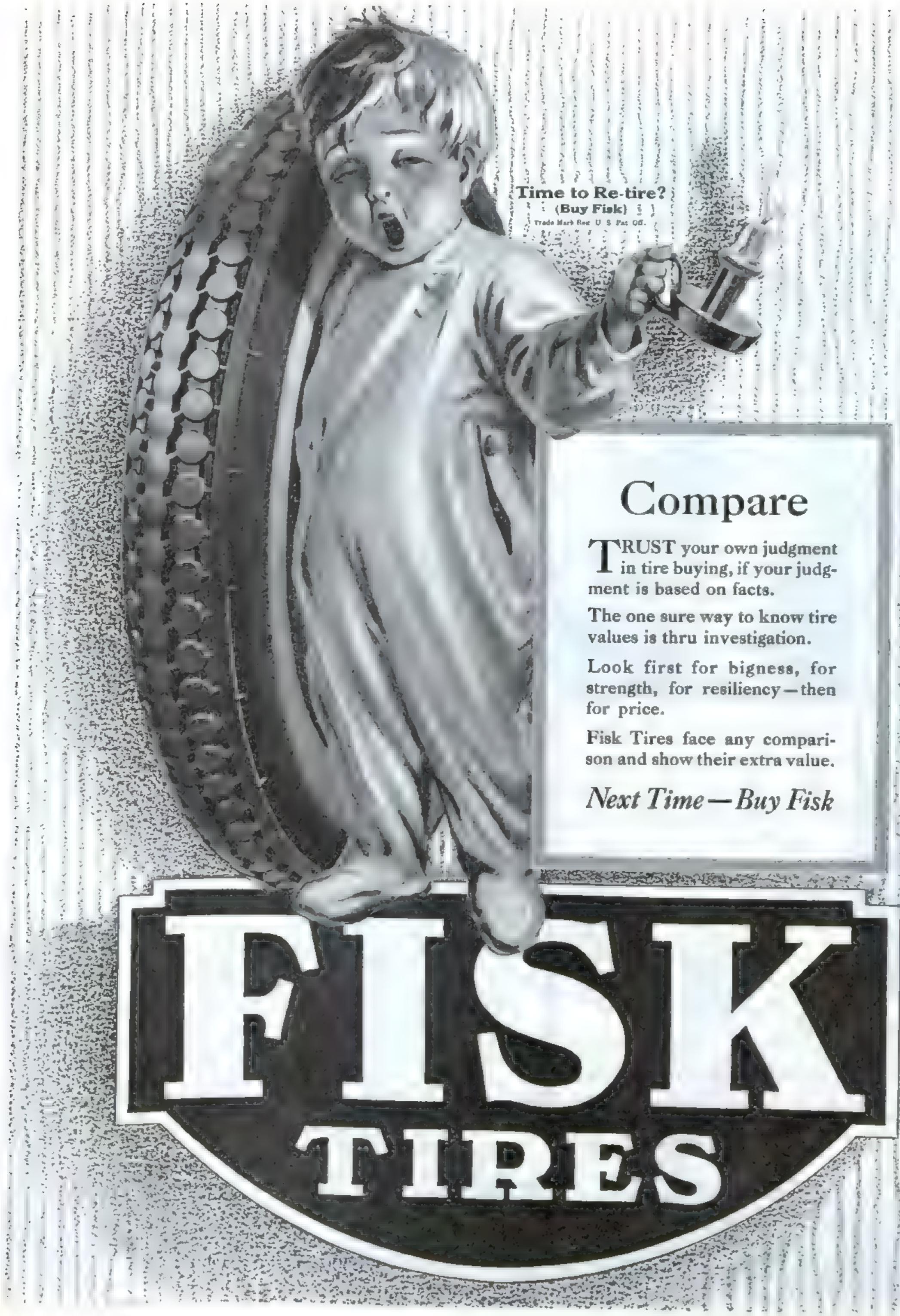
No Leisure Class

By half past nine o'clock every night Bradley's is so crowded that one must almost fight his way from table to table. No matter where one threw a brick in the assemblage it would be certain to hit a millionaire and carom against two other millionaires before falling to the floor. Until midnight there are usually more women than men engaged in observing the idiosyncrasies of the little ivory ball; and the hold-up man who succeeded in holding up the clientele of the Beach Club at eleven o'clock at night would have no difficulty at all in picking up at least ten million dollars' worth of loot in jewelry alone. Many of the women wear their strings of pearls in double and triple loops so that they won't trip on them when they walk, and most of them seem to think that they may get rheumatism if they don't wear at least five diamond bracelets on their left wrists.

One frequently sees these ladies rolling up the Lake Trail at midnight in wheel chairs with a quarter million or a half million dollars' worth of jewels sparkling in the moonlight. They are merely out taking the air, so that they can go back to the party which they just left and renew their activities without falling asleep. They dance and play cards and slip a few cocktails into themselves and exchange light persiflage until four and five and six o'clock in the morning.

They grow stronger and stronger as the season grows older, until toward the end they may be found going in bathing in their ballgowns at dawn and indulging in other tireless activities. If a tough, hardy Indian scout or Alpine mountain climber tried to follow them for three days he'd drop in his tracks with fatigue.

Such is life among the time killers of Palm Beach. They go there to kill time, and they are diligent at it. Old man Plutarch states that "Dionysius the elder, being asked whether he was at leisure, replied 'God forbid that it should ever befall me.'" The Palm Beach time killers operate on the same principle. The last thing in the world that they desire is leisure, and the person who argues that Palm Beach is frequented by the leisure class is suffering from warped perception. They have different ways of killing time. Some of them talk it to death and some of them worry it to death, and some of them smother it with money. No time gets by them; they kill it all; and however they choose to do it, they're the hardest working people in the world.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TRUST your own judgment in tire buying, if your judgment is based on facts.
The one sure way to know tire values is thru investigation.
Look first for bigness, for strength, for resiliency—then for price.
Fisk Tires face any comparison and show their extra value.
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A Bed Room Suite Like New for $3.00

THE rich, beautiful finish can be restored to the time-worn, marred and scarred furniture at a trifling cost. It is spare time pleasure for anyone to do it.

Old style beds done over in white or tinted enamel, with woodwork the same, and a bright chintz for curtains make a delightful room.

Pitcairn Sole-Proof Colored Varnishes and Enamels for furniture, floors, woodwork, and general home use come ready to use in just the colors you require, in large or small packages.

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THE COVERED WAGON

(Continued from Page 5)

Lower Iowa had driven in herds of oxen, horses, mules; but there were not enough of these. Rumors came that a hundred wagons would take the Platte this year via the Council Bluffs, up the Missouri; others would join on from St. Jo and Leavenworth.

March had come, when the wild turkey gobbled and strutted resplendent in the forest lands. April had passed, and the wild fowl had gone north. May, and the upland plovers now were nesting all across the prairies. But daily had more wagons come, and neighbors had waited for neighbors, tardy at the great rendezvous. The encampment, scattered up and down the river front, had become more and more congested. Men began to know one another, families became acquainted, the gradual sifting and shifting in social values began. Knots and groups began to talk of some sort of accepted government for the common good.

They now were at the edge of the law. Organized society did not exist this side of the provisional government of Oregon, devised as a *modus vivendi* during the joint occupancy of that vast region with Great Britain—an arrangement terminated not longer than two years before. There must be some sort of law and leadership between the Missouri and the Columbia. Amid much bickering of petty politics Jesse Wingate had some four days ago been chosen for the thankless task of train captain. Though that office had small authority and less means of enforcing its commands, none the less the train leader must be a man of courage, resource and decision. Those of the earlier arrivals who passed by his well-organized camp of forty-odd wagons from the Sangamon country of Illinois said that Wingate seemed to know the business of the trail. His affairs ran smoothly, he was well equipped and seemed a man of means. Some said he had three thousand in gold at the bottom of his cargo. Moreover—and this appeared important among the Northern element, at that time predominant in the rendezvous—he was not a Calhoun Secesh, or even a Benton Democrat, but an out-and-out, antislavery, free-soil man. And the provisional constitution of Oregon, devised by thinking men of two great nations, had said that Oregon should be free soil forever.

Already there were mutterings in 1848 of the coming conflict which, among his personal friends, a certain lank young lawyer of Springfield, in the Sangamon country—Lincoln, his name was; then little known—two years ago had predicted as inevitable. In a personnel made up of bold souls from both sides the Ohio, politics could not be avoided even on the trail, nor were these men the sort to avoid politics. Sometimes at their camp fire, after the caravan election, Wingate, his wife and their son Jed would compare notes, in a day when personal politics and national geography meant more than they do to-day.

"Listen, son," Wingate one time concluded. "All that talk of a railroad across this country to Oregon is silly, of course. But it's all going to be one country. The talk is that the treaty with Mexico must give us a slice of land from Texas to the Pacific, and a big one—all of it taken for the sake of slavery. Not so Oregon—that's free forever. This talk of splitting this country, North and South, don't go with me. The Alleghanies didn't divide it. Burr couldn't divide it. The Mississippi hasn't divided it, or the Missouri, so rest assured the Ohio can't. No, nor the Rockies can't! A railroad? No, of course not. But all the same, a practical wagon road from free soil to free soil—I reckon that was my platform, like enough. It made me captain."

"No, 'twasn't that, Jesse," said his wife. "That ain't what put you in for train captain. It was your blamed impatience. Some of them Lower Ioway men, them that first nominated you in the train meeting—town meeting—what you call it, they seen where you'd been plowing along here just to keep your hand in. One of them says to me, 'Plowing, hey? Can't wait? Well, that's what we're going out for, ain't it—to plow?' says he. 'That's the clean quill,' says he. So they 'lected you, Jess. And the Lord ha' mercy on your soul!"

Now the arrival of so large a new contingent as this of the Liberty train under young Banion made some sort of post-election ratification necessary, so that Wingate felt it incumbent to call the head men of the late comers into consultation if for no better than reasons of courtesy. He dispatched his son Jed to the Banion park to ask the attendance of Banion, Woodhull and such of his associates as he liked to bring, at any suiting hour. Word came back that the Liberty men would join the Wingate conference around eleven of that morning, at which time the hour of the jump-off could be set.

III

AS TO the start of the great wagon train, little time, indeed, remained. For days, in some instances for weeks, the units of the train had lain here on the border, and the men were growing restless. Some had come a thousand miles and now were keen to start out for more than two thousand miles additional. The grass was up. The men from Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, Missouri, Kentucky, Arkansas fretted on the leash.

All along the crooked river front, on both sides from Independence to the river landing at Westport, the great spring caravan lay encamped, or housed in town. Now, on the last days of the rendezvous, a sort of hysteria seized the multitude. The sound of rifle fire was like that of a battle—every man was sighting-in his rifle. Singing and shouting went on everywhere. Someone fresh from the Mexican War had brought a drum, another a bugle. Without instructions these began to sound their summons and continued all day long, at such times as the performers could spare from drink.

The Indians of the friendly tribes—Otos, Kaws, Osages—come in to trade, looked on in wonder at the revelings of the whites. The straggling street of each of the near-by river towns was full of massed wagons. The treble line of white tops, end to end, lay like a vast serpent, curving, head to the West. Rivalry for the head of the column began. The sounds of the bugle set a thousand uncoördinated wheels spasmodically in motion. Organization, system were as yet unknown in this rude and dominant democracy. Need was therefore for this final meeting in the interest of law, order and authority. Already some wagons had broken camp and moved on out into the main traveled road, which lay plain enough on westward, among the groves and glades of the valley of the Kaw. Each man wanted to be first to Oregon; no man wished to take the dust of his neighbor.

Wingate brought up all these matters at the train meeting of some three score men who assembled under the trees of his own encampment at eleven of the last morning. Most of the men he knew. Banion unobtrusively took a seat well to the rear of those who squatted on their heels or lolled full length on the grass.

After the fashion of the immemorial American town meeting, the beginning of all our government, Wingate called the meeting to order and stated its purposes. He then set forth his own ideas of the best manner for handling the trail work.

His plan, as he explained, was one long earlier perfected in the convoys of the old Santa Fé Trail. The wagons were to travel in close order. Four parallel columns, separated by not too great spaces, were to be maintained as much as possible, more especially toward nightfall. Of these, the outer two were to draw in together when camp was made, the other two to angle out, wagon lapping wagon, front and rear, thus making an oblong corral of the wagons, into which, through a gap, the work oxen were to be driven every night after they had fed. The tents and fires were to be outside of the corral unless in case of an Indian alarm, when the corral would represent a fortress.

The transport animals were to be hobbled each night. A guard, posted entirely around the corral and camp, was to be put out each night. Each man and each boy above fourteen was to be subject to guard duty under the ancient common law of the Plains, and from this duty no man might hope excuse unless actually too ill to walk; nor could any man offer to procure any substitute for himself. The watches were to be set as eight, each to stand guard one-quarter part of alternate nights, so that each man would get every other night undisturbed.

There were to be lieutenants, one for each of the four parallel divisions of the

(Continued on Page 64)

"DEPENDABILITY PLUS"

In an unpretentious office in one of the greatest manufacturing plants in the world, there sits a quiet, elderly man who is known to every one from the president to the smallest office boy as "Dependability Plus."

For forty years he has been in the employ of this company. There is not a question concerning the business that he cannot answer better than anyone else. He is responsible for more than half the improvements in their product; he tests and approves every change in their methods. His achievements have won him world-wide fame.

Yet, if you ask him, he will tell you that his greatest pride is in the affectionate, respectful name by which he is known to all, "Dependability Plus."

For every man who is voluntarily dependable, there are a hundred dependable only through force of circumstance. Placed in positions where dependability is a requirement, it becomes with them a forced virtue—a feeble flame that needs the constant fanning of necessity.

Voluntary dependability is a quality of the spirit. It may characterize a business as well as a man or a woman. When it does you will find the name of that business honored and respected wherever it is heard. And you will find its products of a quality that is rarely equaled.

In the manufacture of pharmaceutical and chemical products Squibb holds such a place. Squibb quality in the products described below is a revelation to persons who use them for the first time.

Squibb's Castor Oil, for example, is not the offensive, unpleasant cathartic that is taken under protest by so many people. By careful refining and purifying, the Squibb product is almost entirely freed from the detested taste and is of *greater medicinal value* as well.

This same thing holds true with other Squibb HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS. At the Squibb Laboratories, for more than half a century, a constant process of testing and research work has raised the purity and efficacy of all Squibb products to a point that never has been reached before.

There is no reason why you should be satisfied with quality that is inferior to Squibb. But there are a score of reasons why you should prefer Squibb quality above any other.

Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda—exceedingly pure, therefore without bitter taste.

Squibb's Epsom Salt—free from impurities. Preferred also for taste.

Squibb's Sodium Phosphate—a specially purified product, free from arsenic, therefore safe.

Squibb's Cod Liver Oil—selected finest Norwegian; cold pressed; pure in taste. Rich in vitamine.

Squibb's Olive Oil—selected oil from Southern France. Absolutely pure. (Sold only through druggists.)

Squibb's Sugar of Milk—specially refined for preparing infants' food. Quickly soluble. In sealed tins.

Squibb's Pure Spices—specially selected by laboratory tests for their full strength and flavor. (Sold only through druggists.)

Squibb's Castor Oil—specially refined, bland in taste; dependable.

Squibb's Stearate of Zinc—a soft and protective powder of highest purity.

Squibb's Magnesia Dental Cream—made from Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Contains no detrimental substance. Corrects mouth acidity.

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Squibb's Cold Cream—an exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin.

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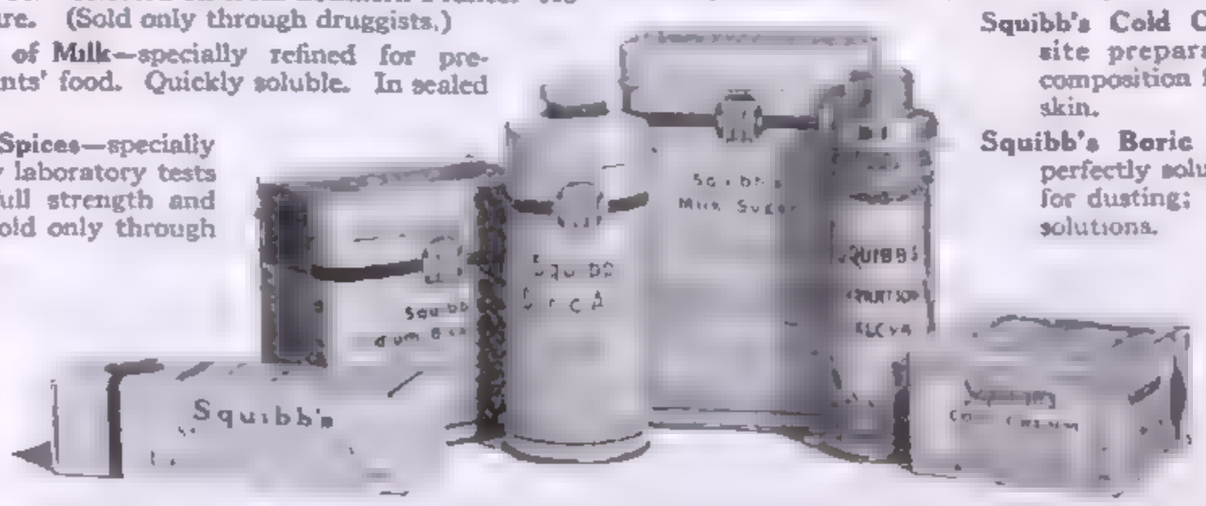

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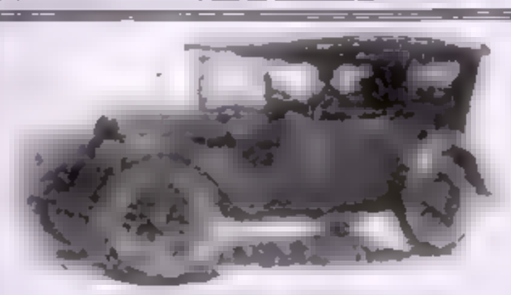

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(Continued from Page 62)

train; also eight sergeants of the guard, each of whom was to select and handle the men of the watch under him. No wagon might change its own place in the train after the start, dust or no dust.

When Wingate ended his exposition and looked around for approval it was obvious that many of these regulations met with disfavor at the start. The democracy of the train was one in which each man wanted his own way. Leaning head to head, speaking low, men grumbled at all this fuss and feathers and army stuff. Some of these were friends and backers in the late election.

Nettled by their silence, or by their murmured comments, Wingate arose again.

"Well, you have heard my plan, men," said he. "The Santa Fé men worked it up, and used it for years, as you all know. They always got through. If there's anyone here knows a better way, and one that's got more experience back of it, I'd like to have him get up and say so."

Silence for a time greeted this also. The Northern men, Wingate's partisans, looked uncomfortably one to the other. It was young Woodhull, of the Liberty contingent, who rose at length.

"What Cap'n Wingate has said sounds all right to me," said he. "He's a new friend of mine—I never saw him till two-three hours ago—but I know about him. What he says about the Santa Fé fashion I know for true. As some of you know, I was out that way, up the Arkansas, with Doniphan, for the Stars and Stripes. Talk about wagon travel—you got to have a regular system or you have everything in a mess. This here, now, is a lot like so many volunteers enlisting for war. There's always a sort of preliminary election of officers; sort of shaking down and shaping up. I wasn't here when Cap'n Wingate was elected—our wagons were some late—but speaking for our men, I'd move to ratify his choosing, and that means to ratify his regulations. I'm wondering if I don't get a second for that?"

Some of the bewhiskered men who sat about him stirred, but cast their eyes toward their own captain, young Banion, whose function as their spokesman had thus been usurped by his defeated rival, Woodhull. Perhaps few of them suspected the *argumentum ad hominem*—or rather *ad feminam*—in Woodhull's speech.

Banion alone knew this favor-currying when he saw it, and knew well enough the real reason. It was Molly! Rivals indeed they were, these two, and in more ways than one. But Banion held his peace until one quiet father of a family spoke up.

"I reckon our own train captain, that we elected in case we didn't throw in with the big train, had ought to say what he thinks about it all."

Will Banion now rose composedly and bowed to the leader.

"I'm glad to second Mr. Woodhull's motion to throw our vote and our train for Captain Wingate and the big train," said he. "We'll ratify his captaincy, won't we?"

The nods of his associates now showed assent, and Wingate needed no more confirmation.

"In general, too, I would ratify Captain Wingate's scheme. But might I make a few suggestions?"

"Surely—go on." Wingate half rose.

"Well then, I'd like to point out that we've got twice as far to go as the Santa Fé traders, and over a very different country—more dangerous, less known, harder to travel. We've many times more wagons than any Santa Fé train ever had, and we've hundreds of loose cattle along. That means a sweeping off of the grass at every stop, and grass we've got to have or the train stops.

"Besides our own call on grass, I know there'll be five thousand Mormons at least on the trail ahead of us this spring—they've crossed the river from here to the Bluffs, and they're out on the Platte right now. We take what grass they leave us.

"What I'm trying to get at, captain, is this: We might have to break into smaller detachments now and again. We could not possibly always keep alignment in four columns."

"And then we'd be open to any Indian attack!" interrupted Woodhull.

"We might have to fight some of the time, yes," rejoined Banion; "but we'll have to travel all the time, and we'll have to graze our stock all the time. On that one basic condition our safety rests—grass and plenty of it. We're on a long journey.

"You see, gentlemen," he added, smiling, "I was with Doniphan also. We learned a good many things. For instance, I'd rather see each horse on a thirty-foot picket rope, anchored safe each night, than to trust to any hobbles. A homesick horse can travel miles, hobbled, in a night. Horses are a lot of trouble.

"Now, I see that about a quarter of our people, including Captain Wingate, have horses and mules and not ox transport. I wish they all could trade for oxen before they start. Oxen last longer and fare better. They are easier to herd. They can be used for food in the hard first year out in Oregon. The Indians don't steal oxen—they like buffalo better—but they'll take any chance to run off horses or even mules. If they do, that means your women and children are on foot. You know the story of the Donner party, two years ago—on foot, in the snow. They died, and worse than died, just this side of California."

Men of Iowa, of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, began to nod to one another, approving the words of this young man.

"He talks sense," said a voice aloud.

"Well, I'm talking a whole lot, I know," said Banion gravely, "but this is the time and place for our talking. I'm for throwing in with the Wingate train, as I've said. But will Captain Wingate let me add even just a few words more?

"For instance, I would suggest that we ought to have a record of all our personnel. Each man ought to be required to give his own name and late residence, and the names of all in his party. He should be obliged to show that his wagon is in good condition, with spare bolts, yokes, tires, bows and axles, and extra shoes for the stock. Each wagon ought to be required to carry anyhow half a side of rawhide, and the usual tools of the farm and the trail, as well as proper weapons and abundance of ammunition.

"No man ought to be allowed to start with this caravan with less supplies, for each mouth of his wagon, than one hundred pounds of flour. One hundred and fifty or even two hundred would be much better—there is loss and shrinkage. At least half as much of bacon, twenty pounds of coffee, fifty of sugar would not be too much in my own belief. About double the pro rata of the Santa Fé caravans is little enough, and those whose transport power will let them carry more supplies ought to start full loaded, for no man can tell the actual duration of this journey, or what food may be needed before we get across. One may have to help another."

Even Wingate joined in the outspoken approval of this, and Banion, encouraged, went on:

"Some other things, men, since you have asked each man to speak freely. We're not hunters, but home makers. Each family, I suppose, has a plow and seed for the first crop. We ought, too, to find out all our blacksmiths, for I promise you we'll need them. We ought to have a half dozen forges and as many anvils, and a lot of irons for the wagons.

"I suppose, too, you've located all your doctors; also all your preachers—you needn't camp them all together. Personally I believe in Sunday rest and Sunday services. We're taking church and state and home and law along with us, day by day, men, and we're not just trappers and adventurers. The fur trade's gone.

"I even think we ought to find out our musicians—it's good to have a bugler if you can. And at night, when the people are tired and disheartened, music is good to help them pull together."

The bearded men who listened nodded yet again.

"About schools, now—the other trains that went out, the Applegates in 1843, the Donners of 1846, each train, I believe, had regular schools along, with hours each day.

"Do you think I'm right about all this? I'm sure I don't want Captain Wingate to be offended. I'm not dividing his power. I'm only trying to stiffen it."

Woodhull arose, a sneer on his face, but a hand pushed him down. A tall Missourian stood before him

"Right you are, Will!" said he. "Ye've an old head, an' we kin trust hit. Ef hit wasn't Cap'n Wingate is more older than you, an' already done elected, I'd be for choosin' ye fer cap'n o' this here hull train right now. Seein' hit's the way hit is, I move we vote to do what Will Banion has said is fitten. An' I move we-uns throw in with the big train, with Jess Wingate fer cap'n. An' I move we allow one more day to git in supplies an' fixin's, an' trade hosses an' mules an' oxens, an' then we start day after to-morrow mornin' when the bugle blows. Then hooray fer Oregon!"

There were cheers and a general rising, as though after finished business, which greeted this. Jesse Wingate, somewhat crestfallen and chagrined over the forward ways of this young man, of whom he never had heard till that very morning, put a perfunctory motion or so, asked loyalty and allegiance, and so forth.

But what they remembered was that he appointed as his wagon-column captains Sam Woodhull, of Missouri; Caleb Price, an Ohio man of substance; Simon Hall, an Indiana merchant; and a farmer by name of Kelsey, from Kentucky. To Will Banion the trainmaster assigned the most difficult and thankless task of the train, the captaincy of the cow column; that is to say, the leadership of the boys and men whose families were obliged to drive the loose stock of the train.

There were sullen mutterings over this in the Liberty column. Men whispered they would not follow Woodhull. As for Banion, he made no complaint, but smiled and shook hands with Wingate and all his lieutenants and declared his own loyalty and that of his men; then left for his own little adventure of a half dozen wagons which he was freighting out to Laramie—bacon, flour and sugar, for the most part; each wagon driven by a neighbor or a neighbor's son. Among these already arose open murmurs of discontent over the way their own contingent had been treated. Banion had to mend a potential split before the first wheel had rolled westward up the Kaw.

The men of the meeting passed back among their neighbors and families, and spoke with more seriousness than hitherto. The rifle firing ended, the hilarity lessened that afternoon. In the old times the keelboatmen bound west started out singing. The pack-train men of the fur trade went shouting and shooting, and the confident hilarity of the Santa Fé wagon caravans was a proverb. But now, here in the great Oregon train, matters were quite otherwise. There were women and children along. An unsmiling gravity marked them all. When the dusky velvet of the prairie night settled on almost the last day of the rendezvous it brought a general feeling of anxiety, dread, uneasiness, fear. Now, indeed, and at last, all these realized what was the thing that they had undertaken.

To add yet more to the natural apprehensions of men and women embarking on so stupendous an adventure, all manner of rumors now continually passed from one company to another. It was said that five thousand Mormons, armed to the teeth, had crossed the river at St. Joseph and were lying in wait on the Platte, determined to take revenge for the persecutions they had suffered in Missouri and Illinois. Another story said that the Kaw Indians, hitherto friendly, had banded together for robbery and were only waiting for the train to appear. A still more popular story had it that a party of several Englishmen had hurried ahead on the trail to excite all the savages to waylay and destroy the caravans, thus to wreak the vengeance of England upon the Yankees for the loss of Oregon. Much unrest arose over reports, hard to trace, to the effect that it was all a mistake about Oregon; that in reality it was a truly horrible country, unfit for human occupancy, and sure to prove the grave of any lucky enough to survive the horrors of the trail, which never yet had been truthfully reported. Some returned travelers from the West beyond the Rockies, who were hanging about the landing at the river, made it all worse by relating what purported to be actual experiences.

"If you ever get through to Oregon," they said, "you'll be ten years older than you are now. Your hair will be white, but not by age."

The Great Dipper showed clear and close that night, as if one might almost pick off by hand the familiar stars of the traveler's constellation. Overhead countless brilliant points of lesser light enameled the night mantle, matching the many camp fires of the great gathering. The wind blew soft and low. Night on the prairie is always solemn, and to-night the tense anxiety, the strained anticipation of more than two thousand souls invoked a brooding melancholy which it seemed even the stars must feel.

A dog, ominous, lifted his voice in a long, mournful howl which made mothers put

(Continued on Page 67)

Note, in the illustration, the copyrighted cooking chart on the wall—the mercury thermometer on the oven door. Both are exclusive Estate features. Read how they simplify cookery.

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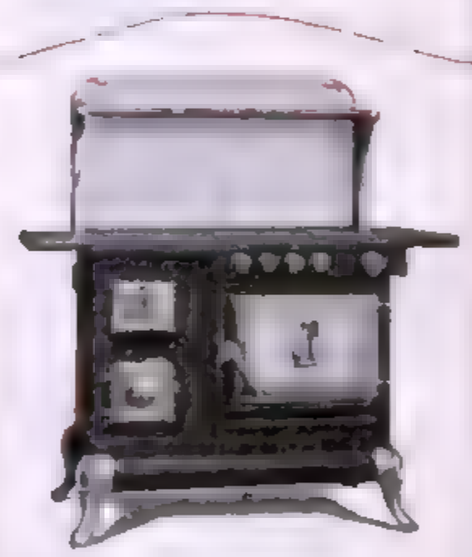

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(Continued from Page 64)

out their hands to their babes. In answer a coyote in the grass raised a high, quavering cry, wild and desolate, the voice of the Far West.

IV

THE notes of a bugle, high and clear, sang reveille at dawn. Now came hurried activities of those who had delayed. The streets of the two frontier settlements were packed with ox teams, horses, wagons, cattle driven through. The frontier stores were stripped of their last supplies. One more day, and then on to Oregon!

Wingate broke his own camp early in the morning and moved out to the open country west of the landing, making a last bivouac at what would be the head of the train. He had asked his four lieutenants to join him there. Hall, Price and Kelsey headed in with straggling wagons to form the nucleuses of their columns; but the morning wore on and the Missourians, now under Woodhull, had not yet broken park. Wingate waited moodily.

Now at the edge of affairs human apprehensions began to assert themselves, especially among the womenfolk. Even stout Molly Wingate gave way to doubt and fears. Her husband caught her, apron to eyes, sitting on the wagon tongue at ten in the morning, with her pots and pans unpacked.

"What?" he exclaimed. "You're not weakening? Haven't you as much courage as those Mormon women on ahead? Some of them pushing carts, I've heard."

"They done it for religion, Jess. Oregon ain't no religion for me."

"Yet it has music for a man's ears, Molly."

"Hush! I've heard it all for the last two years. What happened to the Donners two years back? And four years ago it was the Applegates left home in old Missouri to move to Oregon. Who will ever know where their bones are laid? Look at our land we left—rich—black and rich as any in the world. What corn, what wheat—why, everything grew well in Illinois!"

"Yes, and cholera below us wiping out the people, and the trouble over slave-holding working up the river more and more, and the sun blazing in the summer, while in the wintertime we froze!"

"Well, as for food, we never saw any part of Kentucky with half so much grass. We had no turkeys at all there, and where we left you could kill one any gobbling time. The pigeons roosted not four miles from us. In the woods along the river even a woman could kill coons and squirrels, all we'd need—no need for us to eat rabbits, like the Mormons. Our chicken yard was fifty miles across. The young ones'd be flying by roasting-ear time -and in fall the sloughs was black with ducks and geese. Enough and to spare we had; and our land opening; and Molly teaching the school, with twelve dollars a month cash for it, and Jed learning his blacksmith trade before he was eighteen. How could we ask more? What better will we do in Oregon?"

"You always throw the wet blanket on Oregon, Molly."

"It is so far!"

"How do we know it is far? We know men and women have crossed, and we know the land is rich. Wheat grows fifty bushels to the acre, the trees are big as the spires on meeting houses, the fish run by millions in the streams. Yet the winters have little snow. A man can live there and not slave out a life.

"Besides"—and the frontier now spoke in him—"this country is too old, too long settled. My father killed his elk and his buffalo, too, in Kentucky; but that was before my day. I want the buffalo. I crave to see the Plains, Molly. What real American does not?"

Mrs. Wingate threw her apron over her face.

"The Oregon fever has witched you, Jesse!" she exclaimed between dry sobs.

Wingate was silent for a time.

"Corn ought to grow in Oregon," he said at last.

"Yes, but does it?"

"I never heard it didn't. The soil is rich, and you can file on six hundred and forty acres. There's your donation claim, four times bigger than any land you can file on here. We sold out at ten dollars an acre—more'n our land really was worth, or ever is going to be worth. It's just the speculators says any different. Let 'em have it, and us move on. That's the way money's made, and always has been made, all across the United States."

"Huh! You talk like a land speculator your own self!"

"Well, if it ain't the movers make a country, what does? If we don't settle Oregon, how long'll we hold it? The preachers went through to Oregon with horses. Like as not even the Applegates got their wagons across. Like enough they got through. I want to see the country before it gets too late for a good chance, Molly. First thing you know buffalo'll be getting scarce out West, too, like deer was getting scarcer on the Sangamon. We ought to give our children as good a chance as we had ourselves."

"As good a chance! Haven't they had as good a chance as we ever had? Didn't our land more'n thribble, from a dollar and a quarter? It may thribble again, time they're old as we are now."

"That's a long time to wait."

"It's a long time to live a lifetime, but everybody's got to live it."

She stood, looking at him.

"Look at all the good land right in here! Here we got walnut and hickory and oak—worlds of it. We got sassafras and pawpaw and hazel brush. We get all the hickory nuts and pecans we like any fall. The wild plums is better'n any in Kentucky; and as for grapes, they're big as your thumb, and thousands, on the river. Wait till you see the plum and grape jell I could make this fall!"

"Women—always thinking of putting up jell!"

"But we got every herb here we need—boneset and sassafras and Injun physic and bark for the fever. There ain't nothing you can name we ain't got right here or on the Sangamon, yet you talk of taking care of our children. Huh! We've moved five times since we was married. Now just as we got into a good country, where a woman could dry corn and put up jell, and where a man could raise some hogs, why, you wanted to move again—plumb out to Oregon! I tell you, Jesse Wingate, hogs is a blame sight better to tie to than buffalo! You talk like you had to settle Oregon!"

"Well, haven't I got to? Somehow it seems a man ain't making up his own mind when he moves West. Pap moved twice in Kentucky, once in Tennessee, and then over to Missouri, after you and me was married and moved up into Indiana, before we moved over into Illinois. He said to me—and I know it for the truth—he couldn't hardly tell who it was or what it was hitched up the team. But first thing he knew, there the old wagon stood, front of the house, cover all on, plow hanging on behind, tar bucket under the wagon, and dog and all. All he had to do, pap said, was just to climb up on the front seat and speak to the team. My maw she climb up on the seat with him. Then they moved—on West. You know, Molly. My maw, she climb up on the front seat ——"

His wife suddenly turned to him, the tears still in her eyes.

"Yes, and Jesse Wingate—and you know it—your wife's as good a woman as your maw! When the wagon was a-standing, cover on, and you on the front seat, I climb up by you, Jess, same as I always have and always will. Haven't I always? You know that. But it's harder on women, moving is. They care more for a house that's rain-tight in a storm."

"I know you did, Molly," said her husband soberly.

"I suppose I can pack my jells in a box and put in the wagon, anyways." She was drying her eyes.

"Why, yes, I reckon so. And then a few sacks of dried corn will go mighty well on the road."

"One thing"—she turned on him in wifely fury—"you shan't keep me from taking my bureau and my six chairs all the way across! No, nor my garden seeds, all I saved. No, nor yet my rose roots that I'm taking along. We got to have a home, Jess—we got to have a home! There's Jed and Molly coming on."

"Where's Molly now?" suddenly asked her husband. "She'd ought to be helping you right now."

"Oh, back at the camp, I s'pose—her and Jed too. I told her to pick a mess of dandelion greens and bring over. Larking around with them young fellows, like enough. Huh! She'll have less time. If Jed has to ride herd, Molly's got to take care of that team of big mules, and drive 'em all day in the light wagon too. I reckon if she does that, and teaches night school right along, she won't be feeling so gay."

"They tell me folks has got married going across," she added, "not to mention buried. One book we had said, up on the Platte, two years back, there was a wedding and a birth and a burying in one train, all inside of one hour, and all inside of one mile. That's Oregon!"

"Well, I reckon it's life, ain't it?" rejoined her husband. "One thing, I'm not keen to have Molly pay too much notice to that young fellow Banion—him they said was a leader of the Liberty wagons. Huh, he ain't leader now!"

"You like Sam Woodhull better for Molly, Jess?"

"Some ways. He falls in along with my ideas. He ain't so apt to make trouble on the road. He sided in with me right along at the last meeting."

"He done that? Well, his father was a sheriff once, and his uncle, Judge Henry D. Showalter, he got into Congress. Politics! But some folks said the Banions was the best family. Kentucky, they was. Well, comes to siding in, Jess, I reckon it's Molly herself'll count more in that than either o' them or either o' us. She's eighteen past. Another year and she'll be a old maid. If there's a wedding going across ——"

"There won't be," said her husband shortly. "If there is it won't be her and no William Banion, I'm saying that."

V

MEANTIME the younger persons referred to in the frank discussion of Wingate and his wife were occupying themselves in their own fashion their last day in camp. Molly, her basket full of dandelion leaves, was reluctant to leave the shade of the grove by the stream, and Jed had business with the team of great mules that Molly was to drive on the trail.

As for the Liberty train, its oval remained unbroken, the men and women sitting in the shade of the wagons. Their outfitting had been done so carefully that little now remained for attention on the last day, but the substantial men of the contingent seemed far from eager to be on their way.

Groups here and there spoke in monosyllables, sullenly. They wanted to join the great train, had voted to do so; but the cavalier deposing of their chosen man Banion—who before them all at the meeting had shown himself fit to lead—and the cool appointment of Woodhull in his place had on reflection seemed to them quite too high-handed a proposition. They said so now.

"Where's Woodhull now?" demanded the bearded man who had championed Banion. "I see Will out rounding up his cows, but Sam Woodhull ain't turned a hand to hooking up to pull in west o' town with the others."

"That's easy," smiled another. "Sam Woodhull is where he's always going to be—hanging around the Wingate girl. He's over at their camp now."

"Well, I dunno's I blame him so much for that, neither. And he kin stay there fer all o' me. Fer one, I won't foller no Woodhull, least o' all Sam Woodhull, soldier or no soldier. I'll pull out when I git ready, and to-morrow mornin' is soon enough fer me. We kin jine on then, if so's we like."

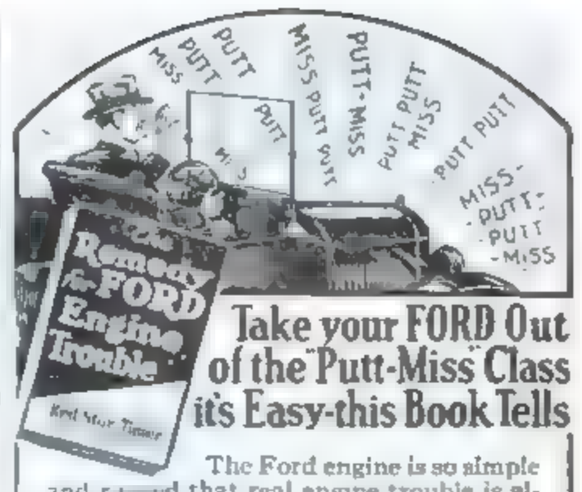
Someone turned on his elbow, nodded over shoulder. They heard hoof beats. Banion came up, fresh from his new work on the herd. He asked for Woodhull, and learning his whereabouts trotted across the intervening glade.

"That's shore a hoss he rides," said one man.

"An' a shore man a-ridin' of him," nodded another. "He may ride front o' the train an' not back o' hit, even yet."

Molly Wingate sat on the grass in the little grove, curling a chain of dandelion stems. Near by Sam Woodhull, in his best, lay on the sward regarding her avidly, a dull fire in his dark eyes. He was so enamored of the girl as to be almost unfit for aught else. For weeks he had kept close to her. Not that Molly seemed overmuch to notice or encourage him. Only, woman fashion, she ill liked to send away any attentive male. Just now she was uneasy. She guessed that if it were not for the presence of her brother Jed near by this man would declare himself unmistakably.

If the safety of numbers made her main concern, perhaps that was what made Molly Wingate's eye light up when she heard the hoofs of Will Banion's horse splashing in the little stream. She sprang to her feet, waving a hand gayly.



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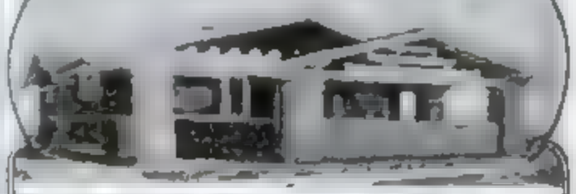

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"Oh, so there you are!" she exclaimed. "I was wondering if you'd be over before Jed and I left for the prairie. Father and mother have moved on out west of town. We're all ready for the jump-off. Are you?"

"Yes, to-morrow by sun," said Banion, swinging out of saddle and forgetting any errand he might have had. "Then it's on to Oregon!"

He nodded to Woodhull, who little more than noticed him. Molly advanced to where Banion's horse stood, nodding and pawing restively as was his wont. She stroked his nose, patted his sweat-soaked neck.

"What a pretty horse you have, major," she said. "What's his name?"

"I call him Pronto," smiled Banion. "That means sudden."

"He fits the name. May I ride him?"

"What? You ride him?"

"Yes, surely. I'd love to. I can ride anything. That funny saddle would do—see how big and high the horn is, good as the fork of a lady's saddle."

"Yes, but the stirrup!"

"I'd put my foot in between the flaps above the stirrup. Help me up, sir?"

"I'd rather not."

Molly pouted.

"Stingy!"

"But no woman ever rode that horse—not many men but me. I don't know what he'd do."

"Only one way to find out."

Jed, approaching, joined the conversation.

"I rid him," said he. "He's a goer all right, but he ain't mean."

"I don't know whether he would be bad or not with a lady," Banion still argued. "Those Spanish horses are always wild. They never do get over it. You've got to be a rider."

"You think I'm not a rider? I'll ride him now to show you! I'm not afraid of horses."

"That's right," broke in Sam Woodhull. "But, Miss Molly, I wouldn't tackle that horse if I was you. Take mine."

"But I will! I've not been horseback for a month. We've all got to ride or drive or walk a thousand miles. I can ride him, man saddle and all. Help me up, sir?"

Banion walked to the horse, which flung a head against him, rubbing a soft muzzle up and down.

"He seems gentle," said he. "I've pretty well topped him off this morning. If you're sure ——"

"Help me up, one of you."

It was Woodhull who sprang to her, caught her up under the arms and lifted her fully gracious weight to the saddle. Her left foot by fortune found the cleft in the stirrup fender, her right leg swung around the tall horn, hastily concealed by a clutch at her skirt even as she grasped the heavy knotted reins. It was then too late. She must ride.

Banion caught at a cheek strap as he saw Woodhull's act, and the horse was the safer for an instant. But in terror or anger at his unusual burden, with flapping skirt and no grip on his flanks, the animal reared and broke away from them all. An instant and he was plunging across the stream for the open glade, his head low.

He did not yet essay the short, stiff-legged action of the typical bucker, but made long, reaching, low-headed plunges, seeking his own freedom in that way, perhaps half in some equine wonder of his own. None the less the wrenching of the girl's back, the leverage on her flexed knee, unprotected, were unmistakable.

The horse reared again and yet again, high, striking out as she checked him. He was getting in a fury now, for his rider still was in place. Then with one savage sidewise shake of his head after another he plunged this way and that, rail-fencing it for the open prairie. It looked like a bolt, which with a horse of his spirit and stamina meant but one thing, no matter how long delayed.

It all happened in a flash. Banion caught at the rein too late, ran after—too slow, of course. The girl was silent, shaken, but still riding. No footman could aid her now.

With a leap, Banion was in the saddle of Woodhull's horse, which had been left at hand, its bridle down. He drove in the spurs and headed across the flat at the top speed of the fast and racy chestnut—no match, perhaps, for the black Spaniard, were the latter once extended, but favored now by the angle of the two.

Molly had not uttered a word or cry, either to her mount or in appeal for aid. In sooth she was too frightened to do so. But she heard the rush of hoofs and the high call of Banion's voice back of her:

"Ho, Pronto! Pronto! Vien' aqui!"

Something of a marvel it was, and showing companionship of man and horse on the trail; but suddenly the mad black ceased his plunging. Turning, he trotted whinnying as though for aid, obedient to his master's command, "Come here!" An instant and Banion had the cheek strap. Another and he was off, with Molly Wingate, in a white dead faint, in his arms.

By now others had seen the affair from their places in the wagon park. Men and women came hurrying. Banion laid the girl down, sought to raise her head, drove back the two horses, ran with his hat to the stream for water. By that time Woodhull had joined him, in advance of the people from the park.

"What do you mean, you damned fool, you, by riding my horse off without my consent!" he broke out. "If she ain't dead—that damned wild horse—you had the gall ——"

Will Banion's self-restraint at last was gone. He made one answer, voicing all his acquaintance with Sam Woodhull, all his opinion of him, all his future attitude in regard to him.

He dropped his hat to the ground, caught off one wet glove, and with a long back-handed sweep struck the cuff of it full and hard across Sam Woodhull's face.

VI

THERE were dragoon revolvers in the holsters at Woodhull's saddle. He made a rush for a weapon—indeed, the crack of the blow had been so sharp that the nearest men thought a shot had been fired—but swift as was his leap, it was not swift enough. The long, lean hand of the bearded Missourian gripped his wrist even as he caught at a pistol grip. He turned a livid face to gaze into a cold and small blue eye.

"No ye don't, Sam!" said the other, who was first of those who came up running.

Even as a lank woman stooped to raise the head of Molly Wingate the sinewy arm back of the hand whirled Woodhull around so that he faced Banion, who had not made a move.

"Will ain't got no weepon, an' ye know it," went on the same cool voice. "What ye mean—a murder, besides that?"

He nodded toward the girl. By now the crowd surged between the men, voices rose.

"He struck me!" broke out Woodhull. "Let me go! He struck me!"

"I know he did," said the intervener. "I heard it. I don't know why. But whether it was over the girl or not, we ain't goin' to see this other feller shot down till we know more about hit. Ye can meet ——" He turned an eye to Banion.

"Of course, any time."

Banion was drawing on his glove. The woman had lifted Molly, straightened her clothing.

"All blood!" said one. "That saddle horn! What made her ride that critter?"

The Spanish horse stood facing them now, ears forward, his eyes showing through his forelock not so much in anger as in curiosity. The men hustled the two antagonists apart.

"Listen, Sam," went on the tall Missourian, still with his grip on Woodhull's wrist. "We'll see ye both fair. Ye've got to fight now, in course—that's the law, an' I ain't learned it in the fur trade o' the Rockies fer nothin', ner have you people here in the settlements. But I'll tell ye one thing, Sam Woodhull, ef ye make one move afore we-uns tell ye how an' when to make hit, I'll drop ye, shore's my name's Bill Jackson. Ye got to wait, both on ye. We're startin' out, an' we kain't start out like a mob. Take yer time."

"Any time, any way," said Banion simply. "No man can abuse me."

"How'd you gentlemen prefer fer to fight?" inquired the man who had described himself as Bill Jackson, one of the fur brigaders of the Rocky Mountain Company; a man with a reputation of his own in Plains and mountain adventures of hunting, trading and scouting. "Hit's yore ch'ice o' weapons, I reckon, Will. I reckon he challenged you-all."

"I don't care. He'd have no chance on an even break with me, with any sort of weapon, and he knows that."

Jackson cast free his man and ruminated over a chew of plug.

"Hit's over a gal," said he at length, judicially. "Hit ain't usual; but seein' as a gal don't pick atween men because one's a quicker shot than another, but because he's maybe stronger, or something like that, why, how'd knuckle and skull suit you two roosters, best man win and us to see hit fair? Hit's one of ye fer the gal, like enough. But not right now. Wait till we're on the trail and clean o' the law. I heern there's a sheriff hangin' round yere some'rs."

"I'll fight him any way he likes, or any way you say," said Banion. "It's not my seeking. I only slapped him because he abused me for doing what he ought to have done. Yes, I rode his horse. If I hadn't that girl would have been killed. It's not his fault she wasn't. I didn't want her to ride that horse."

"I don't reckon hit's so much a matter about a hoss as hit is about a gal," remarked Bill Jackson sagely. "Ye'll hatter fight. Well then, seein' as hit's about a gal, knuckle an' skull, is that right?"

He cast a glance around this group of other fighting men of a border day.

They nodded gravely, but with glittering eyes.

"Well then, gentlemen"—and now he stood free of Woodhull—"ye both give word ye'll make no break till we tell ye? I'll say, two-three days out?"

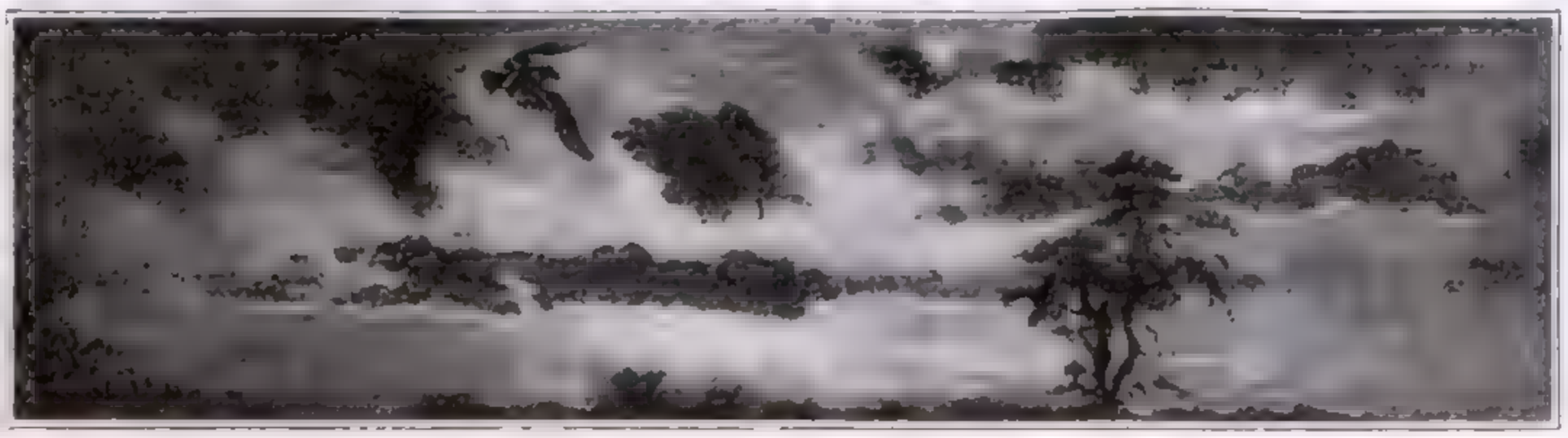
"Suits me," said Woodhull savagely. "I'll break his neck for him."

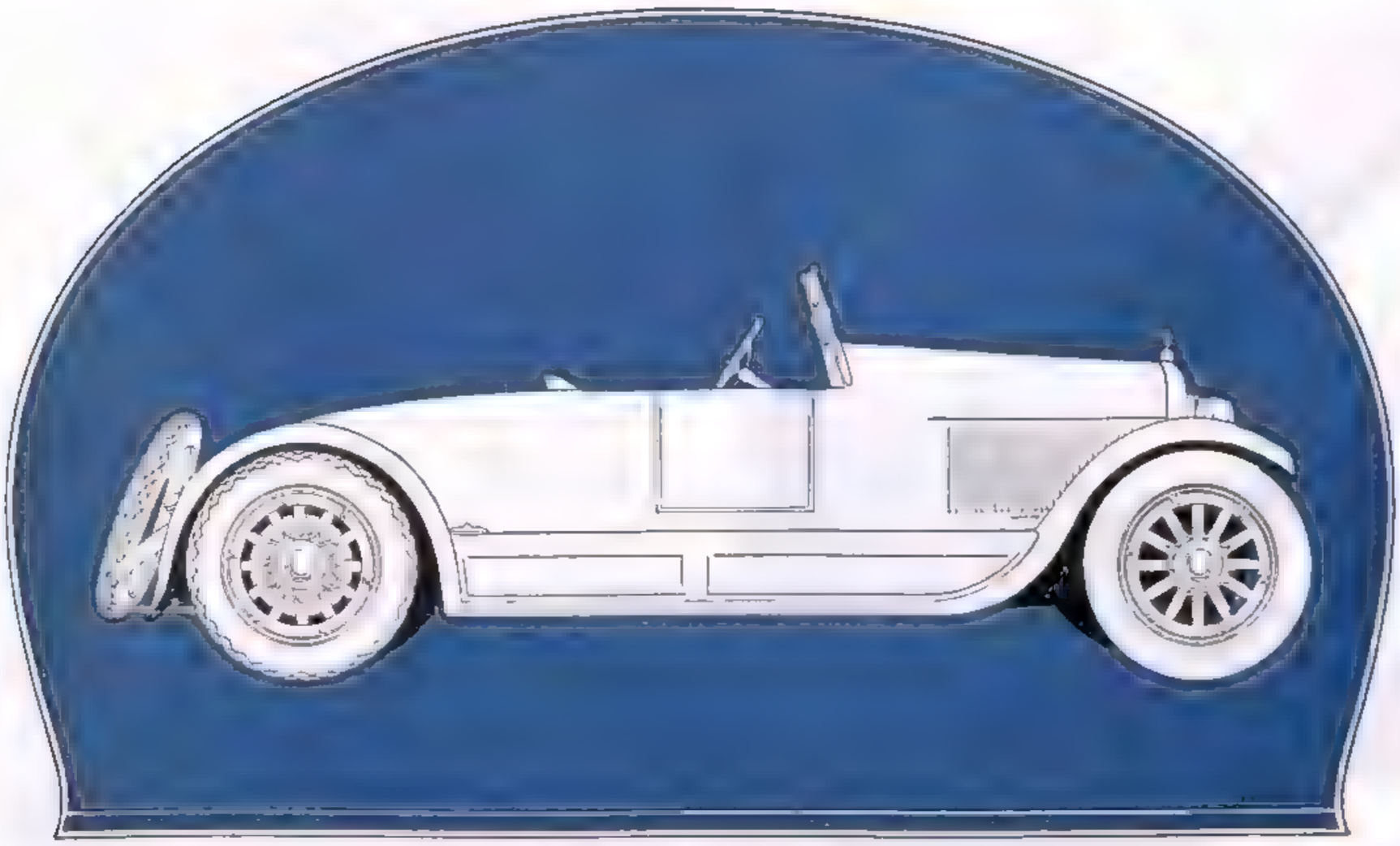
"Any time that suits the gentleman to break my neck will please me," said Will Banion indifferently. "Say when, friends. Just now I've got to look after my cows. It seems to me our wagon master might very well look after his wagons."

"That sounds!" commented Jackson. "That sounds! Sam, git on about yer business, er ye kain't travel in the Liberty train nohow! An' don't ye make no break, in the dark especial, fer we kin track ye anywheres. Ye'll fight fair fer once—an' ye'll fight!"

By now the group massed about these scenes had begun to relax, to spread. Women had Molly in hand as her eyes opened. Jed came up at a run with the mule team and the light wagon from the grove, and they got the girl into the seat

(Continued on Page 70)





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(Continued from Page 68)

with him, neither of them fully cognizant of what had gone on in the group of tight-mouthed men who now broke apart and sauntered silently back, each to his own wagon.

VII

WITH the first thin line of pink the coyotes hanging on the flanks of the great encampment raised their immemorial salutation to the dawn. Their clamorings were stilled by a new and sterner voice the notes of the bugle summoning sleepers of the last night to the duties of the first day. Down the line from watch to watch passed the plains command, "Catch up! Catch up!" It was morning of the jump-off.

Little fires began at the wagon messes or family bivouacs. Men, boys, barefooted girls went out into the dew-wet grass to round up the transport stock. A vast confusion, a medley of unskilled endeavor marked the hour. But after an hour's wait, adjusted to the situation, the next order passed down the line: "Roll out! Roll out!"

And now the march to Oregon was at last begun! The first dust cut by an ox hoof was set in motion by the whip crack of a barefooted boy in jeans who had no dream that he one day would rank high in the councils of his state, at the edge of an ocean which no prairie boy ever had envisioned.

The compass finger of the trail, leading out from the timber groves, pointed into a sea of green along the valley of the Kaw. The grass, not yet tall enough fully to ripple as it would a half month later, stood waving over the black-burned ground which the semicivilized Indians had left the fall before. Flowers dotted it, sometimes white like bits of old ivory on the vast rug of spindrift—the pink verbena, the wild indigo, the larkspur and the wild geranium—all woven into a wondrous spangled carpet. At times also appeared the shy buds of the sweet wild rose, loveliest flower of the prairie. Tall rosinweeds began to thrust up rankly, banks of sunflowers prepared to fling their yellow banners miles wide. The opulent, inviting land lay in a ceaseless succession of easy undulations, stretching away illimitably to far horizons, "in such exchanging pictures of grace and charm as raised the admiration of even these simple folk to a pitch bordering upon exaltation."

Here lay the West, barbaric, abounding, beautiful. Surely it could mean no harm to any man.

The men lacked experience in column travel, the animals were unruly. The train formation—clumsily trying to conform to the orders of Wingate to travel in four parallel columns—soon lost order. At times the wagons halted to re-form. The leaders galloped back and forth, exhorting, adjuring and restoring little by little a certain system. But they dealt with independent men. On ahead the landscape seemed so wholly free of danger that to most of these the road to the Far West offered no more than a pleasure jaunt. Wingate and his immediate aids were well worn when at midafternoon they halted, fifteen miles out from Westport.

"What in hell you pulling up so soon for?" demanded Sam Woodhull surlily, riding up from his own column, far at the rear, and accosting the train leader. "We can go five miles further, anyhow, and maybe ten. We'll never get across this way."

"This is the very way we will get across," rejoined Wingate. "While I'm captain I'll say when to start and stop. But I've been counting on you, Woodhull, to throw in with me and help get things shook down."

"Well, it looks to me you're purty brash as usual," commented another voice. Bill Jackson came and stood at the captain's side. He had not been far from Woodhull all day long. "Ye're a nacherl damned fool, Sam Woodhull," said he. "Who 'lected ye fer train captain, and when was it did? If ye don't like the way this train's run go on ahead and make a train o' yer own, ef that's way ye feel. Pull on out to-night. What ye say, cap?"

"I can't really keep any man from going back or going ahead," replied Wingate. "But I've been counting on Woodhull to hold those Liberty wagons together. Any plainsman knows that a little party takes big risks."

"Since when did you come a plainsman?" scoffed the malcontent, for once forgetting his policy of favor-currying with Wingate in his own surly discontent. He had not been able to speak to Molly all day.

"Well, if he ain't a plainsman yet he will be, and I'm one right now, Sam Woodhull." Jackson stood squarely in front of his superior. "I say he's talking sense to a man that ain't got no sense. I was with Doniphan too. We found ways, huh?"

His straight gaze outfronted the other, who turned and rode back. But that very night eight men, covertly instigated or encouraged by Woodhull, their leader, came to the headquarters fire with a joint complaint. They demanded places at the head of the column, else would mutiny and go on ahead together. They said good mule teams ought not to take the dust of oxen.

"What do you say, men?" asked the train captain of his aids helplessly. "I'm in favor of letting them go front."

The others nodded silently, looking at one another significantly. Already cliques and factions were beginning.

Woodhull, however, had too much at stake to risk any open friction with the captain of the train. His own seat at the officers' fire was dear to him, for it brought him close to the Wingate wagons, and in sight—if nothing else—of Molly Wingate. That young lady did not speak to him all day, but drew close the tilt of her own wagon early after the evening meal and denied herself to all.

As for Banion, he was miles back, in camp with his own wagons, which Woodhull had abandoned, and on duty that night with the cattle guard—a herdsman and not a leader of men now. He himself was moody enough when he tied his cape behind his saddle and rode his black horse out into the shadows. He had no knowledge of the fact that the old mountain man, Jackson, wrapped in his blanket, that night instituted a solitary watch all his own.

The hundreds of camp fires of the scattered train, stretched out over five miles of grove and glade at the end of the first undisciplined day, lowered, glowed and faded. They were one day out to Oregon, and weary withal. Soon the individual encampments were silent save for the champ or cough of tethered animals, or the whining howl of coyotes, prowling in. At the Missouri encampment, last of the train, and that heading the great cattle drove, the hardy frontier settlers, as was their wont, soon followed the sun to rest.

The night wore, incredibly slow to the novice watch for the first time now drafted under the prairie law. The sky was faint pink and the shadows lighter when suddenly the dark was streaked by a flash of fire and the silence broken by the crack of a border rifle. Then again and again came the heavier bark of a dragoon revolver, of the sort just then becoming known along the Western marches.

The camp went into confusion. Will Banion, just riding in to take his own belated turn in his blankets, almost ran over the tall form of Bill Jackson, rifle in hand.

"What was it, man?" demanded Banion. "You shooting at a mule?"

"No, a man," whispered the other. "He ran this way. Reckon I must have missed. It's hard to draw down inter a hindsight in the dark, and I jest chanced it with the pistol. He was runnin' hard."

"Who was he—some thief?"

"Like enough. He was crawlin' up towards yore wagon. I halted him an' he run."

"You don't know who he was?"

"No. I'll see his tracks, come day. Go on to bed. I'll set out a whiles, boy."

When dawn came, before he had broken his long vigil, Jackson was bending over footmarks in the moister portions of the soil.

"Tall man, young and tracked clean," he muttered to himself. "Fancy boots, with rather little heels. Shame I done missed him!"

But he said nothing to Banion or anyone else. It was the twentieth time Bill Jackson, one of Sublette's men and a nephew of one of his partners, had crossed the Plains, and the lone hand pleased him best. He instituted his own government for the most part, and had thrown in with this train because that best suited his book, since the old pack trains of the fur trade were now no more. For himself, he planned settlement in Eastern Oregon, a country he once had glimpsed in long-gone beaver days, a dozen years ago. The Eastern settlements had held him long enough, the army life had been too dull, even with Doniphan.

"I must be gittin' old," he muttered to himself as he turned to a breakfast fire. "Missed—at seventy yard!"

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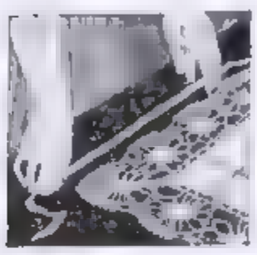

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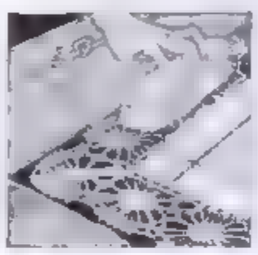

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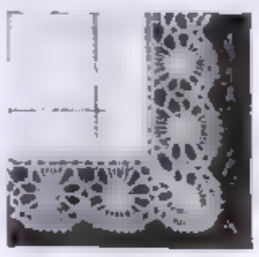

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Curtains, soiled with the soot of winter, need not be a source of concern this spring, even for a moment. Through a new, saving service that now has been perfected, you can have them washed gently, dried precisely to measure, and daintily dressed up again without so much as a hook mark or pin hole to mar them.

Voile, Nottingham, Brussels, Irish Point, Marquisette, Marie Antoinette Appliqué, Brocaded Damask, Pongee—all respond smilingly to this better method and come back to you soft, filmy, and attractive as when first you put them up.

To make you acquainted with this service, laundryowners and dry cleaners everywhere invite you to send them your curtains the month of April 1 to 30 for a special demonstration. Watch your local newspapers for the introductory announcements.

A remarkably improved machine, called the "American" Curtain Dryer, which laundries and dry cleaning plants are installing, inspires this invitation.

Unlike the ordinary dryer, this new machine makes possible the handling of curtains without the use of a single hook or pin and their return exactly their original size, the corners square, every scallop in place, smooth, dainty, the edging intact, ready to hang.

Once you have had your curtains cleaned and finished this new way, you will prefer it always. It is the kind of service that conforms to a woman's ideals of what a curtain service should be.

You can now have curtains brightened up any time, but laundryowners and dry cleaners are making special preparations to serve you the month of April 1 to 30. Watch your local newspapers; watch the wagons and windows for the introductory offers.

April 1 to 30 is the time. Have your curtains ready.

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Have a special

DEMONSTRATION

April 1st to 30th

Old Dutch Enamel
for woodwork.
It beats the Dutch
for whiteness.

Try MAR-NOT Varnish on your stairs

That is where the heavy traffic comes. That is where a true floor varnish endures and where ordinary varnishes fade away. Mar-Not will take this grilling without injury. It is tough, elastic, durable and quick drying. It is made for floors, and is better for floors because in making it no concessions have been made to take care of other uses. For every walked-on varnished surface, use Mar-Not.

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PRODUCTS
COVER THE EARTH
PAINTS AND VARNISHES
CHEMICALS, INSECTICIDES DYES, COAL TAR PRODUCTS

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 28)

Here she overcame his last reluctance and induced him to enter. She followed and drove rapidly off.

It was only now that Baird let him into the very heart of the drama.

"You see," he told Merton, "you've watched these city folks; you've wanted city life for yourself, so in a moment of weakness you've gone up to town with this girl to have a look at the place, and it sort of took hold of you. In fact you hit up quite a pace for a while; but at last you go stale on it ——"

"The blight of Broadway," suggested Merton, wondering if there could be a cabaret scene.

"Exactly," said Baird. "And you get to thinking of the poor old mother and little sister back here at home, working away to pay off the mortgage, and you decide to return. You get back on a stormy night; lots of snow and wind; you're pretty weak. We'll show you sort of fainting as you reach the door. You have no overcoat or hat, and your city suit is practically ruined. You got a great chance for some good acting here, especially after you get inside to face the folks. It'll be the strongest thing you've done so far."

It was indeed an opportunity for strong acting. He could see that. He stayed late with Baird and his staff one night and the prodigal's return to the door of the little home was shot in a blinding snowstorm. Baird warmly congratulated the mechanics who contrived the storm, and was highly enthusiastic over the acting of the hero. Through the wintry blast he staggered, half falling, to reach the door, where he collapsed. The light caught the agony on his pale face. He lay a moment, half fainting, then reached up a feeble hand to the knob of the door.

It was one of the annoyances incident to screen art that he could not go on in at that moment to finish his great scene. But this must be done back on the lot, and the scene could not be secured until the next day.

Once more he became the pitiful victim of a great city, crawling back to the home shelter on a wintry night. It was Christmas Eve, he now learned. He pushed open the door of the little home and staggered in to fall at the feet of his old mother. The sister ran to support him to the sofa. He was weak, emaciated, his face an agony of repentance, as he mutely pleaded forgiveness for his flight.

His old mother had risen, had seemed about to embrace him, but then had drawn herself sternly up and pointed commandingly to the door. The prodigal, anguished anew at this repulse, fell weakly back upon the couch with a cry of despair. The little sister placed a pillow under his head and ran to plead with the mother. A long time the old lady remained obdurate, but at last relented. Then she, too, came to fall upon her knees before the wreck who had returned to her.

Not many rehearsals were required for this scene, difficult though it was. Merton Gill had seized his opportunity. His study of agony expressions in the film course was here rewarded. The scene closed with the departure of the little sister. Resolutely showing the light of some fierce determination, she put on hat and wraps, spoke words of promise to the stricken mother and son and darted out into the night. The snow whirled in as she opened the door.

"Good work!" said Baird to Merton. "If you don't hear from that little bit then you can call me a Swede!"

Some later scenes were shot in the same little home, which seemed to bring the drama to a close. While the returned prodigal still lay on the couch, nursed by the forgiving mother, the sister returned in company with the New York society girl, who seemed aghast at the wreck of him she had once wooed. Slowly she approached the couch of the sufferer, tenderly she reached down to infold him. In some manner which Merton could not divine, the lovers had been reunited.

The New York girl was followed by her father—it would seem they had both come from the hotel—and the father, after giving an order for more of mother's grape juice, examined the son's patents. Two of them he exclaimed over with delight, and at once paid the boy a huge roll of bills for a tenth interest in them.

Now came the grasping man who held the mortgage and who had counted upon driving the family into the streets this stormy Christmas Eve. He was overwhelmed with confusion when his money was paid from an ample hoard, and slunk shamefaced out into the night. It could be seen that Christmas Day would dawn bright and happy for the little group.

To Merton's eye there was but one discord in this finale. He had known that the cross-eyed man was playing the part of hotel clerk at the neighboring resort, but he had watched few scenes in which the poor fellow acted; and he surely had not known that this man was the little sister's future husband. It was with real dismay that he averted his gaze from the embrace that occurred between these two as the clerk entered the now happy home.

One other detail had puzzled him. This was the bundle to which he had clung as he blindly plunged through the storm. He had still clung fiercely to it after entering the little room, clasping it to his breast even as he sank at his mother's feet in physical exhaustion and mental anguish to implore her forgiveness. Later the bundle was placed beside him as he lay, pale and wan, on the couch. He supposed this bundle to contain one of his patents; a question to Baird proved him to be correct.

"Sure," said Baird, "that's one of your patents!"

Yet he still wished the little sister had not been made to marry the cross-eyed hotel clerk.

And another detail lingered in his memory to bother him. The actress playing his mother was wont to smoke cigarettes when not engaged in acting. He had long known of it. But he now seemed to recall, in the touching last scene of reconciliation, that she had smoked one while the camera actually turned. He hoped this was not so. It would mean a retake, and Baird would be justly annoyed by the old mother's carelessness.

XVI

Of Sarah Nevada Montague

THEY were six long weeks doing the new piece. The weeks seemed long to Merton Gill because there were so many hours, even days, of enforced idleness. To pass an entire day, his face stiff with the make-up, without once confronting a camera in action seemed to him a waste of his own time and a waste of Baird's money. Yet this appeared to be one of the unavoidable penalties incurred by those who engaged in the art of the photo drama. Time was needed to create that world of painted shadows, so swift, so nicely consecutive when revealed, but so incoherent, so brokenly inconsequent, so meaningless in the recording.

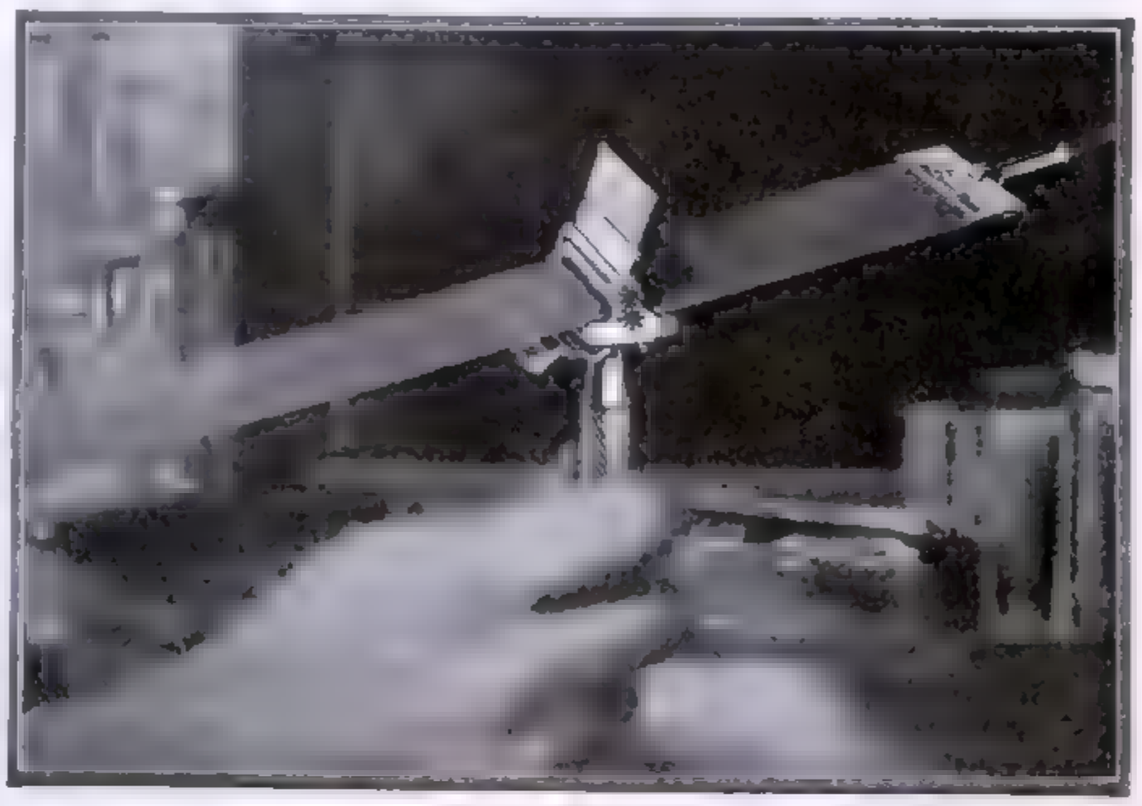
How little an audience could suspect the vexatious delays ensuing between, say, a knock at a door and the admission of a visitor to a neat little home where a fond old mother was trying to pay off a mortgage with the help of her little ones. How could an audience divine that a wait of two hours had been caused because a polished city villain had forgotten his spats? Or that other long waits had been caused by other forgotten trifles, while an expensive company of artists lounged about in bored apathy, or smoked, gossiped, bantered?

Yet no one ever seemed to express concern about these waits. Rarely were their causes known, except by some frenzied assistant director, and he, after a little, would cease to be frenzied and fall to loafing with the others. Merton Gill's education in his chosen art was progressing. He came to loaf with the unconcern, the vacuous boredom, the practiced nonchalance of more seasoned artists.

Sometimes when exteriors were being taken the sky would overcloud and the sun be denied them for a day. The Montague girl would then ask Merton how he liked Sunny Cafeteria. Knowing this to be a jesting term that would stand for Sunny California, he never failed to laugh.

The girl kept rather closely by him during these periods of waiting. She seemed to show little interest in other members of the company, and her association with them, Merton noted, was marked by a certain restraint. With them she seemed no longer to be the girl of free ways and speech. She might occasionally join a group of the men who indulged in athletic sports on the grass before the little farmhouse—for the actors of Mr. Baird's company would all betray acrobatic tendencies

THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES



A razor edge that "comes back" every morning in the week

DID you ever wish the edge of your razor blade could stage a "comeback"—and do it every morning in the week? You know how it is—the second shave with a blade begins to pull and scrape—the third and fourth are still worse. Yet it's too much bother to put in a new blade for every shave.

Here's a safety razor that sharpens its own blades on a straight leather strop. A smooth-as-silk shave, not once in a while, but *every morning*. And for a fraction of what you're now spending on blades month after month!

Ten seconds a morning is all you need. A few strokes on the strop—and the edge is keen as new. Quick, easy, convenient! The Valet AutoStrop Razor strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.

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Falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down
My fairest lady"

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in their idle moments—and he watched one day while the simple little country sister turned a series of handsprings and cart wheels that evoked sincere applause from the four New York villains who had been thus solacing their ennui.

But oftener she would sit with Merton on the back seat of one of the waiting automobiles. She not only kept herself rather aloof from other members of the company but she curiously seemed to bring it about that Merton himself should have little contact with them. Especially did she seem to hover between him and the company's feminine members. Among those impersonating guests at the hotel were several young women of rare beauty with whom he would have been not unwilling to fraternize in that easy comradeship which seemed to mark studio life. These were far more alluring than the New York society girl who wooed him and who had secured the part solely through Baird's sympathy for her family misfortunes.

They were richly arrayed and charmingly mannered in the scenes he watched, and moreover they not too subtly betrayed a pleasant consciousness of his existence. But the Montague girl noticeably monopolized him when a better acquaintance with the beauties might have come about. She rather brazenly seemed to be guarding him. She was always there.

This very apparent solicitude of hers left him feeling pleasantly important, despite the social contacts it deprived him of. He wondered if the Montague girl could be jealous, and cautiously one day, as they lolled in the motor car, he sounded her.

"Those girls in the hotel scenes—I suppose they're all nice girls of good family," he casually observed.

"Huh?" demanded Miss Montague, engaged with a pencil at the moment in editing her left eyebrow. "Oh, that bunch? Sure, they all come from good old Southern families—Virginia and Indiana and those places." She tightened her lips before the little mirror she held and renewed their scarlet. Then she spoke more seriously. "Sure, kid, those girls are all right enough. They work like dogs and do the best they can when they ain't got jobs. I'm strong for 'em. But then I'm a wise old trouper. I understand things. You don't. You're the real country wild rose of this piece. It's a good thing you got me to ride herd on you. You're too innocent to be turned loose on a comedy lot.

"Listen, boy"—she turned a sober face to him—"the straight lots are pretty fairly decent, but get this: A comedy lot is the toughest place this side of the bad one—any comedy lot."

"But this isn't a comedy lot. Mr. Baird isn't doing comedies any more, and these people all seem to be nice people. Of course some of the ladies smoke cigarettes ——"

The girl had averted her face briefly, but now turned to him again.

"Of course that's so; Jeff is trying for the better things; but he's still using lots of his old people. They're all right for me, but not for you. You wouldn't last long if mother here didn't look out for you. I'm playing your dear little sister, but I'm playing your mother too. If it hadn't been for me this bunch would have taught you a lot of things you'd better learn some other way. Just for one thing, long before this you'd probably been hopping up your reindeers and driving around in a Chinese sleigh."

He tried to make something of this, but found the words meaningless. They merely suggested to him a snowy winter scene of Santa Claus and his innocent equipage. But he would intimate that he understood.

"Oh, I guess not," he said knowingly.

The girl appeared not to have heard this bit of pretense.

"On a comedy lot," she said, again becoming the oracle, "you can do murder if you wipe up the blood. Remember that."

He did not again refer even vaguely to the beautiful young women who came from fine old Southern homes. The Montague girl was too emphatic about them.

At other times during the long waits, perhaps while they ate lunch brought from the cafeteria, she would tell him of herself. His old troubling visions of his wonder woman, of Beulah Baxter the daring, had well-nigh faded; but now and then they would recur as if from long habit, and he would question the girl about her life as a double.

"Yeah, I could see that Baxter business was a blow to you, kid. You'd kind of worshiped her, hadn't you?"

"Well, I—yes, in a sort of way."

"Of course you did; it was very nice of you." She reached over to pat his hand. "Mother understands just how you felt, watching the films back there in Gooseberry." He had quit trying to correct her as to Gashwiler and Simsbury. She had hit upon Gooseberry as a working composite of both names, and he had wearily come to accept it. "And I know just how you felt"—again she patted his hand—"that night when you found me doing her stuff."

"It did kind of upset me."

"Sure it would! But you ought to have known that all these people use doubles when they can—men and women both. It not only saves 'em work but even where they could do the stuff if they had to—and that ain't so often—it saves 'em some broken bones and holding up a big production two or three months. Fine business that would be! So when you see a woman, or a man either, that looks like they're doing something that someone else could do, you can bet someone else is doing it. What would you expect? Would you expect a high-priced star to go out and break his leg?

"And at that most of the doubles are men, even for the women stars, like Kitty Carson always carries one who used to be a circus acrobat. She couldn't hardly do one of the things you see her doing, but when old Dan gets on her blond transformation and a few of her clothes he's her to the life in a long shot, or even in mediums, if he keeps his map covered.

"Yeah, most of the doublers have to be men. I'll hand that to myself. I'm about the only girl that's been doing it, and that's out with me hereafter, I guess, the way I seem to be making good with Jeff. Maybe after this I won't have to do stunts, except of course some riding stuff, prob'ly, or a row of flips or something light. Anything heavy comes up—me for a double of my own." She glanced sidewise at her listener. "Then you won't like me any more, hey, kid, after you find out I'm using a double?"

He had listened attentively, absorbed in her talk, and seemed startled by this unforeseen finish. He turned anxious eyes on her. It occurred to him for the first time that he did not wish the Montague girl to do dangerous things any more.

"Say," he said quickly, amazed at his own discovery, "I wish you'd quit doing all those—stunts, do you call 'em?"

"Why?" she demanded.

There were those puzzling lights back in her eyes as he met them. He was confused.

"Well, you might get hurt."

"Oh!"

"You might get killed sometime, and it wouldn't make the least difference to me—your using a double. I'd like you just the same."

"I see; it wouldn't be the way it was with Baxter when you found it out."

"No; you—you're different. I don't want you to get killed," he added rather blankly. He was still amazed at this discovery.

"All right, kid, I won't," she replied soothingly.

"I'll like you just as much," he again assured her, "no matter how many doubles you have."

"Well, you'll be having doubles yourself sooner or later—and I'll like you too."

She reached over to his hand, but this time she held it. He returned her strong clasp. He had not liked to think of her being mangled perhaps by a fall into a quarry when the cable gave way—and the camera men would probably keep on turning!

"I've always been funny about men," she presently spoke again, still gripping his hand. "Lord knows I've seen enough of all kinds, bad and good, but I've always been kind of afraid even of the good ones. Anyone might not think it, but I guess I'm just natural-born shy—man shy, anyway."

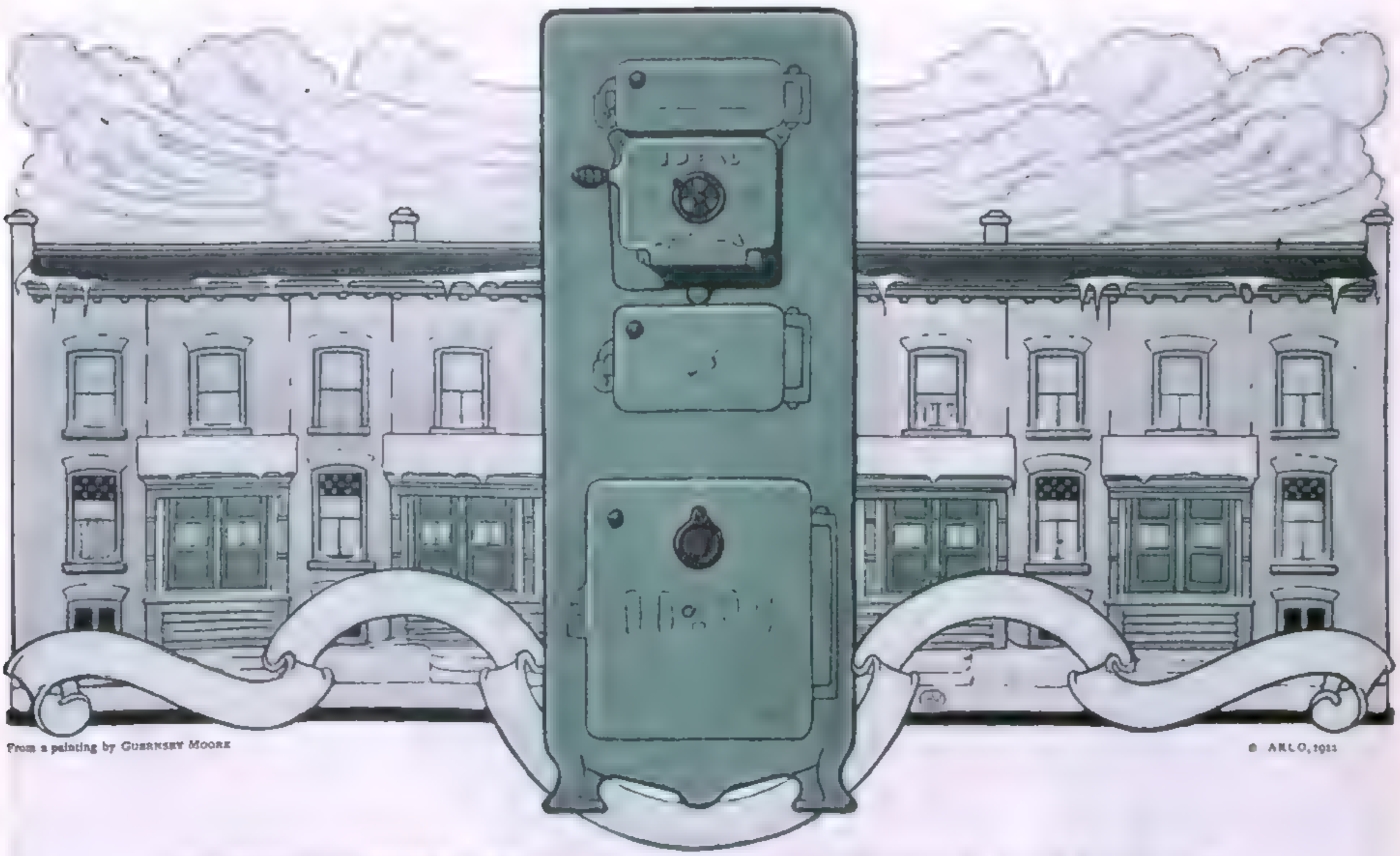
He glowed with a confession of his own.

"You know, I'm that way too—girl shy. I felt awful awkward when I had to kiss you in the other piece. I never did really ——"

He floundered a moment, but was presently blurting out the meager details of that early amour with Edwina May Pulver. He stopped his recital in a sudden panic fear that the girl would make fun of him. He was immensely relieved when she merely renewed the strength of the handclasp.

"I know. That's the way with me. Of course I can put over the acting stuff, even vamping, but I'm afraid of men off stage. Say, would you believe it, I ain't ever had but one beau! That was Bert Stacy. Poor old Bert! He was lots older than me; about

(Continued on Page 77)



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(Continued from Page 74)

thirty, I guess. He was white all through. You always kind of remind me of him. Sort of a feckless dub he was, too; kind of honest and awkward—you know. He was the one got me doing stunts. He wasn't afraid of anything. Didn't know it was even in the dictionary. That old scout would go out night or day and break everything but his contract. I was twelve when I first knew him, and he had me doing twisters in no time. I caught onto the other stuff pretty good. I wasn't afraid, either, I'll say that for myself. First I was afraid to show him I was afraid, but pretty soon I wasn't afraid at all.

"We pulled off a lot of stuff for different people. And of course I got to be a big girl, and three years ago, when I was eighteen, Bert wanted us to be married, and I thought I might as well. He was the only one I hadn't been afraid of. So we got engaged. I was still kind of afraid to marry anyone, but being engaged was all right. I know we'd got along together, too, but then he got his with a motorcycle.

"Kind of funny. He'd do anything on that machine. He'd jump clean over an auto, and he'd leap a thirty-foot ditch and he was all set to pull a new one for Jeff Baird when it happened. Jeff was going to have him ride his motorcycle through a plate-glass window. The set was built and everything ready, and then the merry old sun don't shine for three days. Every morning Bert would go over to the lot and wait around in the fog. And this third day, when it got too late in the afternoon to shoot, even if the sun did show, he says to me, 'C'mon, hop up and let's take a ride down to the beach.' So I hop to the back seat and off we start, and on a ninety-foot paved boulevard what does Bert do but get in a jam? It was an ice wagon that finally bumped us over. I was only shook up and scraped here and there. But Bert was finished. That's the funny part. He'd get it on this boulevard, but back on the lot he'd have rode through that plate-glass window without a scratch. And just because the sun didn't shine that day I wasn't engaged any more. Bert was kind of like some old sea captain that comes back to shore after risking his life on the ocean in all kinds of storms and falls into a duck pond and gets drowned."

She sat a long time, staring out over the landscape, still holding his hand. Inside the fence before the farmhouse three of the New York villains were again engaged in athletic sports, but she seemed oblivious of these. At last she turned to him again with an illumining smile.

"But I was dead in love once before; that's how I know what you felt about Baxter. He was the preacher where we used to go to church. He was a good one. Pa copied a lot of his stuff that he uses to this day if he happens to get a preacher part. He was the loveliest thing. Not so young, but dark, with wonderful eyes and black hair, and his voice would go all through you. I had an awful case on him. I was twelve, and all week I used to think how I'd see him the next Sunday. Say, when I'd get there and he'd be working—doing pulpit stuff—he'd have me in kind of a trance.

"Sometimes after the pulpit scene he'd come down right into the audience and shake hands with people. I'd almost keel over if he'd notice me. I'd be afraid he would and afraid he wouldn't. If he said 'And how is the little lady this morning?' I wouldn't have a speck of voice to answer him. I'd just tremble all over. I used to dream I'd got a job workin' for him as extra, blacking his shoes or fetching his breakfast and things.

"It was the real thing all right. I used to try to pray the way he did—asking the Lord to let me do a character bit or something with him. He had me going all right. And you must 'a' been just that way about Baxter. Sure you were! When you found she was married and used a double and everything, it was like I'd found this preacher shooting hop or using a double in his pulpit stuff, or something."

She was still again, looking back upon this tremendous episode.

"Yes, that's about the way I felt," he told her.

Already his affair with Mrs. Rosenblatt seemed a thing of his childhood. He was wondering, rather, if the preacher could have been the perfect creature the girl was now picturing him. It would not have displeased him to learn that this refulgent being had actually used a double in his big scenes, or had been guilty of mere human behavior at odd moments. Probably, after all, he had been just a preacher.

"Uncle Sylvester used to want me to be a preacher," he said with apparent irrelevance, "even if he was his own worst enemy." He added presently, as the girl remained silent, "I always say my prayers at night."

He felt vaguely that this might raise him to the place of the other who had been adored. He was now wishing to be thought well of by this girl. She was aroused from her musing by his confession.

"You do? Now isn't that just like you! I'd have bet you did that. Well, keep on, son. It's good stuff, I guess."

Her serious mood seemed to have passed. She was presently exchanging tart repartee with the New York villains, who had perched in a row on the fence to be funny about that long continued holding of hands in the motor car. She was quite unembarrassed, however, as she dropped the hand with a final pat and vaulted to the ground over the side of the car.

"Get busy, there!" she ordered. "Where's your understander? Where's your top mounter?" She had become a circus ringmaster. "Three up and a roll for yours!" she commanded.

The three villains aligned themselves on the lawn. One climbed to the shoulders of the other and a third found footing on the second. They balanced there, presently to lean forward from the summit. The girl played upon an imaginary snare drum with a guttural, throaty imitation of its roll, culminating in the boom of a bass drum as the tower toppled to earth. Its units, completing their turn with somersaults, again stood in line, bowing and smirking their acknowledgments for imagined applause.

The girl, a moment later, was turning handsprings. Merton had never known that actors were so versatile. It was an astounding profession, he thought, remembering his own registration card that he had filled out at the Holden office. His age, height, weight, hair, eyes, and his chest and waist measures; these had been specified, and then he had been obliged to write the short "No" after ride, drive, swim, dance—to write "No" after "Ride?" even in the artistically photographed presence of Buck Benson on horseback!

Yet in spite of these disabilities he was now a successful actor at an enormous salary. Baird was already saying that he would soon have a contract for him to sign at a still larger figure. Seemingly it was a profession in which you could rise even if you were not able to turn handsprings, or were more or less terrified by horses and deep water and dance music.

And the Montague girl, who he now fervently hoped would not be killed while doubling for Mrs. Rosenblatt, was a puzzling creature. He thought his hand must still be warm from her infolding of it, even when work was resumed and he saw her, with sunbonnet pushed back, stand at the gate of the little farmhouse and behave in an utterly brazen manner toward one of the New York clubmen. She who had just confided to him that she was afraid of men was now practically daring an undoubted scoundrel to lure her up to the great city and make a lady of her. And she had been afraid of all but a clergyman and a stunt actor! He wondered interestedly if she were afraid of Merton Gill. She had seemed not to be.

On another day of long waits they ate their lunch from the cafeteria box on the steps of the little home and discussed stage names.

"I guess we better can that Clifford Armytage stuff," she told him as she seriously munched a sandwich. "We don't need it. That's out. Merton Gill is a lot better name." She had used "we" quite as if it were a community name.

"Well, if you think so ——" he began regretfully, for Clifford Armytage had seemed so superior to the indistinction of Merton Gill. Still, the girl was wise in her trade.

"Sure, it's a lot better," she went on. "That Clifford Armytage—say, it reminds me of just another such feckless dub as you are that acted with us one time when we all trouped in a rep show, playing East Lynne and such things. He was just as wise as you are, and when he joined out at Kansas City they gave him a whole book of the piece instead of just his sides. He was a quick study, at that, only he learned everybody's part as well as his own, and

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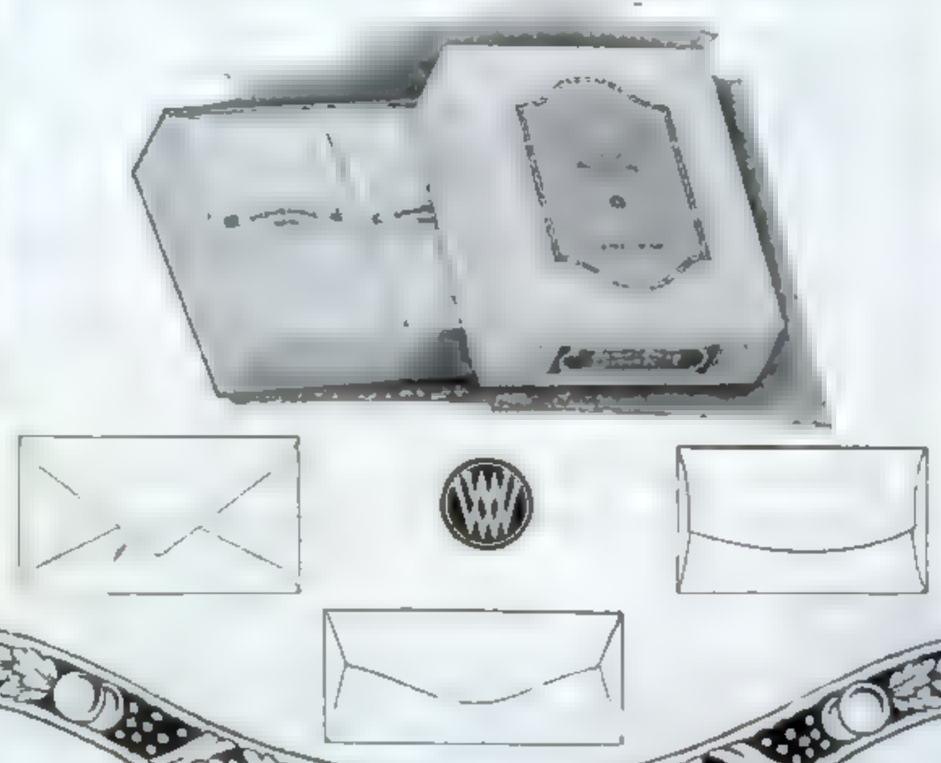

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that slowed him. They put him on in Waco, and the manager was laid up, so they told him that after the third act he was to go out and announce the bill for the next night, and he learned that speech too.

"He got on fine till the big scene in the third act. Then he went blooey because that was as far as he'd learned, so he just left the scene cold and walked down to the foots and bowed and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, we thank you for your attendance here this evening, and to-morrow night we shall have the honor of presenting Lady Audley's Secret.'

"With that he gave a cold look to the actors back of him that were gasping like fish, and walked off. And he was like you in another way, because his real name was Eddie Duffy, and the lovely stage name he'd picked out was Clyde Maltravers."

"Well, Clifford Armytage is out then," Merton announced, feeling that he had now buried a part of his dead self in a grave where Beulah Baxter the wonder woman already lay interred. Still he was conscious of a certain relief. The stage name had been bothersome.

"It ain't as if you had a name like mine," the girl went on. "I simply had to have help."

He wondered what her own name was. He had never heard her called anything but the absurd and undignified Flips. She caught the question he had looked.

"Well, my honest-to-God name is Sarah Nevada Montague: Sarah for ma and Nevada for Reno, where ma had to stop off for me—she was out of the company two weeks—and if you ever tell a soul I'll have the law on you. That was a fine way to abuse a helpless baby, wasn't it?"

"But Sarah is all right. I like Sarah."

"Do you, kid?" She patted his hand. "All right then, but it's only for your personal use."

"Of course the Nevada"—he hesitated—"it does sound kind of like a geography lesson or something. But I think I'll call you Sarah—I mean when we're alone."

"Well, that's more than ma ever does, and you bet it'll never get into my press notices. But go ahead if you want to."

"I will, Sarah. It sounds more like a true woman than Flips."

"Bless the child's heart!" she murmured, and reached across the lunch box to pat his hand again.

"You're a great little patter, Sarah," he observed with one of his infrequent attempts at humor.

On still another day, while they idled between scenes, she talked to him about salaries and contracts, again with her important air of mothering him.

"After this picture," she told him, "Jeff was going to sew you up with a long-time contract, probably at a hundred and fifty per. But I've told him plain I won't stand for it. No five-year contract, and not any contract at that figure. Maybe three years at two hundred and fifty: I haven't decided yet. I'll wait and see"—she broke off to regard him with that old puzzling light far back in her eyes—"wait and see how you get over in these two pieces.

"But I know you'll go big, and so does Jeff. We've caught you in the rushes enough to know that. And Jeff's a good fellow, but naturally he'll get you for as little as he can. He knows all about money even if he don't keep Yom Kippur. So I'm watching over you, son—I'm your manager, see? And I've told him so, plain. He knows he'll have to give you just what you're worth. Of course he's entitled to consideration for digging you up and developing you, but a three-year contract will pay him out for that. Trust mother."

"I do," he told her. "I'd be helpless without you. It kind of scares me to think of getting all that money. I won't know what to do with it."

"I will. You always listen to me, and you won't be camping on the lot any more. And don't shoot dice with these roughnecks on the lot."

"I won't," he assured her. "I don't believe in gambling."

He wondered about Sarah's own salary, and was surprised to learn that it was now double his own. It was surprising, because her acting seemed not so important to the piece as his.

"It seems like a lot of money for what you have to do," he said.

"There," she smiled warmly, "didn't I always say you were a natural-born trouper? Well, it is a lot of money for me; but, you see, I've helped Jeff dope out both of these pieces. I'm not so bad at gags—I mean the kind of stuff he needs in these serious dramas. This big scene of yours, where you go off to the city and come back a wreck on Christmas Eve—that's mine. I doped it out after the piece was started—after I'd had a good look at the truck driver that plays opposite you."

Truck driver? It appeared that Miss Montague was actually applying this term to the New York society girl who in private life was burdened with an ailing family. He explained now that Mr. Baird had not considered her ideal for the part, but had chosen her out of kindness. Again there flickered far back in her eyes those lights that baffled him. There was incredulity in her look, but she seemed to master it.

"But I think it was wonderful of you," he continued, "to write that beautiful scene. It's a strong scene, Sarah. I didn't know you could write too. It's as good as anything Tessie Kearns ever did, and she's written a lot of strong scenes."

Miss Montague seemed to struggle with some unidentified emotion. After a long, puzzling gaze she suddenly said, "Merton Gill, you come right here with all that make-up on and give mother a good big kiss!"

Astonishingly to himself, he did so in the full light of day and under the eyes of one of the New York villains who had been pretending that he walked a tight rope across the yard. After he had kissed the girl she seized him by both arms and shook him.

"I'd ought to have been using my own face in that scene," she said. Then she patted his shoulder and told him that he was a good boy.

The pretending tight-rope walker had paused to applaud.

"Your act's flopping, bo," said Miss Montague. "Work fast." Then she again addressed the good boy. "Wait till you've watched that scene before you thank me," she said shortly.

"But it's a strong scene," he insisted.

"Yes," she agreed; "it's strong."

He told her of the other instance of Baird's kindness of heart.

"You know, I was a little afraid of playing scenes with the cross-eyed man, but Mr. Baird said he was trying so hard to do serious work, so I wouldn't have him discharged. But shouldn't you think he'd save up and have his eyes straightened? Does he get a very small salary?"

The girl seemed again to be harassed by conflicting emotions, but mastered them to say, "I don't know exactly what it is, but I guess he draws down about twelve fifty a week."

"Only twelve dollars and fifty cents a week!"

"Twelve hundred and fifty," said the girl firmly.

"Twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week!" This was monstrous, incredible. "But then, why in the world doesn't he have his eyes ——"

Miss Montague drew him to her with both her capable arms.

"My boy, my boy!" she murmured, and upon his painted forehead she imprinted a kiss of deep reverence. "Run along and play," she ordered. "You're getting me all nervous."

Forthwith she moved to the center of the yard where the tight-rope walker still endangered his life above the heads of a vast audience.

She joined him. She became a performer on the slack wire. With a parasol to balance her, she ran to the center of an imaginary wire that swayed perilously, and she swung there, cunningly maintaining a precarious balance. Then she sped back to safety at the wire's end, threw down her parasol, caught the handkerchief thrown to her by the first performer and daintily touched her face with it, breathing deeply the while, and bowing.

He thought Sarah was a strange child—"One minute one thing and the next minute something else."

XVII

Miss Montague Uses Her Own Face

WORK on the piece dragged to an end. In these latter days the earnest young leading man suffered spells of concern for his employer. He was afraid that Mr. Baird, in his effort to struggle out of the slough of low comedy, was not going to be wholly successful. He had begun to note that the actors employed for this purpose were not invariably serious even when the

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 78

cameras turned, or, if serious, they seemed, perhaps from the earnestness of their striving for the worthwhile drama, to be a shade too serious. They were often, he felt, overemphatic in their methods. Still, they were, he was certain, good actors. One could always tell what they meant.

It was at these times that he especially wished he might be allowed to view the rushes. He not only wished to assure himself for Baird's sake that the piece would be acceptably serious, but he wished, with a quite seemly curiosity, to view his own acting on the screen. It occurred to him that he had been acting a long time without a glimpse of himself. But Baird had been singularly firm in this matter, and the Montague girl had sided with him. It was best, they said, for a beginning actor not to see himself at first. It might affect his method before this had crystallized; make him self-conscious, artificial.

He was obliged to believe that these well-wishers of his knew best. He must not trifle with a screen success that seemed assured. He tried to be content with this decision. But always the misgivings would return. He would not be really content until he had watched his own triumph. Soon this would be so securely his privilege that not even Baird could deny it, for the first piece in which he had worked was about to be shown. He looked forward to that.

It was toward the end of the picture that his intimacy with the Montague girl grew to a point where, returning late from location to the studio, they would dine together.

"Hurry and get ungreased, son," she would say; "you can take an actress out to dinner."

Sometimes they would patronize the cafeteria on the lot, but oftener, in a spirit of adventure, they would search out exotic restaurants. A picture might follow, after which by street car he would escort her to the Montague home in a remote flat region of palm-lined avenues sparsely set with new bungalows.

She would disquiet him at these times by insisting that she pay her share of the expense, and she proved to have no mean talent for petty finance, for she remembered every item down to the street-car fares. Even to Merton Gill she seemed very much a child, once she stepped from the domain of her trade. She would stare into shop windows wonderingly, and never failed to evince the most childish delight when they ventured to dine at an establishment other than a cafeteria.

At times when they waited for a car after these dissipations he suffered a not unpleasant alarm at sight of a large-worded advertisement along the back of a bench on which they would sit.

"You Furnish the Girl, We Furnish the House," screamed the bench to him above the name of an enterprising tradesman that came in time to bite itself deeply into his memory.

Of course it would be absurd, but stranger things, he thought, had happened. He wondered if the girl was as afraid of him as of other men. She seemed not to be, but you couldn't tell much about her. She had kissed him one day with a strange warmth of manner, but it had been quite publicly in the presence of other people. When he left her at her door now it was after the least sentimental of partings, perhaps a shake of her hard little hand, or perhaps only a "S'long—see you at the show shop!"

It was on one of these nights that she first invited him to dine with the Montague family.

"I tried last night to get you on the telephone," she explained, "but they kept giving me someone else, or maybe I called wrong. Ain't these six-figured Los Angeles telephone numbers the limit? When you call 208972 or something, it sounds like paging a box car. I was going to ask you over. Ma cooked a lovely mess of corned beef and cabbage. Anyway, you come eat with us to-morrow night, will you? She'll have something else cooked up that will stick to the merry old slats. You can come home with me when we get in from work."

So it was that on the following night he enjoyed a home evening with the Montagues. Mrs. Montague had, indeed, cooked up something else, and had done it well; while Mr. Montague offered at the sideboard a choice of amateur distillations and brews which he warmly recommended to the guest. While the guest timidly considered, having had but the slightest experience with intoxicants, it developed that the confidence placed in his product by the hospitable old craftsman was not shared by his daughter.

"Keep off it," she warned, and then to her father, "Say, listen, pa, have a heart! That boy's got to work to-morrow."

"So be it, my child," replied Mr. Montague with a visible stiffening of manner. "Sylvester Montague is not the man to urge strong drink upon the reluctant or the overcautious. I shall drink my *apéritif* alone."

"Go to it, old pippin!" rejoined his daughter as she vanished to the kitchen.

"Still, a little dash of liquor at this hour," continued the host suggestively when they were alone.

"Well"—Merton wished the girl had stayed—"perhaps just a few drops."

"Precisely, my boy, precisely. A mere dram."

He poured the mere dram and his guest drank. It was a colorless fiery stuff with an elusive taste of metal. Merton contrived an expression of pleasure under the searching glance of his host.

"Ah, I knew you would relish it! I fancy I could amaze you if I told you how recently it was made. Now here"—he grasped another bottle purposefully—"is something a full ten days older. It has developed quite a bouquet. Just a drop ——"

The guest graciously yet firmly waved a negation.

"Thanks," he said, "but I want to enjoy the last. It—it has so much flavor."

"It has; it has indeed! I'll not urge you, of course. Later you must see the simple mechanism by which I work these wonders. Alone, then, I drink to you."

Mr. Montague alone drank of two other fruits of his loom before the ladies appeared with dinner. He was clean-shaven now, and his fine face glowed with hospitality as he carved roast chickens. The talk was of the shop; of what Mr. Montague scornfully called grind shows when his daughter led it, and of the legitimate hall show when he regained the leadership. He believed that moving pictures had sounded the knell of true dramatic art, and said so in many ways.

He tried to imagine the sensations of Lawrence Barrett or Louis James could they behold Sylvester Montague, whom both these gentlemen had proclaimed to be no mean artist, enacting the rôle of a barroom rowdy five days on end by reclining upon a sawdust floor with his back supported by a spirits barrel. The supposititious comments of the two placed upon the motion-picture industry the black guilt of having degraded a sterling artist to the level of a peep-show mountebank. They were frankly disgusted at the spectacle, and their present spokesman thought it as well that they had not actually lived to witness it—even the happier phases of this so-called art in which a mere chit of a girl might earn a living wage by falling downstairs for a so-called star, or the he-doll whippersnapper—Merton Gill flinched in spite of himself—could name his own salary for merely possessing a dimpled chin. Further, an artist in the so-called art received his payment as if he had delivered groceries at one's back door.

"You, I believe"—the speaker addressed his guest—"are at present upon a pay roll; but there are others, your elders—possibly your betters, though I do not say that ——"

"You better not!" remarked his daughter, only to be ignored.

"—— others who must work a day and at the close of it receive a slip of paper emblazoned 'Talent Pay Check.' How more effectively could they cheapen the good word 'talent'? And at the foot of this slip you are made to sign, before receiving the pittance you have earned, a consent to the public exhibition, for the purpose of trade or advertising, of the pictures for which you may have posed. Could tradesmen descend to a lower level, I ask you?"

"I'll have one for twelve-fifty to-morrow night," said Mrs. Montague, not too dismally. "I got to do a duchess at a reception, and I hope my feet don't hurt me again."

"Cheer up, old dears! Pretty soon you can both pick your parts," chirped their daughter. "Jeff's going to give me a contract, and then you can loaf forever for all I care. Only I know you won't, and you know you won't. Both of you'd act for nothing if you couldn't do it for money. What's the use of pretending?"

"The chit may be right; she may be right," conceded Mr. Montague sadly.

Later, while the ladies were again in the kitchen, Mr. Montague, after suggesting

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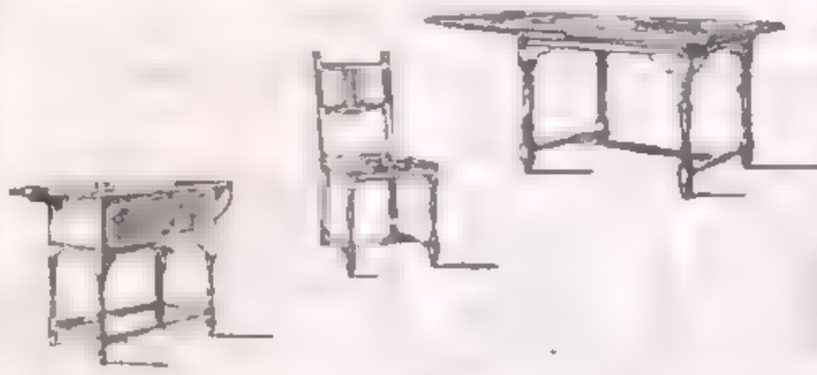

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"Something in the nature of an after-dinner cordial," quaffed one for himself and followed it with the one he had poured out for a declining guest who still treasured the flavor of his one *apéritif*. He then led the way to the small parlor, where he placed in action on the phonograph a record said to contain the ravings of John McCullough in his last hours. He listened to this emotionally.

"That's the sort of technic," he said, "that the so-called silver screen has made but a memory."

Then, after lighting his pipe, he identified various framed photographs that enlivened the walls of the little room. Many of them were of himself at an earlier age.

"My dear mother-in-law," he said, pointing to another. "A sterling artist, and in her time an ornament of the speaking stage. I was on tour when her last days came. She idolized me, and passed away with my name on her lips. Her last request was that a photograph of me should be placed in her casket before it went to its final resting-place."

He paused, his emotion threatening to overcome him. Presently he brushed a hand across his eyes and continued: "I discovered later that they had picked out the most wretched of all my photographs—an atrocious thing I had supposed was destroyed. Can you imagine it?"

Apparently it was but the entrance of his daughter that saved him from an affecting collapse. His daughter removed the record of John McCullough's ravings, sniffed at it and put a fox trot in its place.

"He's got to learn to dance," she explained, laying hands upon the guest.

"Dancing—dancing!" murmured Mr. Montague, as if the very word recalled sad memories.

"You forget all about your feet," remarked the girl as they paused, swaying to the rhythm. "Remember the feet they're important in a dance. Now!"

But it was hard to remember his feet, or, when he did recall them, to relate their movements even distantly to the music. When this had died despairingly the girl surveyed her pupil with friendly but doubting eyes.

"Say, pa, don't he remind you of someone? Remember that squirrel that joined out with us one time in the rep show and left East Lynne flat in the middle of the third act while he went down and announced the next night's play—the one that his name was Eddie Duffy and he called himself Clyde Maltravers?"

"In a way, in a way," agreed Mr. Montague dismally. "A certain lack of finish in the manner, perhaps."

"Remember how Charley Dickman, the manager, nearly murdered him for it in the wings? Not that Charley didn't have a right to. Well, this boy dances like Eddie Duffy would have danced."

"He was undeniably awkward and forgetful," said Mr. Montague. "Well do I recall a later night. We played Under the Gaslight. Charley feared to trust him with a part, so he kept the young man off stage to help with the train noise when the down express should dash across. But even in this humble station he proved inefficient. When the train came on he became confused, seized the coconut shells instead of the sandpaper, and our train that night entered to the sound of a galloping horse. The effect must have been puzzling to the audience. Indeed, many of them seemed to consider it ludicrous. Charley Dickman confided in me later. 'Syl, my boy,' says he, 'this bird Duffy has caused my first gray hairs.' It was little wonder that he persuaded young Duffy to abandon the drama. He was a clever dancer, but not meant for the higher planes of our art. Now our young friend here"—he pointed to the perspiring Merton Gill—"doesn't even seem able to master a simple dance step. I might say that he seems to out-Duffy Duffy, for Duffy could dance."

"He'll make the grade yet," replied his daughter grimly, and again the music sounded.

Merton Gill continued unconscious of his feet, or, remembering them, became deaf to the music. But the girl brightened with a sudden thought when next they rested.

"I got it!" she announced. "We'll have about two hundred feet of this for the next picture—you trying to dance just the way you been doing with me. If you don't close to a good hand I'll eat my next pay check."

The lessons ceased. She seemed no longer to think it desirable that her pupil should become proficient in the modern steps. He was puzzled by her decision. Why should one of Baird's serious plays need an actor who forgot his feet in a dance?

There were more social evenings at the Montague home. Twice the gathering was enlarged by other members of the film colony, a supper was served and poker played for inconsiderable stakes. In this game of chance the Montague girl proved to be conservative, not to say miserly, and was made to suffer genuinely when Merton Gill displayed a reckless spirit in the betting. That he amassed winnings of ninety-eight cents one night did not reassure her. She pointed out that he might easily have lost this sum.

She was, indeed, being a mother to the defenseless boy. It was after this gambling session that she demanded to be told just what he was doing with his salary. His careless hazarding of poker chips had caused her to be fearful of his general money sense.

Merton Gill had, indeed, been reckless. He was now, he felt, actually one of the Hollywood set. He wondered how Tessie Kearns would regard his progress.

It was a gay life, Merton felt. And as for the Montague girl's questions and warnings about his money, he would show her! He had, of course, discharged his debt to her in the first two weeks of his work with Baird. Now he would show her that he really thought of money. He would buy her a gift whose presentation should mark a certain great occasion. It should occur on the eve of his screen début, and would fittingly testify his gratitude. For the girl, after all, had made him what he was, and the first piece was close to its première. Already he had seen advance notices in the newspapers. The piece was called Hearts on Fire, and in it, so the notices said, the comedy manager had at last realized an ambition long nourished. He had done something new and something big; a big thing done in a big way. The Montague girl would see that the leading man who had done so much to insure the success of Baird's striving for the worthwhile drama was not unforgetful of her favors and continuous solicitude.

He thought first of a ring, but across the blank brick wall of the jewelry shop he had elected to patronize was an enormous sign in white: The House of Lucky Wedding Rings. This staring announcement so alarmed him that he not only abandoned the plan for a ring—any sort of ring might be misconstrued, he saw—but in an excess of caution chose another establishment not so outspoken. If it kept wedding rings at all it was decently reticent about them, and it did keep a profusion of other trinkets about which a possible recipient could entertain no false notions. Wrist watches, for example. No one could find subtle or hidden meanings in a wrist watch.

He chose a bauble that glittered prettily on its black silk bracelet, and was not shocked in the least when told by the engaging salesman that its price was a sum for which in the old days Gashwiler had demanded a good ten weeks of his life. Indeed, it seemed rather cheap to him when he remembered the event it would celebrate. Still, it was a pleasing trifle and did not look cheap.

"Do you warrant it to keep good time?" he sternly demanded.

The salesman became diplomatic, with an effect of genial man-to-man frankness.

"Well, I guess you and I both know what women's bracelet watches are." He smiled a superior masculine smile that drew his customer within the informed brotherhood. "Now here, there's a platinum little thing that costs seven hundred and fifty, and this one you like will keep just as good time as that one that costs six hundred more. What could be fairer than that?"

"All right," said the customer. "I'll take it."

During the remaining formalities attending the purchase the salesman, observing that he dealt with a tolerant man of the world, became even franker.

"Of course no one," he remarked pleasantly while couching the purchase in a chaste bed of white satin, "expects women's bracelet watches to keep time—not even the women."

"Want 'em for looks," said the customer.

"You've hit it! You've hit it!" exclaimed the salesman delightedly, as if the customer had expertly probed the heart of a world-old mystery.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

LINCOLN

MOTOR CARS

The Only Motor Cars Which Embody Lincoln Standards of Precision Manufacture

The things which give true greatness to the LINCOLN *are things not easily discerned by the casual observer, but they are things which become increasingly evident as time goes on.*

The eye alone cannot detect, for example, whether a certain part is accurate to the one-thousandth of an inch or only to the one-hundredth part, yet an error so slight as a half a thousandth, in some operation essentially so accurate, would determine whether that part be destined to early destruction or to many years' unfailing service. And that difference of a half a thousandth of an inch is equal only to a fifth the thickness of a hair.

In the LINCOLN there are more than 5,000 mechanical operations which are not permitted to deviate from a mean standard to exceed the one-thousandth of an inch; more than 1,200 operations in which that deviation is not permitted to exceed a half of one one-thousandth; and more than 300 in which it is not permitted to exceed the quarter of one one-thousandth. There are operations on eight parts in which even that fine limit is reduced.

It would be possible to produce an apparent counterpart of the LINCOLN car, like it in every detail so far as could be detected by the eye alone, and that counterpart could be marketed profitably at half the LINCOLN's selling figures.

But the seeming counterpart *would not* be a LINCOLN in its character, because the very elements which largely constitute that character would be lacking.

Differences in standards of precision largely determine differences in production costs.

LINCOLN standards of precision necessarily mean greater cost of manufacture, but the dollars so invested pay handsome dividends to the owner of the car.

These dividends express themselves in the more charming action of the LINCOLN, in the way it rides and drives, and guides and glides, and coasts and climbs; in the way it moves, and acts, and feels. They express themselves in its greater stamina and longer life, and in the more dependable, more constant and more consistent service enjoyed by LINCOLN owners.

LELAND-BUILT

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAF?

The Personal Acousticon

Ask for FREE PROOF that You can Hear

the tiny voices of children
and the Sermon and Music of Church Services

Twenty years ago, we adopted the policy of urging everyone who is hard-of-hearing to test the Acousticon in the home or the office, amid familiar surroundings for ten days, with the privilege of returning it at the end of that period. This to be entirely at our expense with carrying charges paid, and requiring no deposit or other obligation.

This practice has continued without variation, because we realize that there are rare cases of deafness (perhaps two out of 100) which no artificial aid, no matter how efficient it may be, can possibly relieve. Hundreds of thousands have taken advantage of this offer to prove just what it would do for them personally, and the results have warranted a continuance of this practice.

Lawyers and physicians have testified that only with the Acousticon can they continue in their professions—

Prominent members of boards of directors frankly admit that it is essential to their participating properly in directors' meetings—

Mothers have written that without it they would have been unable to know that their children understood their motherly correction and advice; and would even have been deprived of the joy of hearing their little ones' voices.

Permit us to again urgently invite you or any of your friends who are hard-of-hearing to request

The Church Acousticon

10 Days' FREE TRIAL
of the
1922 Acousticon

No Deposit—No Expense—No Obligation

In addition to the various types of portable Acousticons for personal use, the Church Acousticon has been quietly working its way to high favor in the churches of every denomination throughout the country, until it is now installed in over two thousand.

This equipment has enabled many to hear and participate in Church services for the first time in many years, to their gratification and to the individual church's profit.

Here, again, the same generous selling policy is practiced, for we furnish the equipment to any church anywhere in the United States for temporary installation and free trial for 4 weeks. Not a cent of expense is involved, except the nominal cost of having a local electrician place the parts and run the wires. Any electrical worker can do this simple work in a few hours.

One Pastor has written: "From the point of view of the deaf person, it is a godsend. We have many persons in this congregation who could not hear at all, but, with the Acousticon, they now hear perfectly and are delighted with it. Indeed, are so grateful for it that they have offered to bear the expense of it; but our Board has taken pleasure in furnishing it free."

Let No One Convince You but Yourself

We honestly believe that the 1922 Acousticon is the most efficient hearing device obtainable; that our consistent and expert effort has succeeded in keeping it a little in advance of any in its field, and we intend that it shall continue to be so. If, however, you learn of another instrument which promises as good or better results, ask for the same free trial of it that we offer, and compare the two in your own home. We shall be very happy to have you choose the one which suits your individual needs best, and return the other. Let no one convince you but yourself.

Please remember, however, that the basic principles of the Acousticon, as well as its refinements, are fully protected by patents; so no matter what you have tried in the past, send for your free trial of the 1922 Acousticon today and learn, without cost, or obligation, whether it will best suit your particular needs.

DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1395 Candler Bldg., 220 West 42d St. New York City
Branch offices in principal cities. Ask for addresses.

L'ALOUETTE, OR SILKEN VENGEANCE

(Continued from Page 15)

he was saying, Mr. Kidder did not even yet notice the expression of dumb and dreadful agony on the face across the counter.

"We'll be off!" he cried lightly. "We'll be off!

"Good-by, Lulu,
We're off to Honolulu!"

quoted Mr. Kidder, inserting in his remark, as is often done by orators, a bit of favorite verse.

"Off! On our last trip! With our million! Off ——" he said, now looking up and observing for the first time the face of his companion.

"Ye'll not hove to wait for thot!" said a new, high and totally unexpected voice behind him. "Ye'll not hove to wait for yer million—to enjoy the pleasures of yer last and final trip!" said a slow, bitter and exceedingly Scotch voice. "Not ofter what I'll be writin' yer house this afternoon!"

Turning sharply, Mr. Kidder now observed the easily irritated junior partner appearing from behind the corner of the hanging display of ladies' underwear at the counter's end, behind which he had apparently been concealed.

"Not ofter I've written to them—to my old friend, Mr. Laughlin—yer boss in yer sales department! Ye'll hove to wait no more when I write and explain to him yer full intentions. Yer full intentions!" continued Mr. Dundee, carrying on the burden of the conversation entirely alone. "Yer plans and specifications for yer last trip—and the gude 'twill no doubt do yer fir-r-rm.

"Yer conversations also," resumed Mr. Dundee, continuing to round out his theme and outlining his prospective letter to Mr. Kidder's superior more fully, "relating to yer employers. And yer observations on their customers—the retailers of this lond—what dogs and worse than dogs they are! And yer philanderin's with their employes also," he said, and stopped for breath while both his hearers preserved a stony silence.

"In beesiness hours! On Monday mornin'!" he continued for good measure. "'Twill be a lesson to ye—and all such cattle like ye! So now be off with ye!" he called to the still silent Mr. Kidder. "Be off with ye—you and yer Alouettes!

"And you, ye hussy," he said, now turning the flow of his irritation toward his assistant buyer. "Get to yer work—without more ado! Or ye'll follow ofter him!"

"This young lady ——" began Mr. Kidder.

"The least said the sooner mended," replied Mr. Dundee.

"This young lady had nothing whatever ——" attempted Mr. Kidder once again.

"The devil's a poor advocate for his clients!" said the junior partner.

Grasping the situation, with a look at Miss Smith's back, which was now turned to him, Mr. Kidder started slowly toward the door, the easily irritated partner observing him closely.

"Good-by to ye," he said with intense meaning. "And all hoppiness—on yer last trip!"

To these words Mr. Kidder made no reply, passing directly out of the entrance in silence. Nevertheless, all that day they were never absent from his mind.

It was a dark, melancholy, unsuccessful day. He returned early to the Grand Occidental Hotel, where he was stopping, and sank down into one of the strong chairs in the lobby.

"The last trip!" said Mr. Kidder, wiping his forehead.

His faculties were dulled, his speech was thick. His mind refused to recall the exact details of his conversation with Miss Luella B. Smith, which Mr. Dundee had overheard.

"The last trip!" repeated Mr. Kidder huskily, and resumed the contemplation of his conversation and his rehearsal of his dream—that fond, foolish, fatuous dream, that favorite fairy tale of so many to-day—of what would happen to their employers, customers and other business enemies if they only had a million dollars! He sat silent, staring, drumming upon his chair arm. Then suddenly he laughed a caustic, bitter laugh.

"I can fall back," he said with a ghastly mockery of mirth, "upon my million!"

Life had never seemed darker to him than at this moment!

And now rising heavily from his chair he asked the hotel clerk for his key.

"Certainly, sir," said the hotel clerk. "Certainly, Mr. Kidder. And here's a letter for you, sir."

It was a letter redirected from his home address in New York; a business letter evidently, with a typewritten address. Opening it and reading it Mr. Kidder gave a sudden inarticulate cry, and almost dropped it from his fingers

Raising it again, he read as follows:

LOS ANGELES, Calif.
October 28, 1921.

MR. JUSTIN CHATSWORTH KIDDER,
108 —— Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: It is our unpleasant duty to inform you of the death of your uncle, Mr. Justin Chatsworth, which took place in this city in his apartments in the El Splendioso Hotel on the 26th of this month.

By his will, now in our possession, his property—which is estimated as somewhat in excess of a million dollars—passes to you as his namesake and sole heir.

Will you kindly communicate with us at your early convenience your wishes in this matter?

Assuring you of our desire to serve you with every facility at our command, we are,

Your obedient servants,
SPRIGGS & PITKIN, Att'ys at Law.

III

HOLDING this letter in his hand Mr. Kidder sat in his room in the Grand Occidental Hotel, staring at the wall, conversing from time to time with the steam radiator.

"It isn't true! I don't believe it!" he said to it for the thousandth time. "With all those others!"

Yet there it was in black and white, right in his own hands. "From his own attorneys," said Mr. Kidder, rereading it.

And now at last a new expression seemed to grow upon his face, replacing the softer and happier confusion that had been there—a harder, sterner, more confident look.

"And if that's so," he said, and sat silent, thinking heavily, while the new expression grew continuously upon his face—that look of confidence and power—"why not do it now? Right now! Before I leave town!" he reasoned half aloud.

He thought now, tensely, without ceasing. "No; that won't do. No!" he said several times, shaking his head at the radiator.

But gradually his thinking seemed to make progress. From time to time a subtle, cruel smile grew upon his lips; and suddenly with an exclamation of delight he sprang upon his feet.

"L'Alouette!" he cried, and laughed aloud. "I'll show the world!" he cried to the radiator in a tone of active and ferocious gayety.

And now after a little further thought he took and opened a small memorandum book from his vest pocket, walked across the room and asked for a number on the telephone.

Having secured it he asked the questions: "Is Miss Smith there? Will you let me speak to her?

"You know who this is, don't you?" he inquired then in that low, confidential, secret tone so often used by young men experienced in talking with members of the opposite sex over the telephone. "Listen, how'd you come out with him?"

"Oh, all right, finally!" replied the voice of Miss Smith.

"I'm sure glad of that," responded Mr. Kidder.

"It wasn't what you'd call an easy day exactly," said Miss Smith's voice, giving a short outline of it.

"The old crook!" said Mr. Kidder at its closing, in his low, sympathetic, almost crooning telephone voice. "I certainly am sorry for starting it! Say, listen," he said, slightly changing the conversation. "I want to ask you a question—about you-know-who! Look, is he always prowling around the store? Isn't he ever back there in his own office?"

"He is—certain times."

"Alone?"

(Continued on Page 87)

When Your Furniture "Blooms"

The high polish of your piano and other fine furniture becomes cloudy very quickly.

Varnish manufacturers call this "bloom." It makes new furniture look old and old furniture older. Worst of all, it indicates careless housekeeping.

How to remove this unsightly "bloom" is the ever present problem of all good housewives until they try

3-in-One *The High Quality Household Oil*

Used the right way, 3-in-One not only removes the "bloom" but restores the lustrous finish and preserves it. Even surface scratches disappear. Follow these directions carefully and your furniture will look almost as if it had just come from the factory:

Wring out a cloth in cold water and sprinkle with a few drops of 3-in-One. Go over a small surface at a time, rubbing with the grain of the wood. This removes "bloom," finger marks, grease and surface scratches. Polish with a dry cloth and see the bright new look return.

Use this same method for cleaning and polishing all woodwork; painted, varnished and hardwood floors; oilcloth and linoleum.

Seventy-nine uses for 3-in-One in the home—lubricating, cleaning, polishing and preventing rust—are illustrated and explained in the Dictionary which is packed with every bottle and sent with every sample.

FREE. Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal card, or use the coupon at the right.

3-in-One is sold at all stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 165 CP. Broadway, New York City

FREE SAMPLE AND DICTIONARY

Three-in-One Oil Co.,
165 CP. Broadway, New York
Please send sample and Dictionary of Uses.

Name_____

Street Address or R. F. D._____

City_____ State_____

WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK
TACKLE

1866 1922

ANNOUNCEMENT

Sportsmen will be glad to know that there is now a complete line of Winchester fishing tackle.

¶There are 140 styles and sizes of Winchester rods, including bamboo and steel fly rods, bait rods, and bait casting rods.

¶Winchester reels, including single, double and quadruple action, from the highest grade jeweled-bearing types to the simpler, less expensive ones, offer a complete range for all fresh water fishing.

¶A good assortment of spoon and plug baits, lines, sinkers, and other accessories, rounds out Winchester fishermen's equipment.

¶It is sufficient to say of the quality of these products that they bear the name "*Winchester*", and are made by the same organization which for half a century has studied and satisfied the requirements of sportsmen.

¶There are 4000 Winchester Stores in the United States which sell Winchester tackle and other new products. Look for this sign on the window: *The Winchester Store*.

¶Ask at *The Winchester Store* in your neighborhood for a pocket catalog on Winchester tackle.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

TOOLS · POCKET AND KITCHEN CUTLERY · FLASHLIGHTS
GUNS AND AMMUNITION · SKATES · FISHING TACKLE

Continued from Page 84.

"He's alone there noontimes," said Miss Smith, "almost always—in there looking out for the fur department."

"The fur department?" repeated Mr. Kidder.

"Yes, when the girls in there are out for lunch he looks out for it. That's right out in front of his private office!"

"Way over there?" stated Mr. Kidder. "At one side? Back of that second show window?"

"That's right. Where they've got our underwear displayed," said Miss Smith, confirming him. "Why?"

"And you say he's there all alone noontimes?"

"He is, yes. Almost always; but why?"

"Oh, nothing."

"You aren't going to start anything rough?" asked the voice of Miss Smith a little anxiously. "You aren't going in there to beat him up or anything?"

"Oh, no. Nothing like that," replied Mr. Kidder.

"Because if you do ——"

"Oh, no," repeated Mr. Kidder, with a whimsical expression in his voice. "I'm just going to start a change in the dry-goods business."

"What change?" asked the voice of Miss Smith sharply.

"A great change. An innovation. A real mark-down sale! I'm going to start a new custom. I'm going to have a real mark-down sale with genuine reduced prices. I'm going to tell the truth for once in the show windows of this nation," said Mr. Kidder somewhat oratorically.

"Go on! Tell me!" she asked, struck perhaps by a certain grim tone underlying his apparently light words.

But with this partial explanation she found she must content herself. For now Mr. Kidder said good-by and finally hung up the telephone.

"There's one nice little girl. I'll do something for her some day!" said Mr. Kidder, brushing his hair and looking over his shoulder in the mirror.

Having done this he put on his hat and started below to the lobby of the hotel, where he stepped up briskly to ask a question of the night clerk.

"The night porter personally?" said the night clerk, pointing. "You'll find him in back there."

Following his direction, passing back behind the swinging door, Mr. Kidder found himself in the severe, battered and somewhat close-smelling hall that led from the alleyway to the service elevator, and in the presence of the night porter—a tall, heavily paunched man in overalls, with a pale complexion that gave the appearance of immense but unhealthy strength—of something abnormal that had grown to a great size under the electric lights.

"All right," said the night porter, examining the bill carefully before he placed it in his trousers pocket. "Shoot! What do you want?"

And Mr. Kidder told him briefly in a low voice his mission.

"I know just the man for you," said the night porter, spitting to one side very positively. "For twenty-five bucks he'd kill his praying mother!"

"That's the kind," said Mr. Kidder, speaking for the first time aloud.

"He's been in the Heathcote Penitentiary six times."

"Is that right?" said Mr. Kidder with evident interest.

"Wait! He's probably out here in the alley right now," said the night porter. And going out, he whistled shrilly into the half darkness.

In a short time a large head and shoulders appeared above the raised platform upon which the busses discharged their trunks at the level of the floor on which Mr. Kidder and the night porter were standing. After a short conversation their owner clambered up with something of the action, Mr. Kidder felt, of a sea lion on its shelf in an aquarium.

He was a much larger man, Mr. Kidder noted, than even the large, soft, unhealthy-fleshed night porter, but quite different.

"Now I'll leave you ginks together," said the night porter cordially, "to frame it up. But don't go too far. Don't let them sizzle you for murder!"

With this pleasantry he left them alone in the bare and battered service hall, and Mr. Kidder turned to impart his message, and looked full into the face of his possible agent, who had now removed his derby hat and stood watching him, his extremely short upper lip still withdrawn over his small widely spaced teeth, at his pleased appreciation of the night porter's parting jest.

He had one of the largest frames and without doubt the roundest head that Mr. Kidder had ever seen, and a hand like a small shovel.

"Sit down, chief," he said, pushing Mr. Kidder heartily with it upon the narrow oaken bench of the night porter before the service elevator. "Shoot it. What's on your chest?"

He had a small, round, somewhat bloodshot eye in his exceedingly round head, a moist, outstanding, shining under lip and a highly corrugated brow, conveying the appearance of doubtful, puzzled, but always ready ferocity.

On his breath Mr. Kidder noted undoubted evidences of one of the coarser types of alcoholic liquors.

"Go on, chief," he urged in a heartiness always bordering on a threat. "Set it out! What is it?"

"You're married—are you?" asked Mr. Kidder finally in a somewhat hesitant voice.

The strong and criminal friend of the night porter looked up at these words as if more than usually suspicious, and looked down when satisfied they were asked in entire good faith.

"In a kind of way I am!" he said. "Yes, I am," said the friend of the night porter, deciding to speak definitely at last. "What's the idea?"

"I'll tell you why I asked you," said Mr. Kidder.

And looking about he now related his proposal in low tones—the effort of patient, wary and always painful thought marking always deeper corrugations in the forehead across from him as he did so.

When Mr. Kidder had completed his speech his hearer was still silent, apparently still occupied with the slow grinding process of his thought.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Kidder finally.

"As far as I go," he answered slowly, like a man before a serious problem, "what the hell do I care?"

"Sure," said Mr. Kidder encouragingly.

"I'll take a chance with any man. Up to the chair!" said the exceedingly round-headed man proudly, staring far ahead, still thinking, with an almost audible crunching of the jaws.

"I got that," said Mr. Kidder, "the minute I saw you!"

"But I kind of hate to drag the old woman into this!" continued the friend of the night porter who had been so often in the penitentiary.

But finally Mr. Kidder fixed it up with him.

IV

STARING out the opened door of his private office Mr. Dundee, the easily irritated junior partner, gazed out upon the fur department, now, during the noon hour, empty even of its few remaining attendants, and thought with regret and irritation of the busy scenes that would have been going on there even at this time two, three or four years before.

As he watched, his eye suddenly grew bright and sharp and reminiscent at the sight of two heavy figures—male and female—wandering on cautiously and furtively into unfamiliar surroundings. It seemed at first impossible; but Mr. Dundee, staring anxiously, saw that it was true.

"What can I do for you, madam?" said Mr. Dundee, hurrying out of his office, rubbing his deferential hands.

"Is here where they keep the furs?" asked the extremely large woman, looking around.

"It is, madam, yes. Yes," said Mr. Dundee, with increasing amiability.

"The real good ones?" asked the giantess in the rusty cloth coat, looking at the groups of pendent garments on their hangers.

"The finest in this part of the country, ma'am," said the junior partner. "There's no collection west of ——"

"Bring them on then!" interrupted the round-headed giant with the corrugated forehead, speaking finally. "Let's have a look."

"Yes, sir. Yes, madam!" said the extremely affable junior partner with a gay alacrity. "Now what will it be? Something like this?"

"We want something good, y'understand!" said the giantess, examining it with worn and stubby fingers. "We got our money right here with us to pay for it!"

(Continued on Page 89)

ALEMITE

Graphite Penetrating Oil

Your car will be squeakless if you apply Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil at the following points of friction.

Springs

Fenders

Hood and hood catches

Body-bolts, doors

Floorboards and sills

Steering column

CAN you hear your car wearing out? Can you hear the repair bills coming? Every creak and squeak is the cry of wear and depreciation. Stop those unpleasant sounds now with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. A few drops applied to the side of a spring work wonders. The oil bores in between the rusted leaves to the other side, coating them with life-giving graphite. When a bolt "freezes" or a nut sticks, Alemite Penetrating Oil loosens it quickly. Alemite Penetrating Oil dissolves rust and prevents its forming. It silences noisy hinges and creaking doors. You can buy a whole pint for $1, at any Alemite Dealer's.

A Product of

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Chicago, Illinois

Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

Keeping You Happy at Meal-Time

By E. M. STATLER—being one of a series of ads embodying instructions to Statler employees.

THE way you're served by your waiter and his helper (called a "bus boy") can make or mar your meal. The best of food, perfectly prepared, actually tastes better if it is properly served, by someone interested in the service, than it otherwise can.

That's why we are always emphasizing to our waiters that *our reputation is in their hands.* A waiter who is careless or forgetful or negligent or slovenly can take all the good taste out of the food he serves you, and most of the pleasure out of your meal. We won't have that kind of waiters.

In a first-class hotel you pay for first-class service, as well as for first-class food. You're entitled to it, and your waiter knows it. It is with those facts in mind that we issue to the waiters and bus boys in our hotels instructions like those you see in the columns below:

Instructions to Waiters and Bus Boys in the Statler-Operated Hotels

"THE waiter who has ability *to please people* has something that is valuable to us and to him.

"If you haven't that ability, or if you don't habitually make the most of it, you are not only earning less than a good waiter should, but you are, at the same time, hurting our reputation.

"When we say that our guests must be satisfied with the treatment they get in our dining rooms, as well as with the food they get, we mean that they must be *pleased.* If you can't please the person you are serving, get your captain on the job.

"We don't want anybody to leave one of our restaurants feeling that minor annoyances marred his meal; and that's the way you ought to feel. We want him to feel that he will *be glad to come back to us*—and you ought to want him to be glad to come back *to you.* See that he does.

"Remember that good service is never fussy, but is always interested and watchful and careful.

"Take care of the diner and the tip will take care of itself. You can't keep most people from tipping when they have had good and intelligent service; but people are learning to proportion their tips to the quality of service they get.

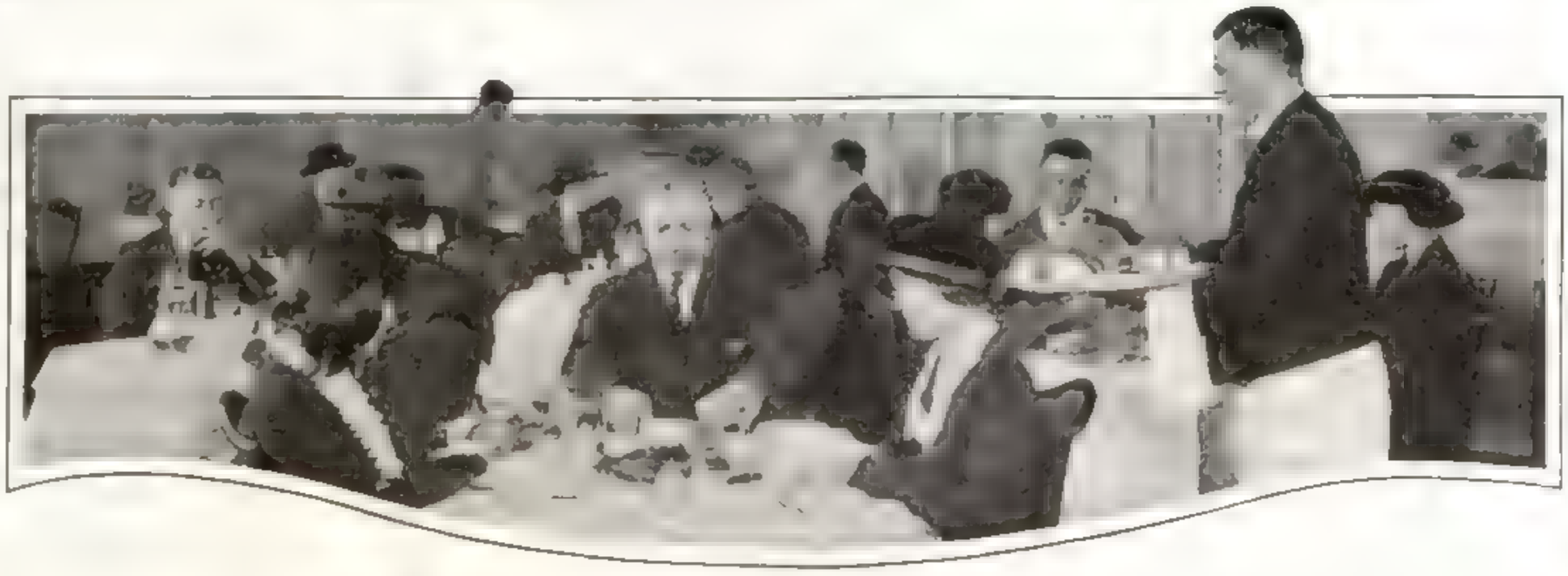
"No waiter can stay with us who does not thank our guests for whatever tips they give him. The best waiters say as cordial a thank-you for a small tip as for a large one—and they find it a good thing to keep on doing.

"You must follow the instructions in The Statler Service Codes to the letter. A business stands or falls by what its policies are, and how they are carried out; the Codes explain our policies fully.

"Courtesy to all guests, under all circumstances, is an obligation of yours and of everybody's who works in these hotels—and so is courtesy to your fellow-employees.

"Whatever has been your practice, in other places where you have worked, we have our own way of doing things and our own way of serving people. It will pay you to do things our way instead of some other way. Your detailed instructions about how to serve a meal, how to wait on a party, and so on, will give you many hints; study them."

E. M. Statler



A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is now building at Buffalo—to open in the spring of 1923; 500 more rooms will be added later.

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

(Continued from Page 87

"How much is that one?" asked the laconic giant close beside her.

"Four hundred dollars"

"Say, look is that the best you've got in this dump?" asked the giant in tones of one suffering from an almost nauseating sense of anger and insult.

"Oh, no, sir. No, sir," said the junior partner with grateful humbleness.

It seemed almost too good to be true, this turning back to the happier, brighter days in the fur trade.

"Go on. Get them out then. Drag them out!" said the easily irritated giant to the busy, ingratiating, amiable junior partner. "Let's see the best. The best is what we're after—see?"

"This way. This way, please," said the junior partner, calculating busily in his mind, with a happiness he had not felt before in two years; and he led them over to the territory of the thousand-dollar coats—and upward—in the farther corner of the department.

The feet of the giants thudded heavily after him across the empty space.

"Now this," said Mr. Dundee, fingering at the large soft clinging garment—"this is a fine Alaska seal, for twelve—no, fifteen hundred dollars! Fifteen—yes!" said Mr. Dundee, looking at the secret script upon the tag again. "Fifteen hundred dollars."

"Is this the best they is in the whole place?" asked the giant, crowding on him from behind, with one large hand upon the sealskin.

"The very best?" inquired the giantess, enveloping him on the other side.

"The very best, sir! Yes, madam!" said Mr. Dundee, looking up sharply into the almost savagely serious faces above him. "Except, of course, sable."

The faces of the giants, especially of the corrugated-browed male—stared down suspiciously and menacingly over him.

"The very best—except for sable! The very—blub!"

"The very—blub!" said Mr. Dundee, stopping suddenly, partially enveloped in the garment, with his mouth and the larger portion of his face below his eyes now entirely covered by the male giant's hand.

The female giant stepped aside with a look of inquiry at her mate.

"You can be going along now," he told her in answer. "We'll take care of this!"

And now turning his strained eyes Mr. Dundee, the junior partner, saw emerging from behind one of the circular exhibits of furs, where it had apparently been waiting, the lithe and elegantly dressed figure of Mr. Kidder.

He was apparently carrying some pasteboard placards which he had in his hand—and a long pole such as is used for rolling up rugs or carpets.

"You hold him there," he was saying to the giant, "till I get them ready. Give him a little more air if he needs it," he added thoughtfully. "He'll promise to keep still. Won't you?" he inquired of Mr. Dundee.

Mr. Dundee, the junior partner, promised with his bulging eyes.

It was but a few minutes afterwards that the casual strolling cigarette smokers and gum chewers of the noon hour observed with scant attention two men arranging a new lay figure or manikin among those already standing in the display of ladies' underwear in the handsome second show window of M. W. Praether & Co.

They were evidently skilled men; they worked quickly and sharply; and in a comparatively short time they had completed the task of setting up and fastening the image to the rear of the window, and then of hanging by short strings about and upon it several large placards, for the time being turned with their backs toward the street.

The smaller and more elegantly dressed man was evidently the one in charge—though his assistant, a man of unusual size and strength, was clearly most essential to him in the operation.

Arranging the new figure, which seemed to be enveloped in a large sealskin coat, in the exact center of the rear, setting to one side one of the graceful and delicately clothed feminine figures in the foreground of the window, the smaller workman finally gave a signal to the larger, who whisked the enveloping fur coat from the new image, and both disappeared almost simultaneously from the window—leaving the new display in its center.

As they did this two of the noonday strollers of the gum-chewing sex stopped before the show window with an expression of distinct surprise upon their faces. For they now observed for the first time that the new and central figure had a singularly heavy mustache, which was partly covered by a white bandage extending around the back of the neck.

"My Gawd," said the larger and more triangular-headed one of the two. "Would you look at that!"

At her exclamation others stopped with similar outcries of interest.

This figure with the mustache and the bandage about its mouth, which appeared in the center of the group of other figures displaying ladies' underwear, bore on its chest, they now read, a placard marked in large letters L'Alouette, which was fastened apparently on a silken camisole of apricot shade.

This placard, however, they soon understood, could not be meant to be the name of the figure itself, for not only was there a sum marked under this title, making L'Alouette—$1.99; but underneath it, hanging about to the knees, a second placard, marked La Regina—$4.99, was fastened evidently to a handsome pair of knickerbockers of heavy navy-blue satin, while above a similar smaller placard, marked La Babette—$1.00, was apparently secured and swung from a small fluffy novelty of sky-blue tulle which ornamented the low neck—which in turn in the cut of its garment suggested evening dress. Bare arms and low black socks with mannish shoes and garters completed the costume.

"What's the idea, huh? What's the idea?" hurriedly asked a tall pasty-faced young man with a cigarette, of the larger of the first two observers—struggling meanwhile to hold his place in the gathering, jostling crowd.

"How would I know?" she replied to him, now resuming her gum-chewing again rather slowly.

And now, watching instead of questioning, both read half audibly with their lips the larger placards which appeared about the new figure—three in all.

That at the left announced simply—what all eyes had already seen: Undies of Distinction.

That at the right stated generously: Take this all home—for $7.98.

But the entire meaning of the three was not conveyed until the reading of the largest and most conspicuous of all the placards, displayed above the figure's head, which said: At last! The First in America!! A real genuine mark-down sale!!!

"Look!" said the larger, more triangular-haired blonde at the window, now clutching her companion's arm. "Its eyes are moving!"

Not only that, but now it was claimed by several that they heard it making low but inarticulate sounds—though this could not be certain in the general and increasing confusion.

But at this time—word no doubt having gone into the store—the door in the back of the window was seen to open and new figures came in—several figures of employes, who were at once seen to be busily engaged in releasing the lay figure from bonds with which it seemed to be lashed to a long, heavy pole and to the back of the window.

Almost immediately when this was completed the figure started leaping actively up and down.

"Where is he? Where are they?" exclaimed the recently released lay figure. And bursting into hot, flaming and incandescent blasphemy, regardless of appearances, it hopped sharply from the rear of the show window and darted down the aisles of the store like some mad wild thing entirely bereft of its senses. Those whom it sought were apparently not in sight, for it stopped now before the ladies'-underwear counter to shout out loudly at the smartly dressed attractive young woman behind it: "Where are they?"

"Where are they?" repeated Miss Luella B. Smith, shrinking back in alarm.

"Bring them out, ye hussy!"

"Bring out who?" she asked in reply.

"Yer confederates! Yer confederates!" exclaimed the easily irritated junior partner. "The ones that brought about this dashed diabolical outrage."

And now looking about he saw behind him a short fat figure, the figure of his senior partner, old M. W., the head of M. W. Praether & Co., whose mouth was apparently covered with his hand

"IT'S *possible* for YOU to make *more* money this spring than ever before. Those concerns making the *most* money *right now* have jumped out of the old rut. They're doing something *different!* A *new* twist to your business—a new and better way of selling can mean *prosperity* instead of depression for you in 1922"—says Roger Babson.

Fred Mann, the famous North Dakota retailer, is proving that Babson is right. So is Charles Haines, the noted Kansas merchant. Likewise Mead-Johnson, Evansville manufacturers—and many others!

Needing business—wanting to cut expense, these progressive business men tried at *our* expense the Addressograph Way of *increasing sales.* Note opposite, their own statements of results. Why deny yourself equal prosperity? Real sales messages and latest price-lists to your *inactive* customers will regain their trade and offset competition. Attractive letters and circulars to your *logical prospects* will swell your sales. You can *prove* it at *our* expense! The *same* Addressograph prints *brief* messages and addresses them 10 times *faster* than hands. Errors impossible! FREE trial will convince you. Just mail coupon below.

Note These Startling Sales Results of These Firms who tried it FREE

1. "We did 20% more business in 1921 than in 1920 in spite of a 30% price decline. Addressograph-ed circulars and catalogs largely responsible. We are using direct advertising exclusively this year."
—THEODORE SAMUELS, Vice Pres.
Samuels Shoe Co., St. Louis, Mo.

2. "How any merchant can afford to be without the Addressograph is beyond me. Ours is of inestimable value in covering our territory for 60 miles around with letters and sales notices."
—CHARLES HAINES, Merchant
Sabetha, Kas.

3. "We sold more merchandise in 1921 than the year before—over $500,000 in a 5,000 town. We did it by keeping a continual stream of Addressograph-ed letters and circulars going into the mails.
—FRED MANN, Pres.,
Mann's Dep't Store,
Devil's Lake, North Dakota.

4. "We are doubling our Addressograph-ed advertising in 1922, because our 63% increase in sales in 1921 over 1920 is largely traceable to this form of sales effort."
—E. M. JOHNSON, Vice Pres.
Mead-Johnson Co., Evansville, Indiana.

Gen'l Offices, 900 W. Van Buren St. Chicago
Factories: Chicago, Brooklyn, London
Sales Offices and Service Stations
Boston, Baltimore, Buffalo—Cleveland
Detroit—Minneapolis—New York—San Francisco, and 32 other principal cities
Canadian Head Office: 50 W. Front St., Toronto
Vancouver—Montreal—Winnipeg

Addressograph
TRADE MARK
PRINTS FROM TYPE

2 New Selling Books FREE

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—by C. P. Ufford, Mailing List Expert of Goodrich Rubber Co.

2 "How Live Sales Promotion Puts the Sharp Edge on Dull Business."
—by A. J. Reiss, Sales Promotion Expert.

Mail With Your Letterhead
To Addressograph Co., 900 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.
☐ SEND ON APPROVAL Hand Operated Ribbon Print Addressograph for 10 days FREE trial. If we don't buy we will return it at your expense
☐ HAVE ALEXMAN DEMON TRATE the Addressograph he carries with him.
☐ SEND SAMPLE for Blank
☐ SEND BOOK No. 1.
☐ SEND BOOK No. 2.

Executives

You'll want this book

To save even a small percentage on coal bills means thousands of dollars earned annually.

This clear, complete treatise is written to show everyone who operates a boiler room how to actually make money by following simple business methods.

Clip this advertisement as a memorandum to your secretary to send for this free book.

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New York Boston Detroit

Anatomik Shoe System
Our Sales Patents Feb. 20 '06

A Man's Feet Carry 815 Tons a Day

Anatomik shoes support the feet, their muscles and tendons, relieving necessity for using the muscles of the leg and foot in walking, and thereby keeping feet in condition. Anatomik shoes have been satisfying their wearers for 15 years. Across the water every second foot is in the arch of a Anatomik shoe (left), and in Anatomik shoe (right). Send for free illustrated booklet and name of nearest agency.

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NOW ONLY $1.65 Were $2.50

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Hatched in the World's Largest Incubator and from stock on our own farm, holding Official World's Records. We also have best thoroughbred poultry, stock at our usual moderate prices, twelve popular breeds. Write nearest address, Smith's Standard Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. today, for catalog FREE.

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PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

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If you have the will, here's the way

ANSWER!

The Curtis Publishing Company
611 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please tell me how, as your subscription representative, I can earn up to $1.50 or more an hour in my spare time.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

"What are you blitherin' at?" inquired the junior partner hastily—with the emphasis on the "you."

"I wasn't blithering," said the senior partner evasively. "I was coughing."

"What are ye coughing at then?" asked the easily irritated junior partner.

And in absence of immediate answer he burst forth again in wild, frank, free, incandescent speech, in which the names of a great variety of persons and deities—including that of the senior partner—were freely and inextricably intermingled.

"And you too—you too—if ye want to know it!" he was saying, when the senior partner interrupted him.

"That will be about all for that," said the senior partner crisply. "Get dressed," he stated to him coldly, "and come up to the office. We can curse each other more comfortably there."

At about this time, laughing heartily, Mr. Kidder, leaving the edge of the reluctantly dispersing crowd, was walking home to his hotel by himself, having long ago dismissed his companion.

"I only wish I could do it all over the country. To every man I sold!" he was saying to himself. "What a boost—what a boost it would give the retail business of this country!"

But of course he saw this would be impossible, considering the quickness with which the news of this one experiment would no doubt reach his home office. So he now busied himself with the consideration of a strong and dignified letter of resignation to be sent in in time at least to reach his house simultaneously with the report of his last activity with one of their customers.

Still considering this, he passed upstairs to his own room.

The framing of his letter—to contain both the dignity and pep that he desired to give it—was a more difficult and laborious task than he at first realized; and when it was dinnertime he found it still uncompleted. Laying it aside finally, he proceeded downstairs. And now as he passed the hotel desk, looking back of it, he saw the fine diagonal line of a single letter in the box with his room number.

It was a letter, he saw when he received it, with the now familiar postmark of Los Angeles. Opening it with agitated hands he read as follows:

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
October 29, 1921.

MR. JUSTIN CHATSWORTH KIDDER,
108 —— Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Owing to a regrettable error you were notified by letter yesterday, the 28th, of your inheritance of the fortune of Mr. Justin Chatsworth, deceased. This announcement, we greatly regret to say, was an error—a mistake originating in a confusion by a stenographer of the addresses of two persons with identical names—your own and one other.

The other Mr. Justin Chatsworth Kidder, who, it seems, was associated with your uncle in his soap business, is the recipient, it now appears, of his fortune; while the mention of your name is merely incidental, arising from the fact that the decedent took occasion to speak with reprobation of your changing of it.

These exactly identical names with their addresses being the only two which appeared in the document, you will readily appreciate how a mistake in this matter was possible—though most unfortunate.

Reiterating our regrets for this error, and trusting it has not inconvenienced you to any serious degree, we are,

Your obedient servants,
SPRIGGS & PITKIN, Attys. at Law.

AT 8:30 O'CLOCK, after the couple in the room underneath had complained to the office the second time of his tramping around, Mr. Kidder finally went to bed, and falling, after some hour or so, into a heavy and exhausted sleep, did not wake until nine o'clock, when he was aroused with a start by the rattling of his telephone bell.

"This is M. W. Praether & Co. speaking—Mr. Praether's office!" said the voice on the telephone—a voice which Mr. Kidder thought at first to be that of Miss Smith.

"Yes-s-s," said Mr. Kidder's still heavy tongue.

"I'm speaking for Mr. Praether. Could you come and call on him at his office at 9:30?"

"I could—yes," said Mr. Kidder, now thoroughly awake.

"Very well, he will look for you," said the woman's voice at the phone, closing the conversation.

Mr. Kidder, still somewhat dazed, wondered, while hurriedly dressing, if it could have been Miss Smith who had been talking—or, as more likely, merely one of the stenographers with a clear, high, attractive soprano voice.

When he arrived at the office of Mr. Praether, the head of the firm, he thought that he heard again, from the anteroom, the sound of the voice and laughter of Miss Smith, together with that of the head of the firm—or old M. W., as he was more generally called—in the inner office. But this he believed later to be a mistake, for when he was taken in at last he found the latter alone and without any suggestion of laughter in his face—and the door on the farther side of his office firmly closed.

"Sit down," said old M. W. gruffly.

He was a short, heavy, smooth-faced old man, who looked usually like a good-humored toad with a bald head. But just now there was no humor apparent either in his little round eye or in his voice.

"Sit down," he said briefly to Mr. Kidder, who did so without unnecessary delay—waiting for the expected.

"I got you in here for a purpose!" said Mr. Praether, fixing his small but observant eye upon him steadily.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Kidder, swallowing, and slightly lifting his shoulders.

"Our junior partner, Mr. Dundee, has this morning withdrawn from our firm," stated Mr. Praether now—and waited.

But Mr. Kidder said nothing—but remained motionless, silent and rooted to his chair.

"That being the case," continued the other, "we shall have to get out and look for buyers—several of them—for the various departments which he formerly handled."

And now Mr. Kidder's lips moved slowly but did not yet articulate.

"Men of enterprise and pep and initiative! Men who are willing to stand up and take the gaff for what they think—no matter who's against them!" continued Mr. Praether.

And now a slight murmur came from Mr. Kidder's lips.

"No matter who's against them," repeated Mr. Praether. "Up to and including myself! That if I go and make a fool of myself, will stand right up and fight against me—like undefeated wildcats! You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Kidder's voice now rather sharply.

"Will you come with us? And try it?" inquired old M. W., looking him through and through with his little eyes, and named the departments he would give him, and also the figure of his salary—a very generous one, much larger than he had been getting.

"I certainly will!" replied Mr. Kidder quickly, with a slight moisture in his eye.

And they arranged the details.

"And now," said old M. W., rising and stretching out his old fat hand to shake hands with him, "if you'll go out into that next room—through that door there—you'll find your assistant—the head buyer for the ladies'-underwear department, Miss Smith. You know her, don't you?"

"I certainly do," said Mr. Kidder, stumbling into the next office, still partly dazed.

"Look," he said finally, when they were alone and he was sure they couldn't be overheard. "What happened?"

"He blew up, that's all! Finally!" said Miss Smith.

"Dundee—you mean?" suggested Mr. Kidder, watching her, filling out her talk. For she seemed almost as excited as he.

"Yes," said Luella B. Smith; "like he did always—with all the rest of us. Only this time it was old M. W. himself!"

"Oh," said Mr. Kidder, seeing the situation more intelligently and comprehensively than before. "And then what?"

"Then the old man sent for me."

"And what'd you tell him?" asked Mr. Kidder, watching her.

"I just told him the whole story—how it was. How he picked on you and me and everybody all the time."

"Yeah," said Mr. Kidder. "And what about my thing?"

"I told him that, too, just the way it was," said Luella B. Smith, with a quick flush of admiration on her face. "I told him that he found one person finally he couldn't pick on. He picked on one that was too much for him."

"You didn't!" said Mr. Kidder, a sudden flush of color now appearing on his cheek.

"I certainly did!" replied Miss Smith in her decided manner.

"And what'd he do?"

"He laughed. He got to laughing," said Luella B. Smith. "He loves to laugh more than anything."

"He's one fine old man," said Mr. Kidder enthusiastically.

"He is," affirmed Miss Smith. "He's a prince. I love to hear him laugh. But there was another thing, too, in this!"

"What?" asked Mr. Kidder.

"He's wanted to get rid of that old grouch right along. But he couldn't—he hated to. And this thing did it for him. So incidentally it fixed you up all right with him!"

Mr. Kidder said nothing for the moment.

"You were lucky."

"I was—more ways than one," said Mr. Kidder. And she looked at him, his voice was so kind of husky.

"What—what's the idea?" asked Luella B. Smith, for he was trying to take her hand.

"You know what you did for me?" he was asking.

"No. What?"

"You went to the front for me—I know it! Or this wouldn't have happened," said J. Chatsworth Kidder.

"Oh, forget it!" responded Miss Smith.

"Do you know what I think about you?" he asked, crunching her hand more than he realized. "I think you are all to the good!"

"Do you mean that — or are you just ——" Miss Smith started saying, with a half serious, half mocking smile.

"I'll show you whether I mean it," responded Mr. Kidder.

"Not now!" she said, pulling her hand away.

"No. But just as soon as I prove I can make good on this job—anyhow!"

"Come on," said Miss Luella B. Smith practically. "We've got to start doing it."

"Do you know what I think about you?" insisted Mr. Kidder with sudden impulsiveness. "I'd rather travel alongside of you than have a million dollars! Any day!"

"Come on then," said the woman—always more practical than the man. "It's time we traveled!"

Side by side they went down together to start their plans for putting the ladies'-underwear department on the map.

"We'll celebrate—right at the start!" said Mr. Kidder. "We'll show the world one regular mark-down sale. A real genuine one! We'll make them buy."

"Sure! We'll have all the old married men," responded Miss Luella B. Smith, with a happy, laughing look, "in here buying armfuls for their wives!"

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THEN you can build. Go to your architect or contractor and ask him to submit an estimate for the type of home you have in mind.

Building costs *are* lower, and any good architect or contractor will give you the utmost benefit of his experience in securing good materials and sound construction at lowest prices. If you go to a good firm you will get value.

Take the matter of heating in which we are directly interested. You can save several hundred dollars on this one item—perhaps a thousand. The Mueller Convector makes this possible because of its simplicity and because its installation does not increase cost of building. Yet, it will give you comforts and conveniences that more complicated and costly systems can hardly furnish.

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Even if cost is not a factor to you, we ask you to let us prove these statements. You are very apt to find that the Convector is by far the best system for your home regardless of price, and you can put the hundreds you save into a garage or furnishings.

Let us send you complete information about this remarkable system. Let us give you a free estimate on the complete cost of the size you will need, installed and GUARANTEED to heat all your home to your COMPLETE SATISFACTION. Let us send you, too, our book on HEAT, something everyone should read before they buy or build a home. No obligation. Just send request form below.

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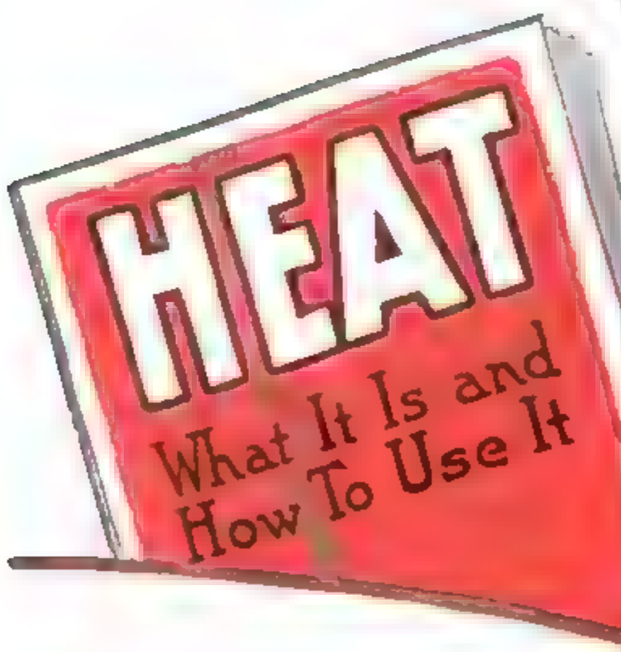

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THE GOOD UNCLES

(Continued from Page 19)

is because of my uncle that I am here. One might almost guess that the two of them scraped acquaintance in Paradise and arranged this meeting for us. I wonder how your uncle likes my uncle!"

The youth grinned. He conceived he was getting the measure of his vis-a-vis—a rich and witty French gentleman, a nobleman perhaps—a count. He talked and listened greedily throughout the meal, and when afterwards Maurice strolled forth from the inn door, cigar in mouth, to the rough road that dipped to the little harbor, his dinner companion made occasion to join him.

"I was going down to look at the sea," said Maurice. "That, and the wine when it is red, are the only things to look upon here. And there are times when it is superb."

They passed among the sullen-fronted stone cottages and so down to the little hard of stone revetment that sloped to the inward-surging tide. To each side of it, perhaps two hundred yards apart, a concrete arm of harbor wall ran seaward, uselessly, for no anchor could hold on that iron bottom in the great inward-running swell and sag of the seas. Maurice led the way out upon the eastern arm, and the rising wind lifted feathers of spray that stung their faces as they leaned against it.

"Well?" said Maurice as they came to a halt halfway along the wall.

"Eh?" The young fellow did not understand.

"Look, my friend!" Maurice waved his cigar at the seaward distances. "These are the waves that Britannia rules. What do you think of your subjects?"

It was something more than dusk by now. Below them, prisoned in their channel, the great black swells roared shorewards like gigantic bowlders cascading down a mountain side. They came out of the deepening night, and to east and west, outside the channel, there stretched away beyond eye range the white of tumbling breakers upon the coastwise rock barrier of Brittany.

"Shouldn't care to fall in just now," said the young man.

"Not want to meet your uncle?" laughed Maurice. "Now I, when I was twenty-five, I swam that for a bet. That is my one accomplishment—swimming! Don't you swim?"

"Well"—the youth hesitated—"I've swum, of course—a little. Swimming baths and the seaside—that kind of thing. But I'm not what you'd call a swimmer. I say, it's getting cold out here, isn't it?"

They turned and went back. Maurice made an early excuse and retired to his bedroom. He had reconnoitered his ground; Le Robain had justified his memories of it.

Not for an instant did he falter in his purpose. The thing was ordained to be done; remained only to stage it so that scandal should gain no foothold, so that Irma de Leyle should not be shocked and frightened. It was to be an accident; his luggage and his belongings would remain as they were; he would write to a friend in Paris making an appointment for that day week; he would leave his pocketbook with his money in a drawer of the dressing table. And the lad he had met at dinner should accompany him to the harbor and witness the stumble and the fall into the water. He could count, he thought, on him to run yelling for help; and meantime he, the strong swimmer, the practical companion of the waves, would strike seawards, away from the compulsions of life, to the final infinite mercy of the great waters.

And Irma would never know. At any rate she would never knit her golden brows in perplexity at M. Bertholet, the club secretary; M. Bertholet, the agent on commission for art dealers and merchants of antiques; or M. Bertholet, making the most of a charity salary in a sinecure.

The young Englishman enjoyed a day of sheer charm the following day. Maurice joined him at breakfast and took him for a walk, lunched with him and lounged with him throughout the afternoon. He had a feeling that he must pay in advance for the service he was about to exact, and he gave himself trouble to be utterly delightful. He incurred a smashing compliment.

"I didn't know Frenchmen were like you," said the boy as they sat in the pale afternoon sunshine in the inn garden. "I'm an Englishman, of course," he went on, "an' proud of it!" he added hastily; "but you do make me wonder how we ever won Waterloo."

Maurice raised his hat in salute, smiling. "You ought to be ambassador to France," he said lightly.

The evening came up squally, and when after dinner they set forth upon their stroll to the harbor they wore raincoats. Maurice, as usual, had his cigar. He was satisfied with himself; there had not been one tragic word to cite against him, not one heroic gesture.

"It should be a splendid sight to-night," he said. "Britannia's subjects in rebellion! Once, when I was here before, I saw a ship drive straight on the rocks under the windows of the village and melt—literally dissolve into her elements—while I watched. And of the bodies that came ashore, not a single one was recognizable. Ah, here we are."

They had rounded a row of cottages to the top of the hard, and the low thunder of the sea swelled at them as through a trumpet. There was a sliver of moon aloft with raveled cloud scud pouring across it, and the water came shooting to their feet up the slope.

"It's a rotten night to go out on that wall," shivered the boy.

"A glorious night, you mean," said Maurice. "But don't come if you don't feel like it. I shan't be long."

The boy said something inarticulate, but followed at his heels. But for the need of a witness for Irma's sake he would have spared him. He had come to the point when the thing must be done, and it was too late to tinker with his plans.

The great rollers bowling in along the channel lipped the edge of the wall, and once an ankle-deep swirl of water foamed across it. The spray drove like shot and the wind pulled and thrust like a wrestler. When they reached the point at which they had stood the previous evening Maurice had to shout to make himself heard.

"Not nervous, I hope?"

He caught but one word—"beastly"—of the reply as the wind whipped the sound from the lad's lips. He looked about him at that tremendous theater of vast forces and great voices in which he was to be an actor. The terrifying pomp of night and chaos were to be his. His resolution was perfect. Now was the time. He moved to step nearer the edge as though to peer intrepidly over. That was the instant chosen for accident by the freakish Fate that had brought the two uncle sons together at Le Robain.

As Maurice moved, the lad made to move after him, a hand outstretched to draw him back. The slightly cambered top of the wall was shiny as a half-tide rock, and when he shifted his feet he sat down with a stunning jolt. His feet shot forward and took Maurice at the back of the ankles, driving them from under him. Ere he knew what was happening he was overboard, and a great, smooth-bosomed, silver-crested roller reached up to his falling body, gathered him in as a dog catches a thrown biscuit, and sucked him down.

"It is done, then!" was his single thought as the water churned him under and shouted in his ears. He thought he touched the rocky bottom of the channel; mere instinct and unbreakable habit held his breath for him; and, raincoat and all, he shot upwards and found his face in the air on the reverse slope of a great wave. Over him was the side of the wall and he could see the edge of it against the sky.

He had, perhaps, five seconds in which to see that and the contorted figure that poised and swayed over him on the brink, with tossing arms of anguish and a something in all its attitude that suggested it was screaming. And in the last two of those five seconds it ceased to wave and sway; a hand came stiffly forward, pointing at his face. The boy had seen him. And ere the next wave gulfed him Maurice had a strange view of the figure on the wall as it gathered itself to the conventional posture of a diver, hands joined and arms outstretched, swayed forward and came plunging down to him.

He felt the other's body collide with his own, desperate hands clawed over, got a grip on his raincoat and tore a double handful of it away. Then it was borne off, and he was free to go his path again. He came once more to the surface, and saw, a few yards away, the floating face of the boy borne up from the depths, and hands that grasped at the air—his would-be rescuer.

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Maurice could still think, and he swore. He could no more leave the lad than he could murder him in cold blood. He struck out and got the other by the collar just as another roller tumbled down upon them.

There was none to time or mark the stages of that struggle. There was nothing in favor of the two men in the water, no chance that offered itself, save the fact that each sea as it lifted them and then whelmed them bore them a little nearer the hard. The boy struggled feebly throughout; striving for the drowning man's deadly grapple; the high impulse that had nerved him to dive to the aid of Maurice had passed; twice Maurice had to let him go and recover him. The waters beat the reason from him; nothing remained but the will; he did not remember afterwards how men with life lines battled forth and dragged them to the stones of the slope. He recalled only lanterns and voices and rough hands that worked upon his wrists to loosen his grip on the boy, and then the sting of brandy in his throat and the birth pains of returning life.

It was when he lay in bed in the inn—dosed with the frightful French conception of that rare medicine, tea, and fortified with brandy—that the inwardness of the matter was plain to him. He sat up to give it voice.

"He has spoiled Le Robain for me! One cannot fall in twice. Confound him and his fool of an uncle!"

But his struggle—and the brandy perhaps—had numbed him. Serious thought must be for the morning. The innkeeper and his family and a delegation of neighbors, tiptoeing into his room, found him sleeping profoundly, inelegantly even, for he was snoring healthfully.

"*Un rude gaillard!*" was their verdict.

He awoke to a day of balm. The wind had gone down, and beyond the shadow of the house the road and the village were bright with sunlight, while beyond, the sea sulked and chafed like a beast beaten to submission.

The innkeeper in person—a sea-salty person, smelling of fish—was at his bedside with his coffee. There were a couple of letters on the tray.

The innkeeper was avid to gossip, to question, to prescribe; but Maurice had torn open the first of the letters.

"Presently, presently," he said impatiently; and as the host withdrew, baffled, he read:

MAURICE: I have thought. Come to me. I want you. Have I the right? IRMA.

The second letter was never opened. But ten minutes later a tall figure in a silk dressing gown entered the room of the other victim of the night's adventure and found that hero sitting up against his pillows eating an egg.

"Well, my preserver!" greeted Maurice cheerily, taking a seat on the foot of the bed.

"Don't!" The boy reddened passionately. "I knocked you in, and you saved my life."

Maurice laughed.

"Bosh!" he said. "Thank our interfering old uncles for that. But I ought to tell you that there is one thing I learned from you last night."

The boy blushed again. "Don't rot!" he said.

"Ah, but I did," said Maurice. "You see I knew you were no swimmer, and that you were afraid of the water. But when you dived all the same, I learned one thing of value."

"What?"

Maurice took him by the hand. "I learned how it was that you English won Waterloo!"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, HIS CHARACTER AND CAREER

(Continued from Page 11)

Party were with him, and he knew that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader in the House of Commons, sympathized with the opposition to the war. He was denounced as a pro-Boer by the Daily Mail, recently established by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, and on one occasion at Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain's city, he with difficulty escaped in policeman's clothes from an infuriated jingo mob.

I remember hearing him call the Boers "the Liberal Forwards," nor can there be any doubt that their obstinate and prolonged resistance made our people sick of the war; and after its close, in 1902, Mr. Balfour's government began to go downhill. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain tried to divert the attention of the country from the bad trade and unemployment—which as usual followed war—by proposing tariff reform, on the plea that the trade depression was due not to the war but to free trade. There were still old folk who knew about the corn laws; and a policy which meant dearer food, dearer boots and dearer clothing did not appeal to the electors. So popular favor began to gather round Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Lloyd George, and other Liberals who had made themselves conspicuous by opposition to the war.

At last, in the late autumn of 1905, Mr. Balfour resigned; and, to the bitter disappointment of the Liberal Imperialists, the king sent for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. "C. B." after some difficulty formed a cabinet, with Mr. Lloyd George as president of the Board of Trade, and then appealed to the country, which returned the Liberals with an enormous majority over all other parties.

Mr. Lloyd George remained president of the Board of Trade—where he showed his interests principally in labor questions, such as pensions for the workmen—until the untimely death of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in 1908. Mr. Asquith becoming Premier left the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer vacant, and the anti-Imperialist members of the cabinet insisted that it should be filled by Mr. Lloyd George, believing that his whole influence would be thrown against war and against the expansion of armaments.

At first Mr. Lloyd George fulfilled their expectations and made a strong fight—as I have reason to know, for I was in his confidence at the time—against the policy—1909—of laying down eight dreadnoughts; but finally he gave way on the understanding that large sums of money should be found at the same time for social purposes as well. This resulted in what was called the People's Budget. The fame of it went all over Europe.

I happened about that time to be in Madrid and met Mr. Canalejas, the Spanish Prime Minister. He put a series of questions to me about Mr. Lloyd George's budget. It was the one English question that interested him.

The People's Budget marked the highest point in Mr. Lloyd George's career as a political Radical and social reformer. I remember at the time publishing an article in which I said it ought to be called not "The People's Budget" but "The Armor-plate Budget," as the supertaxes were required to pay for the superdreadnoughts. It was, however, characteristic of Mr. Lloyd George's handling of public money, and of his conception of the duties of a chancellor of the exchequer, that he should think his controversy with his Liberal Imperialist colleagues in the cabinet—Asquith, Grey and Haldane—well settled by an agreement that the increase of expenditure on armaments should be balanced by an equivalent increase on pensions and other social reforms. To Mr. Lloyd George public thrift was an old-fashioned doctrine, as obsolete as mid-Victorian art. The idea of allowing money to fructify in the pockets of the people did not appeal to him. He preferred to tax and spend. It is only during the last year that the victories of antiwaste candidates over his own supporters at the elections have led him to adopt the cry of "Peace and Retrenchment." And this after ordering four Super Hoods and sending Mr. Balfour a life-long enthusiast for armaments—to represent Great Britain at the Washington conference.

Free trade, the third plank of the new Coalition Liberal platform, is as audacious as retrenchment, for it follows the passing of the key industries and Anti-Dumping Bill by which Mr. Lloyd George's government has obtained power to impose thousands of protective duties and to destroy

(Continued on Page 97)

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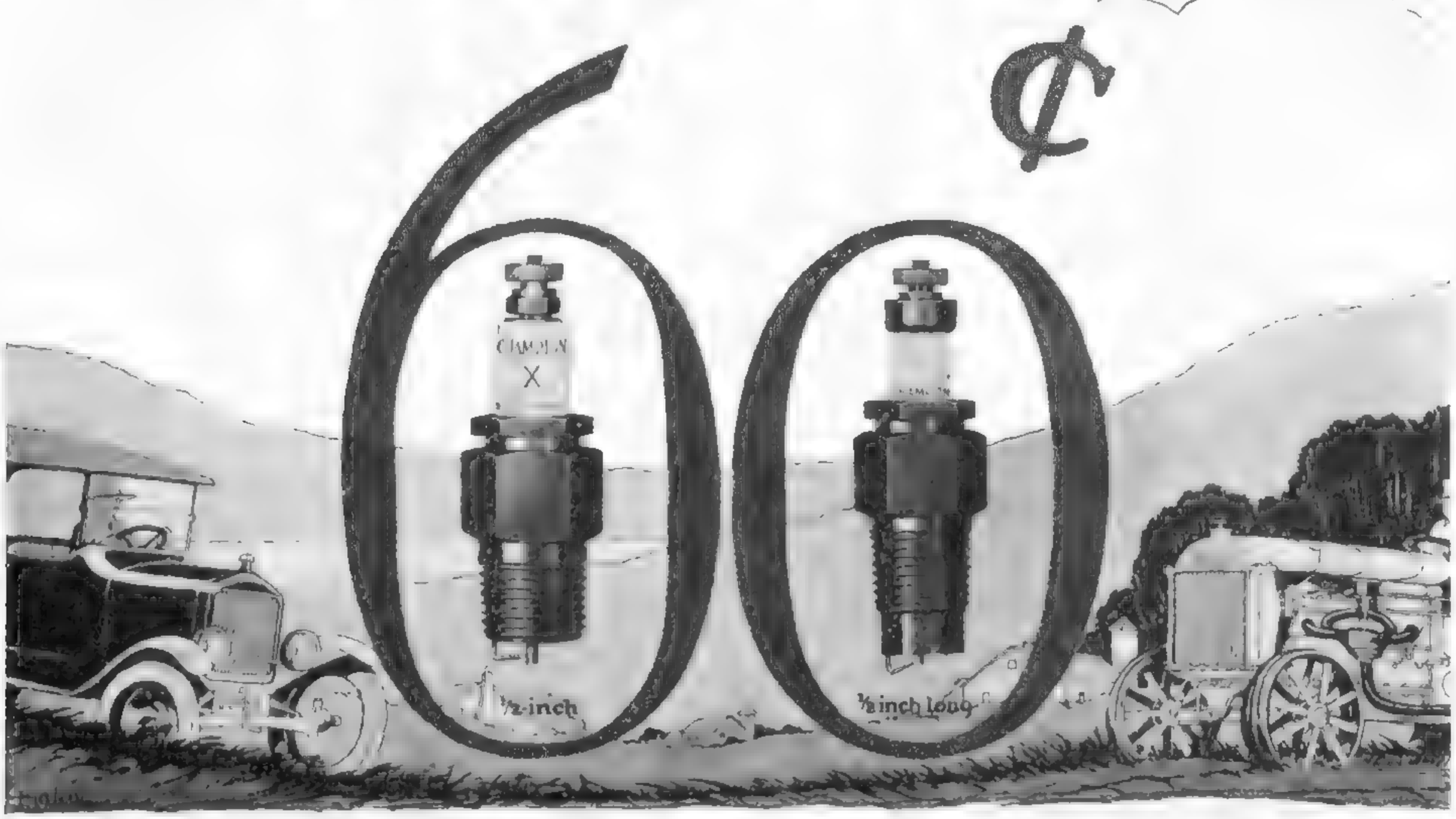

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(Continued from Page 94)

that system of free trade which gave England prosperity and Mr. Lloyd George office.

The People's Budget contained several small land taxes modeled on the theories of Henry George. Whether they were specially intended to irritate the House of Lords and to divert popular attention from more serious burdens, I do not know. They certainly served as a red rag to the country peers—or backwoodsmen and die-hards, as Mr. Lloyd George called them—in the House of Lords, and so provoked the second chamber that it made the grave mistake of throwing out the budget. The Liberal government won two general elections within a year—1910—and legislation limiting the Lords' veto was passed. For this triumph Mr. Lloyd George secured a full share of credit. He became the principal object of detestation among the leisured classes and the idol of the North Country Radicals. How anxious some of his political opponents were to compass his ruin was manifested during the Marconi inquiry. But in spite of appearances the years 1910 to 1914 were a period of transition, which illustrates Mr. Lloyd George's conception of Liberalism. He does not associate the Liberal creed with any principles or formulas. It is in his hands a judicious mixture of jingoism and socialism, the ingredients varying in amounts according to popular taste. So, as Radicalism became weaker after the death of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, and the grip of Imperialism on the Liberal party machine became stronger, Mr. Lloyd George began to appear in the new rôle of a chauvinist, though in July and August, 1914, he remained with a majority of the cabinet—a neutrality man until the Germans invaded Belgium.

From that time until peace and economy came into fashion Mr. Lloyd George donned the panoply of war. At first it was a crusade for liberty, then a quest for the knock-out blow. After that utterance—which preceded by a few weeks the fall of Mr. Asquith—some of the Welsh Radicals began to murmur. David, they said, had changed parts with Goliath. This feeling has spread rapidly, and at least half the Chapel vote in Wales is said to be likely to be cast against Liberal Coalition candidates at the next election. Unless the Conservatives in Wales and Great Britain vote for Liberal Coalitionists, Mr. Lloyd George will have a mere handful of supporters in the next Parliament.

Barbed Satire

In the first two years of the war Mr. Lloyd George did not add to his reputation either as Chancellor of the Exchequer or as Munition Minister. His recruiting speeches, however, appealed to religious emotion, and he had a good deal to do with the passage of conscription. His advocacy of compulsion as a democratic measure aptly marks the difference between a Democrat who likes equality, even with slavery, and a Liberal who puts personal liberty first. It was on this issue that Sir John Simon left the cabinet early in 1916.

Of Mr. Lloyd George's conduct of the war after he became Prime Minister, at the end of 1916, I can't pretend to speak with any authority. And who shall decide where doctors—or military critics—disagree?

During the war Mr. Lee, a Tory M. P., presented the nation with a beautiful house known as Chequers, in Buckinghamshire, for the Premier's residence. He has since been rewarded with a peerage—he is now called Lord Lee of Fareham, and was a British delegate at Washington—and a seat in the cabinet as First Lord of the Admiralty. The explanation of these preferments may be sought perhaps in Mr. Lloyd George's belief that the war was won in Chequers. About eighteen months after the armistice a newspaper reporter visited Chequers. Mr. Lloyd George was there and took him round, winding up with a visit to "the room where the war was won." Thereafter a scoffer penned the following:

THE ROOM WHERE THE WAR WAS WON

"This is the room where the war was won." *Mr. Lloyd George to a reporter at Chequers.*

The names of those who won the war
Are numerous and glorious—
A newspaper proprietor;
Statesmen, diplomatists galore—
Though not a single soldier, or
A sailor, was victorious.

But now a guide can show the room
In which the war was won;
At Chequers, where the distant boom
Of not a single gun
Disturbed the quiet by day or night
Of him whose genius won the fight.

Should incredulity presume
To doubt the story of the room,
Go, pilgrim, climb the marble stair,
And gaze upon the very chair
On which he sat, when from afar
There flashed the thought that won the war.

To-day, however, Mr. Lloyd George's friends are more anxious to show that he is capable of winning the peace and of reducing the burdens of war taxation. The question who won the war is no longer an issue at by-elections.

Mr. Lloyd George's friends, however, still insist that the war was won by Mr. Lloyd George's genius in perceiving the necessity for unity of command, and in insisting on the transfer to Marshal Foch of the supreme command of the Allied armies in the last year of the war. Others attribute this masterpiece of policy to Lord Milner. Mr. Lloyd George's critics, on the other hand, say that he prolonged the war, and very nearly lost it by transferring troops from the Western Front—which was vital—to the Asiatic Front, which was a secondary theater. Others again think that the war was won because the United States came in, or because Germany was exhausted and the German people were encouraged by President Wilson's speeches, and especially by his Fourteen Points, to revolt against their own government.

The Platform of 1918

In any case it is worth noting that Mr. Lloyd George, from the time when he became Prime Minister down to the armistice, never repeated his knock-out-blow formula. His speeches were liberal in tone as regarding the settlement, though his peace program was much less definite and much less specific than President Wilson's. He did, however, say that the Allies must treat the enemy very much better after they had vanquished them than the Germans had treated the French in 1871, or than the Germans treated the Russians at the peace of Brest-Litovsk. This, I quite believe, was Mr. Lloyd George's intention; but unfortunately after the armistice the electioneerer superseded the statesman. Instead of concentrating his energies on the task of making, with all possible speed, a good, reasonable and practicable peace, which would have enabled Europe to settle down, Mr. Lloyd George determined to follow a bad example set by Mr. Chamberlain, whom he seems to have taken as his model. After the British troops had occupied Pretoria and apparently won the Boer War, in 1900, Mr. Chamberlain insisted on an appeal to the country; and so there was a khaki election, which returned the Unionists to power with a thumping majority. The precedent and the temptation were too much for Mr. Lloyd George. He could not resist such an opportunity of securing a new lease of power by appealing for the votes of his countrymen as the man who won the war.

This general election—the coupon election—had fatal consequences, as anyone acquainted with the books of Mr. John Maynard Keynes and other writers who have described the peace of Versailles must be well aware.

At the time of the election campaign, in November, 1918, Mr. Lloyd George talked like a statesman; but as politics became hotter he fell more and more under the influence of the yellow press and of unscrupulous political agents. At last, just before election day, he adopted the simple program: "If you return me to power I will (1) hang the Kaiser after a fair trial in London; (2) make the Germans pay the whole cost of the war; (3) make Great Britain a place fit for heroes to live in."

The people were in a wild state of excitement, because the hideous nightmare of the war had just been removed. The average voter was not inclined to think, and a most disreputable Parliament—of "hard-faced men who had made money out of the war" and wanted titles—was elected in consequence. Most of the coupon candidates were stupid enough to believe or wicked enough to pretend that they regarded Mr. Lloyd George's program as not merely just but practicable. So Mr. Lloyd George swept the country and remained Prime Minister, with practically

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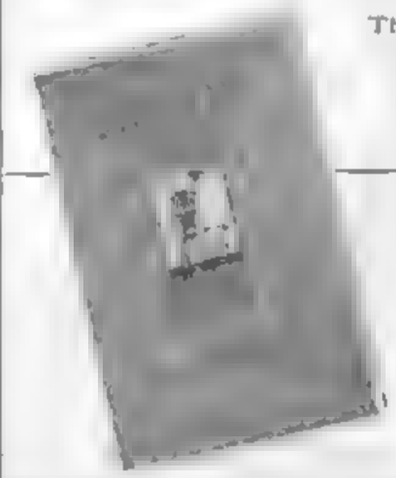

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SOMETHING NEW! Something different! A three-quarter NOTASEME stocking with beautiful cuffs in contrasting colors—in a number of distinctive color combinations. ¶ Lustrous silk-fibre tops—sturdy mercerized body. Beauty where it adds to appearance and strength where the wear comes. ¶ Quite the most original note in hosiery for well dressed children. They may be bought at the best stores in your city.

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the same cabinet but a new House of Commons. Perhaps he would have liked to forget and disregard the pledges he had given; but neither the new Parliament nor the yellow press would allow him to forget them, and for a long time he was dogged by his promises to hang the Kaiser and to make Germany repay the cost of the war.

After the election the fierce feeling of exultation and the bitter passions generated during the war began to subside. The political lava cooled, and Mr. Lloyd George's popularity waned. Fortunately for him there was plenty of employment for more than a year after the armistice. Nearly all the factories in Great Britain were working full time. Wise men shook their heads at the inflation and at the fictitious prosperity and the insane extravagance of the government.

But the wise are always in a small minority; so Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues proceeded as merrily as if there were no war debt, and as if the war taxation did not matter.

But after a while trade declined and voices began to be raised in all parts of the country asking why the restrictions and regulations imposed under Dora during the war were not removed; why tens of millions of money were being wasted in a new war against Russian communism, and tens of millions more in fighting the Arabs in Mesopotamia and Palestine; why there was so much procrastination over the peace treaties; why coalition government continued; why political principles should not come out of cold storage, and why Mr. Lloyd George did not now revert to the party system.

He still called himself a Liberal. Why, then, did he sit in the cabinet with Conservative colleagues whom he had bitterly denounced throughout his political life, and by whom he had been as bitterly execrated in the recent Marconi affair? What good could come of a coalition government composed of men whose political principles were contrary and contradictory—Free Traders and Protectionists, Home Rulers and Unionists; men who supported temperance and men who were devoted to the liquor interests; militarists and antimilitarists; believers in a state church and disestablishers; land reformers and landlords? How could a cabinet so composed—a political mosaic under a political chameleon—maintain the ordinary standards of political honesty?

Winning the Peace

These biting criticisms came partly from the Labor Party and from the Independent Liberals—or Wee Frees—but also from old-fashioned Tories, who could not forget The People's Budget and the land campaign, the Marconi scandal and the radical speeches which had infuriated them in pre-war days.

The answer given by Mr. Lloyd George and his principal colleagues—Lord Curzon, Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and others—was that the time had not yet come to revert to party strife, that the nation had not yet reaped the full fruits of victory. "We have won the war; we must now win the peace. Union is still necessary in order to solve the many problems which have been left behind by the war." Besides, they added, the old principles and battle cries, or slogans, which had divided the parties, were no longer applicable. The country was assured that any differences which arose in the cabinet on questions of policy did not follow the old party lines and that the cabinet was quite harmonious. It was known, for instance, that Mr. Lloyd George was opposed to Mr. Churchill's policy in Russia, and that other members of the cabinet were opposed to Mr. Lloyd George's policy of supporting the Greeks in their territorial demands upon Turkey. And it may, I think, be assumed that so far neither the Liberals in the cabinet nor the Conservatives in the cabinet have been much troubled by recollections of their old principles and differences. They are reminded of them by critics. It is noticed that Protectionist measures have been supported with eloquence, or at least with zeal, by Liberal members of the cabinet like Mr. Fisher and Sir Alfred Mond, while Conservatives like Lord Curzon, Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Bonar Law have frequently made very Liberal statements on such questions as Ireland or Central Europe.

As to Ireland, the policy of reprisals against the Sinn Feiners was carried out by a "Liberal" Minister, Sir Hamar Greenwood. And it is said that Lord Birkenhead, once the hottest of Unionists, has done most to bring about peace with Ireland on a basis amounting to practical independence.

Mr. Lloyd George's position is rather precarious. No one thinks him very safe on his perch. For he is not the accepted leader either of the Liberal or of the Conservative Party. He is faced with the unpopularity of the war, which at one time made him a popular hero.

A Born Fighter

There is a general revolt against the burden of taxation, which people connect with the extravagance of Mr. Lloyd George. He is by nature liberally and even lavishly generous with other people's money. His chief strength is the weakness of Mr. Asquith, Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Grey and other possible alternatives. Mr. Asquith's record on war, Dora, conscription, protection, and so on, is Mr. Lloyd George's trump card.

I have already said that in the mouths of his henchmen Mr. Lloyd George is always known as "the man who won the war." By more critical admirers he is described as the artful dodger, the quick-change artist, the spellbinder, or the Welsh wizard. Bitter Tories, who have never forgiven him, call him the Welsh attorney, or Marconi George, or the Limehouse demagogue.

As a leader his best quality, or at any rate the quality which has served him best at critical moments in his career, is political and parliamentary courage—not the steady persistent courage of the martyr or of a man consistent to ideals, but a readiness to fight or run risks.

He has not the bumptious audacity of Mr. Winston Churchill, but he has far more courage. It has been said that Mr. Churchill has neither principles nor prejudices, but that Mr. Lloyd George has prejudices. Another difference between these two spellbinders is that Mr. Lloyd George obtains most of his information by listening, while Mr. Churchill acquires his by reading. Mr. Lloyd George is an excellent and witty conversationalist. Mr. Churchill is brilliant at monologue, like Macaulay, whose occasional flashes of silence were much relished. Mr. Churchill spends a great deal of time in painting pictures and writing for the newspapers. Mr. Lloyd George does neither. Politics and political talk are his business and his recreation. He is surrounded by newspaper proprietors and journalists; and it is only in his family circle or with old friends among the Welsh hills that he occasionally drops politics.

His tastes are simple, his pleasures are convivial, his wit is spontaneous and unartificial, if also, perhaps, unrefined. But a joke, as Bishop Stubbs once used to say, and as readers of Aristophanes may agree, is essentially vulgar.

As to the claim that he is as great as Pitt, the pilot who weathered the storm, because he won the war, we may, perhaps, admit it. Pitt did not weather the storm; and as the war would not have been won if it had not been prolonged Mr. Lloyd George has at least as good a chance with history as Pitt. And there are chapters and incidents in Mr. Lloyd George's life which will appeal to every class of political thinker.

Old Friends are Best—like Good Old Clothcraft Serge

YOU'D hardly believe a suit could wear so well—unless you have worn one yourself, or unless you know the peculiar points in Clothcraft manufacturing that make wear possible.

The serge, of course, you know. It is the same old faithful fabric of purest worsted yarns, woven in the simplest, strongest weave. It *must* wear like iron!

And Clothcraft makes up this wonderful cloth only in sensible models—the smart, sturdy sort of suit *men* like to wear. No gingerbread or jazz. Just common sense in clothes. This elimination of frills has naturally cut production costs.

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—why Clothcraft suits are good for several seasons without getting out of date.
—why Clothcraft has so many "repeat" wearers.

—and why a Clothcraft suit today returns you the most real suit value, dollar for dollar, that any suit can give.

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HOW is such value possible at so low a price? The question would answer itself if only you were able to visit the Clothcraft Plant and see the evolution of fabric and findings into a finished Clothcraft suit.

In the first place, Clothcraft buys materials in such tremendous volume that there is a big saving right there.

Then, you will find that the Clothcraft suit is a triumph of manufacturing standardization and of ingenious short-cuts in production—the result of years of patient, painstaking development.

Here, for instance, you will see a little machine used in "felling" the sleeve linings at the armholes. This used to be a costly, hand-labor process, but this new machine sews from the inside, leaving a smoother seam outside, saving much time and expense.

Again, here's another bit of "humanized machinery" that saves. It is the zig zag stitch machine which attaches the under collar to the coat—a task that used to call for highly-paid hand work.

As another example, the machine illustrated below overcasts the fly on the trousers and trims it in a single operation. Imagine what a saving there is here!

Add to these three, a score of other production short cuts that all do their bit to save a few pennies here and there so that by the time the suit is finished the saving amounts to dollars. And this saving is passed on to you—in the form of better value at lower cost.

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You must see the new Clothcraft Serge Folder which we have just prepared. It includes actual swatches of Clothcraft Serge, so you can see and feel and judge the quality for yourself. The folder also contains other interesting information about men's suits; while the supply lasts a folder will be sent you free. Write today to

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Clothcraft Serge Specials:

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No. 3130 (Gray)	35.
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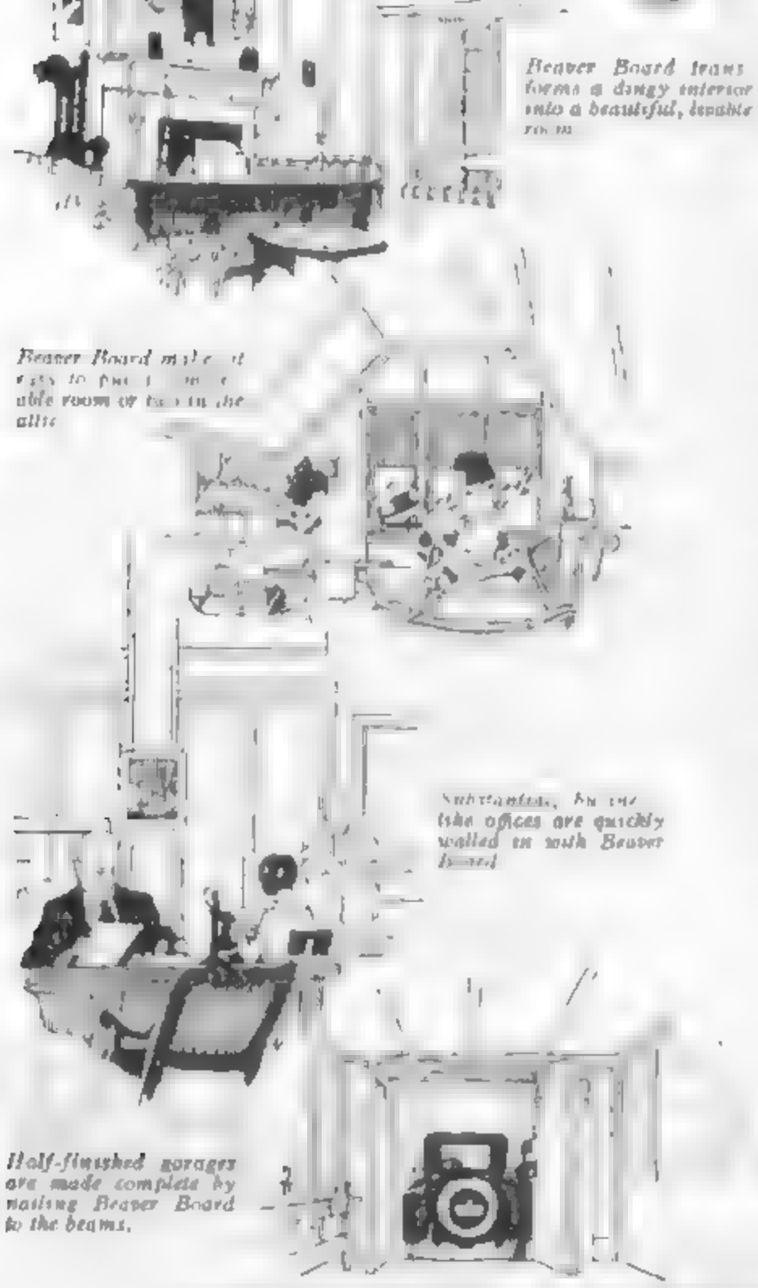
Those repairs won't be expensive



Beaver Board transforms a dingy interior into a beautiful, livable room

Beaver Board makes it easy to finish a usable room or two in the attic

Substantial, but temporary offices are quickly walled in with Beaver Board

Half-finished garages are made complete by nailing Beaver Board to the beams.

NOT if you use genuine Beaver Board. The cost of Beaver Boarding is surprisingly low, yet the results are as permanent as they are good looking.

You can nail the big panels over old plaster or directly to joists and studding as easily as you would in finishing up new interiors. Either way you can count on a job that's eminently satisfactory. For Beaver Board walls and ceilings can't crack or fall.

Genuine Beaver Board is knotless, flawless manufactured lumber, made from the long, tough fibers of white spruce logs. Each panel is sized by our *patented Sealtite process*, which makes a perfect painting surface.

Nail up the panels, paint, if you care to decorate, add the finishing wood strips and the job is complete. It's quick, clean work, with little sawing and practically no waste. There's none of the muss or litter that goes along with ordinary repair work.

So, don't postpone needed repairs or remodeling work because you fear the trouble or expense. Your local carpenter or lumber dealer will gladly estimate the cost of the Beaver Boarding you want to do. See about it today.

Or, send our Builders' Service Department in Buffalo a rough sketch, giving dimensions, locating doors and windows and specifying the type of room, and our expert designers will prepare finished plans at no cost or obligation to you.

THE BEAVER BOARD COMPANIES

Administration Offices, Buffalo, N. Y.; Thorold, Ont., Canada; London, Eng.
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Above all, be sure you use genuine Beaver Board. Look for the Beaver Quality trade-mark on the back of each panel. It is there for your protection. Insist upon seeing it.

BEAVER QUALITY

BEAVER BOARD

FOR BETTER WALLS & CEILINGS

YOUR TOWN TO-MORROW

(Continued from Page 16

up at docks on the river fronts. The logical thing was to provide easy communication between the river fronts, and so a system of many cross streets was laid out. Granddad could not foresee omnibuses developing into horse cars, horse cars into trolley and elevated, and the buggy and team of trotters into the automobile. So he did not provide enough great north-and-south avenues, the desperate need of New York to-day.

"Our family is land poor this generation," said an elderly New Yorker. "Father made plenty of money as a merchant, and tried to provide for us by investments in real estate. He had the utmost faith in the growth and future of the city. But he looked in the wrong direction. When we were children mother used to take us to Central Park by ferry, up the East River to Sixtieth Street, and then across on a horse car. Most of the travel was by ferry, on the rivers. Father could not see how the upper reaches of Manhattan Island could ever be brought within reasonable time and distance of the lower section. The town had to grow. He figured it would grow by ferry, reaching out to Long Island, so he invested most of his money over there. He did not foresee the elevated railroad, which made growth possible uptown—indeed, for two or three years after the Third Avenue L was opened people were afraid to ride on it. That is why I am a real-estate man; had he invested uptown I would be a millionaire!"

To-day we have better information than previous generations upon which to plan cities for the future. But we are not using it yet to good advantage. Here and there somebody with vision has begun remapping cities and highways, but the public in general has still to catch the idea. So we are dealing with city difficulties piecemeal. Instead of solving them in a broad way we are letting them hustle us. Traffic begins to tangle at a certain corner. We put a policeman at that corner to straighten traffic out.

The tangle spreads up and down as traffic grows. We put more policemen on more corners, then lift them into towers and organize control in units of five or ten blocks. Then slow traffic gets tangled up with fast traffic and we begin controlling pedestrians as well as vehicles.

In Detroit a system of synchronized control covering about six blocks at the most congested center was recently adopted, with a tower and system of lights giving traffic policemen at other corners uniform control signals. This straightened out the automobile traffic splendidly, but without control of people crossing the streets motor traffic was slowed down. So a system of bell signals for pedestrians had to be added. But in a year or two, at most, growth of both vehicular and pedestrian traffic at such points will outstrip the system, and until people realize that something entirely new in the way of city streets is needed, and provide for the needs of to-morrow, we shall continue struggling with the difficulty that is right on top of us, and not making much headway at that.

Injustice to the Motor

Straight thinking about the automobile comes pretty near being the keynote to the problem.

The word "pleasure" has cost the automobile industry many millions of dollars. At first, too expensive to be within reach of anybody but the rich, the automobile was used chiefly for recreation. Even when it came within the reach of the average family, carrying the farmer, the doctor, the salesman and rural postman about their work, the pleasure idea persisted. It is held responsible for Uncle Sam's war tax which puts automobiles in the same class as cosmetics. It keeps alive a certain thoughtless prejudice against the gasoline horses, and causes many a sermon to be preached against extravagance. Worst of all, the pleasure fallacy clouds the public opinion necessary in rearranging our cities, our highways and our lives to utilize the automobile as it really is.

"I am thinking about buying a touring car. What is the price of that one?" a stranger will ask to-morrow on Gasoline Row.

"Do you live in a rented house or an apartment?" the salesman will ask in turn.

"Apartment—but what has that got to do with it? What is the horse power of that car?"

"How much rent do you pay?" the salesman will persist.

"One hundred dollars a month. Is this a four or a six?"

"Have you ever thought of owning your own home?"

"I don't like that robin's-egg blue—it won't stand up to hard service. Can I get the same model in a darker color?"

"How many persons in your family?"

"Say!" the customer exclaims impatiently. "Am I giving you an income-tax statement or trying to buy an automobile?"

"You are trying to buy an automobile," is the reply, "and I am trying to determine whether you can afford this car."

"Afford it! Do I look as though I didn't have the price? What is the price anyway?"

"One thousand and forty-five dollars, including freight, and you look worth that much to me. Sure, you can have this car in several colors. It is a four, and a good one. But we are not selling automobiles any more."

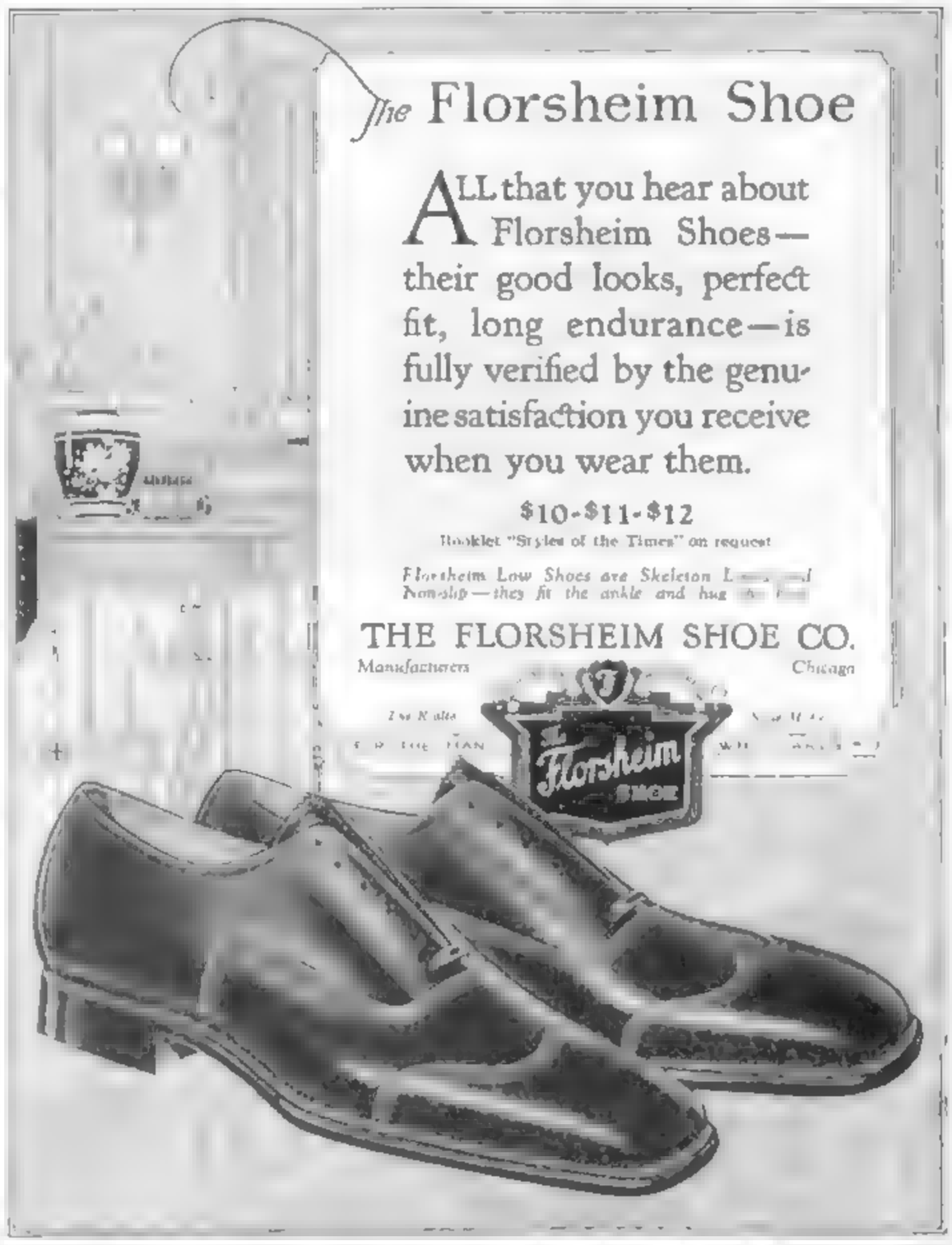
More Work Than Pleasure

"Do you mean to say that I can't get a car?"

"Certainly, we have got 'em right in stock and you can drive one home with you if you want to. But we want to fit you with transportation—not just sell you an automobile. There is a lot of mileage in this car—anywhere from twenty-five to one hundred thousand miles in the next five years. Maybe you have not thought of transportation as something you consume every day like food or fuel, but that is the way we look at it now. Some of the mileage in this car might offset your rent, cut your grocery bills, increase your earning capacity. All sorts of people come in, looking for automobiles, and we sell them five to ten years' supply of transportation. What they do with it is surprising. By talking about pleasure cars and thinking of joy rides we automobile fellows have got our merchandise in the same class as diamonds, perfumery and luxuries generally. But transportation is a necessity, and lately we have discovered the stable character of our merchandise and are trying to sell it for what it really is."

A post-card investigation by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, through a questionnaire card sent to automobile owners throughout ten representative states, disclosed facts astonishing even to the automobile men themselves. Names of motor owners were taken from the license lists of California, Iowa, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, Texas, Virginia and Wyoming. The owner's occupation, annual mileage, amount of mileage used for business and for recreation, and the mileage used to supplement trolley, rail and other transportation—or as a substitute where these were lacking—were the points covered. Replies came in by the thousands. Farmers, doctors, salesmen, lawyers, contractors, real-estate and insurance men were found to be the best customers of the industry. According to these replies, 90 per cent of automobiles are used more or less for business travel; 60 per cent of mileage is business travel, and 78 per cent in the case of the farmer's automobile; 34 per cent of the mileage is a substitute for trolley and railroad, or travel where these are not available; 37 per cent of automobile owners reported that their cars improved their living conditions, and 50 per cent reported increased efficiency in business through the ownership of an automobile—in the case of the farmer, 68 per cent.

All sorts of interesting personal stories were scribbled on the margins of cards in addition to answers to the formal questions. One doctor would report that his car had made it possible to see four times as many patients, and another that it had made it possible for him to extend his practice into an adjoining district where there was no doctor at all. Salesmen said they not only visited three times as many customers but could also live at home instead of spending three-quarters of their time in trains and hotels. Business men work in cities, but live in the suburbs or own and operate a farm, while people in village and country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Invite yourself to real relaxation and comfort in Brighton-Carlsbad!
Comfort! Why, man, you can see the comfort in these garments. We are generous with our sizes, we make large, roomy armholes, we make sure of plenty of seat room—all for comfort's sake!
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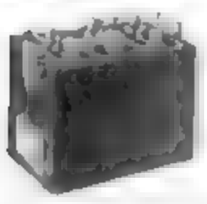

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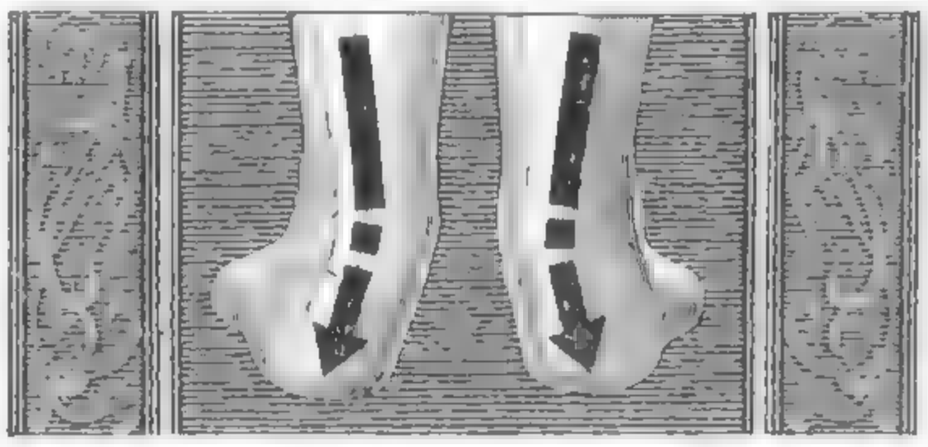

Leaning ankles are dangerous

IF your ankles lean either inward or outward as you walk or stand, heed the warning, for you have *heel distortion* which may cause serious foot trouble.

A weakened heel bone, giving down under the weight of the body, forces other bones of the intricate foot structure out of place—foot weariness and pain are but signals of impending danger.

This condition can be corrected by placing in the shoe a pliable leather device so formed as to counteract the abnormal tendencies of your foot. By this Wizard Lightfoot System fallen arches, callouses, leaning heels and other foot troubles are successfully corrected without pain or discomfort. Relief is immediate.

The most progressive shoe dealers employ one or more experts who have studied the subject and know how to correct foot troubles by the Wizard Lightfoot System. Ask your dealer if he can provide you with this service. If not, phone Tel-U-Where Bureau or write us and we will tell you where you can get relief.

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OF FOOT CORRECTION

are able, through the automobile, to do business in the city. Builders are able to supervise twice as many contracts, bankers get out among their depositors and become acquainted with their enterprises and needs. Ministers see their parishioners oftener, wage earners hold better jobs because able to travel by automobile, reduce their rent by living in the country, cut food costs and add to revenue by tilling a piece of land. Farmers cultivate increased acreage and sometimes two separate farms by using the automobile to get around, haul produce to market, eliminating teams and teamsters' wages, keep machinery going in busy seasons by quick motor trips for repair parts, and find markets for food products which would otherwise go to waste.

Another interesting side light upon the use of the automobile for work and business rather than recreation is shown in some figures recently gathered by a corporation that finances the distribution of automobiles. Inquiries among automobile dealers indicate that nearly half the automobiles sold in this country are paid for in installments, ranging from nine months to a year. Farmers lead all other purchasers in this respect, 48 per cent of new passenger cars bought by them being paid for in that way, 58 per cent of the used passenger cars, 60 per cent of the new motor trucks, and 57 per cent of used motor trucks.

Automobiles are commonly pictured in use for pleasure purposes—picnic parties, fishing, theater, social functions. It would be nearer their true uses if they were shown carrying the doctor, farmer, county agent, contractor and salesman about their work. As long as cars are pictured as toys rather than tools, automobile men can thank themselves for the damage the word "pleasure" does their industry.

The automobile is not the only influence in bringing about changes in our cities. Street-railway traffic is growing faster than population in most of our cities. New York's subway and elevated systems are now carrying one billion passengers yearly, and two hundred fifty million more commuters are carried to and from the suburbs. Transportation is so much an everyday necessity to city dwellers that the average family's trolley bill runs from seventy-five to a hundred dollars yearly. In the effort to build its way out of its traffic difficulties New York City is running subway and elevated lines out into cabbage patches that will ultimately be suburbs, and has a twenty-five-year rapid-transit building program with a capacity of five billion passengers yearly, the estimated needs of a city of nine million people.

Outgrown Surface Roads

There is nothing difficult in figuring the growth of either automobiles or rapid transit during the next five or ten years. That can be plotted in fairly accurate curves according to growth the past ten years. The chief difficulty is getting a conception of their bigness, and the far-reaching changes that must be made to prepare for them.

Mere streets become impossible for handling all the traffic there is to be. People begin to see that, and provide for the future along two general lines—first, sorting out the different kinds of traffic; and second, providing new channels for the different kinds. Street cars, automobiles, motor trucks, horse vehicles and pedestrians must be separated and given their own right-of-way where none can hamper or endanger the others. Already the disappearance of the surface street car has been predicted in New York City—it is going underground and overhead to such an extent that out of the two and a half billion odd passengers carried in and around the metropolis last year, less than one-third traveled in surface cars, with an actual decrease in the number of passengers in the most congested section, Manhattan.

But if every surface car in Manhattan disappeared to-morrow there would still be an almost intolerable congestion of automobiles and pedestrians. For this the solution in New York, and probably in a few other American cities, is to separate the automobiles, too, and get them overhead or underground. New York has made a beginning in both directions. A large proportion of its automobile traffic is now running up Fourth Avenue, climbing an incline to reach Park Avenue, around a concourse at Grand Central Station, and continuing up Park Avenue, which is almost exclusively given over to automobile traffic, though not elevated. And a beginning in underground automobile travel has been made by starting a vehicular tunnel between New York and New Jersey. This will have four tubes on two levels and will be used for automobiles, motor trucks and horse traffic.

Two suggestions for straightening out our growing traffic troubles in both the city and the country have been persistently advocated for some years by Mr. H. M. Swetland, one of the automobile industry's leading publishers.

First, an elevated road for automobiles which would lift them above other traffic and enable them to travel at their own speeds. Such a highway in New York City is needed from City Hall north through Lafayette Street and Fourth Avenue, connecting with Park Avenue. There would be ramps at frequent intervals by which automobiles could reach or leave the elevated highway. Nothing but passenger automobiles would be allowed upon it, and they could move at speeds of thirty miles an hour or more. It would be a noiseless elevated road, and could unquestionably be made lighter and more sightly than the elevated roads upon which trains are run. The number of passengers by automobiles in New York City is constantly increasing, and problems of getting up and down town during the rush hours are becoming more and more acute, with an alarming increase in accidents. New York now has one automobile to each eight families, Chicago one to every seven families, St. Louis one for three families, and Detroit is rapidly approaching the millennial state where every family has its automobile, the present ratio being one car for each 7.73 persons.

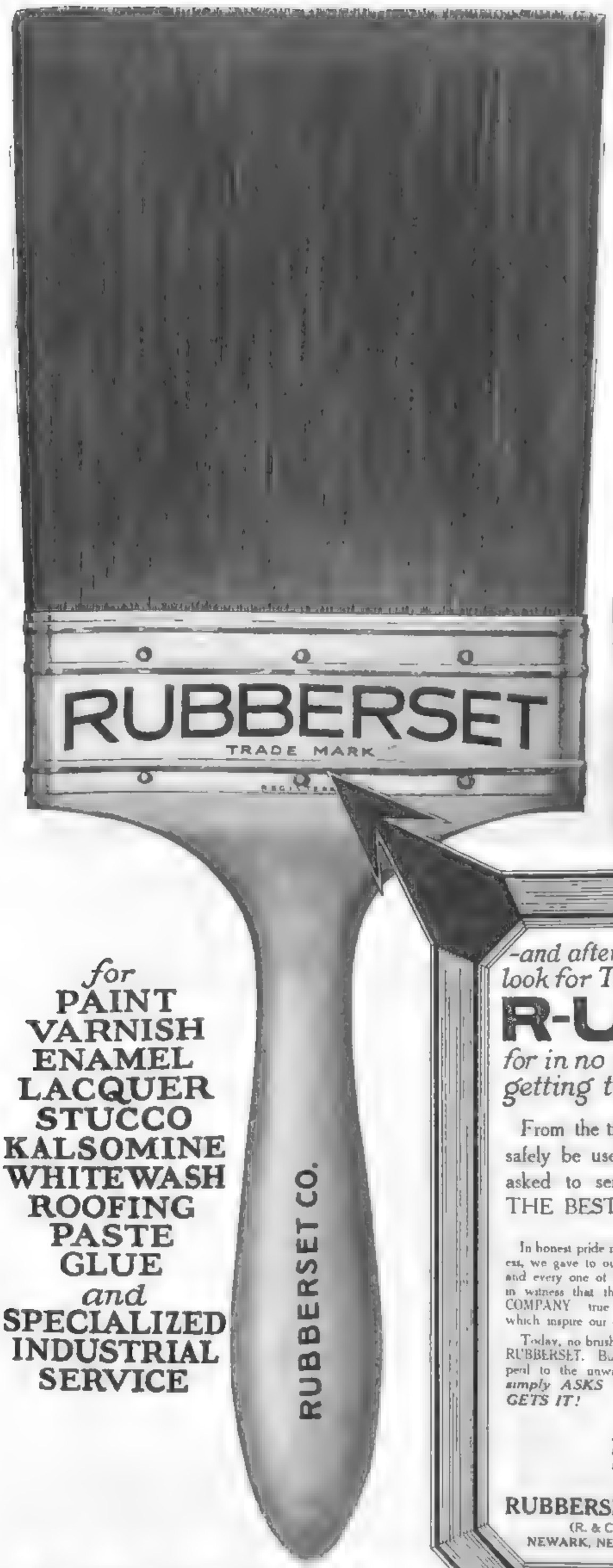
Plans for Detroit and Baltimore

The second suggestion is that special automobile highways be built between our cities, so located that they do not pass through the important streets of towns and villages en route. Most towns now have their own local traffic problems and dangers, and to add intercity motor traffic to them is wrong—it amounts to the same thing as running railroad trains through their streets. These connecting highways will ultimately have to be provided to take motor traffic around the outskirts of communities and eliminate railroad and grade crossings. In many sections the traffic already points to double highways, separating traffic in each direction, or the motor truck from the automobile. Elevated roadways are now being discussed in Baltimore and Detroit. Elevated street crossings are already needed at the most congested points in many of our cities. None has as yet been planned, but the idea offers some interesting possibilities. Apart from the immediate speeding up of motor traffic by eliminating cross currents at congested corners and separating pedestrians from vehicles, such two-deck street crossings might double the number of desirable shop locations at points in cities where the greatest number of people pass and where shops are in greatest demand. Stores could be built underneath the elevated crossings, so that instead of eight blocks of desirable shops there would be sixteen.

In some cases automobile highways can be provided by widening thoroughfares and providing new ones at street level. Detroit has one of the most thorough plans in this direction. Years ago its city fathers laid out a great boulevard encircling the city, at a time when it ran through fields and undeveloped suburbs. They thought it would provide for all time, remembering that they had in mind only a speedway for the dog-cart and team of trotters. It does provide generously for present-day automobile travel, once reached. But streets in between this boulevard and the center of the city are a narrow crisscross maze through which travel is becoming ever more difficult and dangerous. So the new city plan calls for an inner ring of wide boulevards which will be cut through streets and buildings, while beyond the outer boulevard another ring can be laid down in the fields, and beyond that again still another when it is needed; once started, with foresight, the scheme can be endlessly progressive. Detroit is also planning to broaden some of the connecting thoroughfares and cut off the sharp corners at street crossings. These were all very well for horse and pedestrian travel, but the automobile demands curves instead of corners.

It was in Detroit that a study of street accidents disclosed the interesting fact that

(Continued on Page 105)



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–and after you have asked for RUBBERSET BRUSHES by name, look for THIS trade mark–find it– SPELL IT OUT!–

R-U-B-B-E-R-S-E-T

for in no other way can you ALWAYS BE SURE of getting the GENUINE RUBBERSET you asked for!

From the time we made THE WORLD'S FIRST BRUSH which could safely be used in any compound in which a bristle brush might properly be asked to serve, we have striven to put into every brush of our making THE BEST of quality in both materials and workmanship.

In honest pride in the proven superiorities of our process, we gave to our brushes, and imprinted upon each and every one of them, the trade name RUBBERSET, in witness that they were products of RUBBERSET COMPANY true creations of the ideas and ideals which inspire our every operation.

Today, no brush is so widely asked for *by name* as RUBBERSET. But in this very protection lurks this peril to the unwary:—***Not every person who simply ASKS for a RUBBERSET brush, GETS IT!***

THAT YOUR PROTECTION MAY BE MADE COMPLETE, take to heart this simple warning.

Claims to duplication of our process are not uncommon. Confusing imitations of our trade name are frequently found.

SIMILARITY IS NOT IDENTITY! A brush may SEEM to be made somewhat like a RUBBERSET, ***yet NOT be as good a brush.*** It may even bear a trade name that LOOKS like RUBBERSET, and SOUNDS like RUBBERSET, ***but it will NOT be ours.***

ACCEPT ONLY THE GENUINE. Should you live in one of those rare places where RUBBERSETS are not obtainable, tell us, and we will gladly arrange to have your wants supplied.

RUBBERSET COMPANY
(R. & C. P. Co., Props.)
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

RUBBERSET COMPANY, Ltd.
FACTORIES:
TORONTO and GRAVENHURST, CAN.

The World's Standard

I see 'em bumped every day

"Here's the place to pick 'em out—the wise ones and the other kind. Seems like some fellows never learn—always sliding and bumping and backing up; making everybody sore. Take it in heavy traffic, like I have here at this corner. You can spot the man who's got the good brakes. When I give 'em the signal he knows he can *Stop* get me? . . . . silver edge Raybestos is the thing to use. Got a little bus myself, and I know . . . . If more people'd insist on Raybestos when the brakes are lined, I'd have less trouble on this job . . . . Cost more? Sure—but what's a few cents compared with safety and I'm here to keep folks from gettin' hurt."

Raybestos may be a little higher in price, yet so much depends on the brakes that careful owners cheerfully pay the difference in order to be certain as to brake lining service and quality

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY

Factories

Bridgeport, Conn — Peterborough, Ont., Canada

Branches: Detroit, 2631 Woodward Avenue — San Francisco, 845 Post St

Chicago, 1603 South Michigan Avenue — Washington, D.C., [illegible] Columbia Bldg

For sign over the door of a garage or repair shop that does not carry the responsibility of the shop displaying it, but assures better brake service to the owner.

(Continued from Page 102

the highest percentage of them occurred about dusk. Children especially were hurt oftenest at that time. Playing in the streets, they ran out in the excitement of their games and were struck by automobilists who in the dim light did not see them in time to turn or stop. This led to some interesting safety-first teaching in schools. Children were taught something about the protective coloring of animals—white fur against arctic snows and brown feathers in field and wood. Upon this was based the practical suggestion of wearing something white when playing in the streets in the evening, or even carrying a newspaper—measures which have decreased the number of such accidents.

But better street lighting, especially at corners, is the real solution, say those who have studied this question. The familiar arc light suspended over the center of a street crossing is not only inadequate but deceptive. It gives dangerous contrasts of glare and shadow. Approaching, the motorist's eye is first dazzled by glare, and then cut off by the top of his car. Several seconds are needed before the eye becomes adjusted to the change, while half as many seconds bring him to the danger point. In that brief interval a pedestrian might step from the curb and be practically invisible. This is but one lighting difficulty that endangers life in both city and country, and the remedy is more light at danger points, carefully diffused to show up everything without glare, shadow or fluctuation.

One of the problems touching the pocketbook of every person in our cities is to open up suburban areas that lack railroad and trolley transportation so that gasoline will relieve housing shortage. Building highways to the outskirts is not difficult, but trouble looms up at the other end of the line in the form of downtown traffic congestion. Mr. Subbubs builds a house ten miles from the city limits, and travels by motor. This is quite practicable for many of his employees. The ten or twelve miles from his house to the edge of the congested district is covered in twice as many minutes. Then it takes as much longer to creep through two miles of congested downtown streets to his factory or office. The cities of to-morrow will have to speed up that final two miles and probably provide parking facilities of some sort at their centers, so automobiles may be used by owners who drive their own. When that is done, slums will decrease in the cities, just as isolation is decreasing in the country through what the automobile men call the socializing influence of the gasoline horse.

Automobiles have been sold in the past largely on appearance, speed and similar pleasure appeals. When they are sold as transportation, and this socializing and equalizing influence has a chance to work, a certain mystery will be cleared up—that expressed in the familiar speculation, "How can Smith afford an automobile?"

Secondary Benefits

A moment ago we were listening to a Gasoline Row conversation between a prospective motor purchaser and an automobile salesman. Let that prospective purchaser be Smith, a bank cashier, salary five thousand dollars a year, living in a city apartment, paying one hundred dollars a month rent. He buys a car for one thousand dollars. For the first six months it is used chiefly for recreation. Then pleasure riding begins to pall, the novelty wears off—a familiar story. But Smith finds his car handy in getting about on business errands. Depositors nowadays seldom come into a bank themselves unless something unusual brings them, like the negotiation of a loan. Routine banking is done for them by employees. Smith knows a good many depositors within walking distance in the downtown section, but others out in the factory and shipping districts are largely names to him. Owning a car, he can often motor out to some factory or warehouse when an important business transaction comes up, instead of writing or telephoning. He begins to get acquainted, picks up information useful in passing on loans, secures new depositors through acquaintance, banking counsel, the offer of special service.

Smith's car makes him worth more to the bank, and before he has had it a year the bank responds with an increase in salary.

Furthermore, Smith finds that he can buy a suburban house twelve miles out for seventy-five hundred dollars, paying seventy-five dollars a month. This cuts his rent item twenty-five dollars monthly, and turns it into an investment. There is a further saving in trolley and railroad fares. The family garden cuts grocery bills. It probably costs him six hundred dollars a year to own an automobile—a liberal allowance for gasoline, tires, repairs, interest and depreciation. But half of that is saved directly in rent, his income has been increased, his family is living in a more healthful and congenial neighborhood. He is getting so much more out of life that the car is an asset, not a liability, and assuming that half his riding is chargeable to pleasure, it costs him less than one dollar a day.

When families are measured for gasoline transportation, using such dimensions as these—home-owning versus rent, increased working ability and earning power, better health, more recreation and the like—automobile ownership by people of moderate means is no mystery at all. Even for wage earners, with low-priced and used cars available, the automobile is not an extravagance. Cities reconstructed on the basis of an automobile for every family will make it possible to profit by the gasoline horse in just this way.

In the country far-reaching changes are also under way.

Motor-truck transportation was resorted to during the war to supplement our overloaded railroads. A committee of automobile men began planning routes for army motor trucks. They discovered that our country roads, even good ones, are still laid out pretty much on a buggy-distance basis, satisfactory enough a generation ago for the average trip of six to eight miles between farm and town, but entirely inadequate for intercity traffic by automobile and motor truck.

This was almost the first suggestion that we needed something better. Despite the widespread popular interest in good roads the public lacks a comprehensive picture of what is needed, and is thinking, appropriating and working piecemeal.

Highway Engineering

"The limiting factor in the use of the automobile is highways," says an engineer engaged in government investigations in this field. "Ask most people what they consider the limiting factor in highways, and they will say, 'Why, money!' But there is plenty of money for improving highways. We spend hundreds of millions every year. I'll tell you the real limiting factor: It is men trained to plan and build highways on a scale in keeping with the enormous growth which is coming in motor traffic. There is probably not a single engineer in the United States who could lay out a rational system of highways. Plenty of engineers can build good roads, but we lack creative designers of highway systems. Only three or four colleges in the United States have real highway-construction courses. One of our first tasks is to put highway engineering into the imagination of the young fellow going to college, as a career and as an intensely interesting new technical field."

The president of a big tire corporation recently donated one hundred and thirty thousand dollars to build an ideal mile of highway. Engineers were left to settle technical questions, such as materials, foundation, location, width, adaptability to present and future traffic. The question immediately arose, "What is the ideal highway?" Whereupon suggestions were invited from engineers all over the United States. In technicalities, opinion was naturally diversified; when it is built this ideal mile of highway may be a composite affair, with different sections built in different ways, combining an experiment station with a demonstration.

But on one point there seemed to be general agreement, with decided anxiety that it be not overlooked. This was the socializing influence of the ideal road upon people in the community where it was built. Benefit to folks living along improved highways, the engineers maintain, is as big a factor as benefit to people using the improved highway. That improved roads increase property values is an old story. People are sometimes astonished, however, when road improvements affect state of mind and raise psychological values. Change the dirt road past Peter Tumbledown's farm to macadam, concrete or even good gravel, and traffic increases. More people go past Peter Tumbledown's place. Peter himself goes to town oftener. When a picket fell out of his fence in the dirt-road days, probably he let it lie. But now he

What Do You Do With Your Evenings?

Your tomorrows begin today.

Tomorrow will be a better day; your work will seem lighter, your mind happier, if tonight through wholesome amusement you find the relaxation both tired brain and tired body need.

The greatest entertainers of the world,—novelists, dramatists, artists—have been brought to you by the motion picture. Keep fit and happy by regular attendance at a good motion picture theatre in your neighborhood.

PATHÉ
Exchange, Inc.

When Hot Days Come

THEN—you will enjoy the care-free comfort hidden in the cool, shaded spots of the open. Go prepared for restful relaxation—equipped with "Gold Medal" Folding Furniture. "Gold Medal" is comfortable—and it's built for outdoor use. Light in weight, compact when folded, easy and convenient to carry wherever you go. Time tested—thirty years of world wide use has proved its rugged durability.

ASK for the Genuine "Gold Medal." INSIST on it. Reliable dealers have it or can get it for you. The name and trade mark are on every piece. Catalog on request.

Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co., 1736 Packard Ave., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

For 30 years makers [illegible]

(SONNEBORN PRODUCTS)

There's Not A Leaky Roof In Stormtight Town

Where roofs are coated with Stormtight, leaks are impossible. And in Stormtight Town there are no yearly re-painting or expensive re-roofing bills.

There are miles of Stormtight roofs which are proof against rain and snow—roofs which expand with heat and cold, without drying out or cracking. Seamless roofs without nail holes or weak points where leaks always start.

Stormtight
FOR USE ON ANY ROOF IN ANY WEATHER

is brushed or troweled over the old roof, and it becomes even better than new. So Stormtight saves the millions which constant re-painting, repairs and replacements formerly cost.

Don't paint your paper, tin or canvas roofs every year. Stormtight them and they will last for many years.

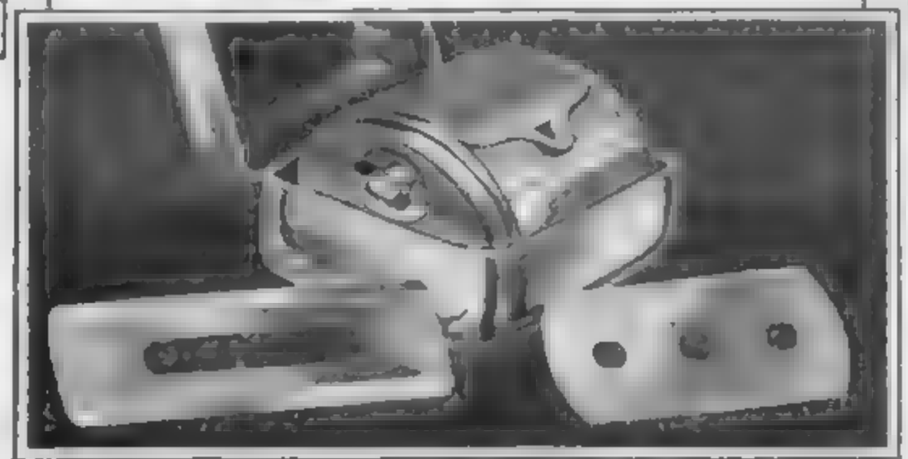
Your dealer will sell you in all quantities, for patching or for the whole roof If he does not yet carry Stormtight, write us.

Send for booklet—"Leakproof Roofs"—and testimonials covering years of service

L. SONNEBORN SONS, Inc.
264 Pearl Street - - - New York

The Points Where Most Roofs Leak

(SONNEBORN)



Yours without cost—a month of wonderful shaving from the keenest blade you ever used—Twinplexed. Any Twinplex dealer will give you, with our compliments, a new Gillette or Durham Duplex blade stropped for the smoothest shave you ever had. A month of stropping—a month of shaving comfort are yours for the asking. Test the wonderful comfort and economy Twinplex insures. A hundred velvet shaves from one blade. Many men get five hundred. Take the coupon below to your dealer, and make your shaving and your saving velvet.

Twinplex Stropper
for Gillette and Durham-Duplex Blades

Free! Twinplex Sales Company, 1676 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo. I have received from _____ one (1) Gillette (2) Durham-Duplex razor blade.
Name _____
Street _____
City _____

fixes the fence, paints it, paints his house, cleans unsightly odds and ends out of the barnyard, and responds to the higher psychological valuation.

The most skillful technical planning for the improvement of our cities and intercity highways will not get very far unless it is backed by understanding and good will on the part of the public. So say the men who are awake to these new needs.

"Have they got a good plan?" asked one engineer of another who had just investigated the remapping work of a Middle Western city's planning commission.

"Yes, I think it's about as sound and far-reaching as any I've looked into."

"Have they got good public opinion? Are the people out there interested—well informed—behind the scheme?"

"They took care of that at the start by establishing an information bureau as soon as the engineers had results of public interest."

This is sound method. When engineers are set at work remapping cities and highways, getting ready to spend millions of dollars in widening thoroughfares, demolishing buildings, constructing subways and elevated highways, arrangements should be made for keeping the public informed. There are many unsolved tough technical notes in such projects. Even an art as old as road building still lacks whole series of experiments to show what really happens to thoroughly familiar materials under different traffic, climates and conditions. But the engineers will work these technical matters out. The job of putting the picture into the popular imagination is greater.

Very often the technical man himself gets only part of the picture. A certain Eastern city needs harbor improvements. The mayor appointed a commission to deal with this need. When the members first came together the city engineer exhibited a complete plan, showing docks, a big warehouse for freight, and ample railroad sidings to link up ship and shore transportation. He was something of a squarehead temperamentally, and seemed to regard his plan as final.

One member of the commission was an engineer with considerable experience in motor transportation.

"You have provided for expansion?" he suggested.

"Oh, certainly," said the city engineer. "When this warehouse is outgrown you can just duplicate it, adding another unit, and extend your sidings."

Looking Into the Future

"Within ten years," commented the transport engineer tactfully, "60 per cent of the water-borne freight of this city will be hauled to and from the harbor by motor truck. How about that?"

The city engineer hesitated a moment.

"Well, there is a road running down to the harbor," he said finally.

"How wide a road?"

Several newspaper men had come to report this first meeting of the harbor commission. They suddenly became attentive. So did the mayor, who flushed a little.

"Has that ordinance been passed yet, Charley?" he asked, turning to his secretary. "No? Well, when that goes through the harbor road will be forty feet wide."

The reporters made notes on this additional item of farsighted planning, and the proceedings switched to other matters.

When the session ended and the reporters had gone, however, the transport engineer asked the city engineer: "Wouldn't it be just as easy to make that road sixty feet wide?"

"I think we ought to make it eighty feet!" said the city engineer emphatically; he had got the bigness of the picture.

People have a way of thinking of permanence in connection with cities and highways. They are partial to monumental buildings and permanent streets and roads. Until the public gets a conception of our cities and highways as living, growing organisms, they are likely to be ten to twenty years behind traffic, housing and other elements of growth.

Cost is usually the first thing people think about—the man in the street wonders where all the money is coming from to pay for these new boulevards, elevated motor ways, trunk roads between cities. Given further information—not propaganda but real information—cost takes a secondary place in his thinking. For the benefits outweigh cost, and there are cases where such improvements more than pay their own way.

Buenos Aires probably gives one the cheapest taxicab ride to be found anywhere on earth, and also the most hair-raising. Fares start at fifty centavos, normally about twenty-two cents, and that sum takes one almost any reasonable distance in the business district. Taxicab chauffeurs drive like the wind through the narrow, one-way streets, and stop dead in a hand's breadth at each corner where another vehicle is crossing ahead of them. Excitement is great, but accidents seem to be few.

This skill grows out of the city itself Buenos Aires was originally an old Spanish checkerboard town with short blocks and narrow streets. To get anywhere in an automobile it is necessary to speed between streets, and stop instantly at every cross street where the other fellow has the right of way.

Opening the Checkerboard

Motor traffic soon made it necessary to do something about congestion in Buenos Aires, so first a broad boulevard was planned to connect the capitol and the presidential palace. The government bought just enough land to lay out the splendid Avenida de Mayo, with the outcome that property owners on either side reaped the benefit on increased valuations—though there was, of course, a corresponding revenue to the city in increased taxes. Profiting by this lesson, the government planned a larger scheme of boulevards to open up the old Spanish checkerboard. It laid out a diamond-shape system, with each corner ending in a plaza, cutting the old square blocks catty-cornered, making hundreds of flatiron lots and bringing every part of the congested section within a few blocks of a wide avenue. Instead of condemning and purchasing just the width of land needed for this system of "diagonales," as it is called, three times the width was condemned, the city demolishing buildings and selling the improved land on either side at its higher value to pay for the improvement.

Another interesting instance where such improvements are made to pay their way is found in the coming use of marine signal lights on country highways. Virtually it amounts to putting lighthouses on the highways. Many thousands of unattended lighthouses are now in operation all over the world, from the dangerous waters of Alaska and Cape Horn to the steering lights of the Panama Canal. The unattended lighthouse is illuminated with acetylene gas, a supply sufficient for one or two years being held in a tank, so that yearly visits for recharging keep the light going. Dangerous crossings, curves and grades have been marked on our highways ever since the automobile made it necessary. Sometimes the signs are put up by highway officials, but more generally they are financed and installed by automobile organizations, or take the form of advertisements for automobile essentials. Country highways are still inadequately marked. Signs are not uniform. They wear out. They are not visible at night, their chief shortcoming. A marine signal for road purposes, burning nine months before it needs recharging, has now been developed. Many state governments are about to install them on a large scale, with standardization, and the idea has met with approval in many other states. However, there is a difficulty—the cost. Maintenance is cheap enough, but installation of two signals at one dangerous crossing calls for an investment of seven hundred dollars. This investment, it has been found, can be met by combining an advertising privilege with the signals, and within a few years they will undoubtedly be flashing everywhere along the route of the motor tourist, and will cost the community little or nothing.

But even though the direct cost of such improvements runs into millions of dollars, either in city or country, the indirect cost is nothing. For increased property valuations, with more revenue from taxes, take care of that. Real-estate values rise not only along the line of the modern motor way but far back in the adjoining streets and sections, and out at the edges of the city, where extensions are made possible. Your town to-morrow will pay the bill automatically out of taxes because the property that yields revenue will be more accessible, useful and profitable, and there will be a great deal more of it. And there is every incentive to make improvements now while the property to be condemned is more reasonable in value—postpone the job until to-morrow and the cost may be prohibitive.

Correctness at Easter-tide

GOOD taste and personality are truly expressed in the selection of jewelry. Personal adornment that befits each occasion is a mark of good breeding.

Jewelry, wisely chosen, is as proper after many years have passed as it is today. Regardless of money cost, its beauty is steadfast, its sentiment is enduring, and its intrinsic worth never dims.

Your jeweler, with an offering of hundreds of inexpensive articles, will be glad to guide you in your selection.

GIFTS THAT LAST

Let Your Jeweler
Be Your Gift Counselor

DIAMONDS • PEARLS • PRECIOUS STONES • JEWELRY • WATCHES • CLOCKS • SILVERWARE

HYDRO-TORON TIRES

Two Reasons for Mileage Capacity

One Chemical—One Mechanical

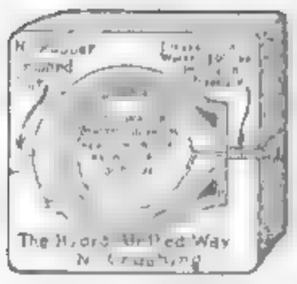
The Test of 50% Greater Holding Power—the Toron chemical treatment of fabric makes this possible

The Toron (no-rot) scientific chemical process of fabric treatment is a Hydro-Toron feature. This chemical treatment proofs the tire against moisture and oxidation, which *are common causes of tire complaints.* Toron (no-rot) fabric prolongs life and increases tensile strength 50%.

The mechanical process is that of curing by Internal Hydraulic Expansion with water heated to the proper degree for vulcanizing. This process practically eliminates unseen defects in tire construction which are the real causes of *Stone-Bruise, Rim-Cut and Blow-Out.*

The two processes combined make for you a better tire. A tire of greater mileage capacity. A tire that is unaffected by moisture or oxidation and as a result unseen deterioration does not take place. A tire that we can fearlessly guarantee for 10,000 miles against *Stone-Bruise, Rim-Cut and Blow-Out.*

Besides all these advantages, Hydro-Toron Tires are *as big as cords and cost less than cords.* Will you give Hydro-Toron Tires the opportunity to prove their worth to you as they have done for over 100,000 other car owners?



The Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process which PROTECTS the tire while it is being cured

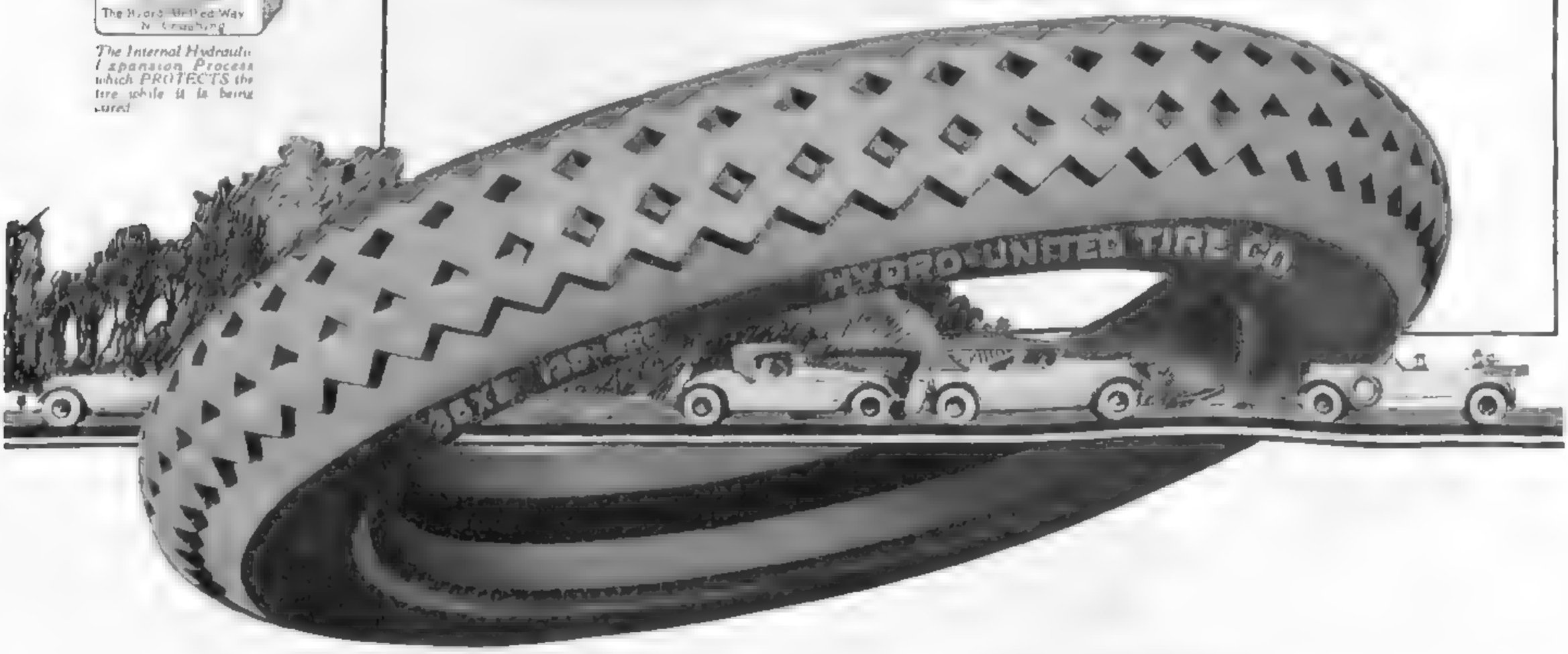
TIRE DEALERS: If you want to make more money and have a better business, write for our proposition.

HYDRO-UNITED TIRE COMPANY

Factory and Eastern Sales Office
300 Hanover St., Pottstown, Pa.

Western Sales Office
1053 West 35th St., Chicago

Pacific Coast Branch
420 Beach St., San Francisco, Cal.



Guaranteed for **10,000 Miles** Against Stone Bruise Rim-Cut, Blow-Out

THE AXIOM OF PETER BELL IVOR

(Continued from Page 10

at the door sent him up three flights to a row of attic rooms. The rear door opened at his knock, and Mr. Peter Bell Ivor bade him enter.

The room was small, housing an old pine bed, a bureau with a cracked mirror, an old walnut washstand, a cupboard in which a few dishes could be seen between the curtains of burlap, a shaky card table that appeared to be on the point of collapsing under the weight of a dozen or more heavy volumes piled hit or miss about a heap of papers, and two cane-seated chairs. Two of the walls were lined to the ceiling with books on pine shelves. The single window gave a prospect of other back windows and rusty fire escapes, all crowded with milk bottles, jars, boxes and bedding, clothes-lines so close together that they seemed to interlace, and a gaunt old Chinese Ailanthus growing up somehow through the network—that identical Tree of Heaven which, like its celestial fellow, the laundryman, flourishes in back yards and dingy byways.

Young Mr. Case set down his painting things by the door and advanced rather shyly into the room, thrusting his hands into his pockets as he looked about him with the frank curiosity of the young. An old snapshot stuck in the mirror frame caught his eye, and bending over he made out the thin figure of Mr. Ivor standing before what appeared to be a Parisian café.

Then he cried aloud, "Why, say! There's the old Café d'Harcourt! But those girls have such funny hats!"

"That picture was taken in 1896," remarked Mr. Ivor in his drier tone. "I was studying at the Sorbonne at that time. In 1898 I went to Berlin; in '99 to Bonn. April, 1896."

"I was born in the following June."

"Indeed?"

There was a pause; then Mr. Ivor remarked with great dignity and not a little old-worldly charm, "I have assumed that you would join me at luncheon."

"Why, that's awfully nice! I ——" The flush left Case's cheek. "In all this excitement I'd sorta forgotten that I've only had a little toast and coffee since yesterday noon."

"Excellent! Just make yourself as comfortable as you can."

And swiftly he went to work, setting out plates and cups on the bureau, putting coffee to drip in a two-story tin pot, producing eggs and milk from a small tin icebox and making an omelet in a chafing dish.

The young man's gaze roved over the books that were crowded in on the shelves standing and crosswise. Many were in French, many others in German and Italian, some in what appeared to be Arabic, perhaps Sanskrit, and a great many in Latin and Greek. The Scandinavian tongues were represented, as well; and, he thought, the Russian. It was a polyglot collection indeed. Many of the works were of a philosophical nature, others philological and historical. But there was much human matter as well the plays of Schnitzler, Hauptmann and Sudermann, a joyously fat illustrated Rabelais, the novels of Fritz Reuter, scattered works of Balzac, France, Sainte-Beuve, Racine, La Fontaine's Fables, Saint-Simon's Memoirs, Philippe de Comines; a number of fine editions of the Elizabethan dramatists, too, with Chaucer, and some queerly lettered volumes of manuscript—early Anglo-Saxon, perhaps. Prowling on, the Analects of Confucius, the Koran in parallel translation, works on Buddhism, on the Mongols, on Dravidian civilization; and a solid row of the German philosophers from Kant to Haeckel, that seemed fairly to be aimed out from their shelf like a battery of big guns.

"If you think you're reading my mind from my bookshelves"—it was the deep voice at its most ironic—"I'm afraid you're far off the track. That isn't even an index to my beginnings. I've used libraries for thirty years. And now I study from the life. Will you come, please?"

Over omelet and coffee and bakery rolls Case made his report.

"It certainly worked out, Mr. Ivor."

"It had to work out."

"That head cop is my friend for life. He's got his copy. Came out pretty well. You see, I was so excited. He's trying to think up something he can do for me, I think. He wants one of his little girl. Hinted at it, but didn't quite like to ask outright."

"Might do no harm to do it for him."

"That's what I thought, as soon as I ——" He stopped.

"But where are the other pictures—his and mine?"

"Oh, the man from the Evening Earth has them." In his eagerness to eat and talk at once, he failed to observe the hint of a smile that hovered about Ivor's mouth. "He swore he wouldn't rub them. One of the cops helped us put them in a taxi with him. And, gee-whiz, but we had fun with the crowd! Once or twice there I thought they were going to trample me under. The cops were wonderful."

"So the Evening Earth has the story?"

"Oh, four or five other papers had men there, too, but the Earth man got the pictures. He was first. The others all snapped photographs. Then there was a fellow that says he sends letters to the out-of-town papers ——" At last he saw that hovering smile, and paused.

"Well," asked Ivor, smiling broadly now, "are you satisfied?"

"Why, of course. Yes, but ——"

"Whence the 'but'? You said you wanted to be known as a painter. I said we could do it by to-morrow. Here you are now, in all the evening papers, in the out-of-town correspondence, two pictures being reproduced to-day in the Evening Earth that hadn't been so much as thought of when we began talking this morning."

"I know, but ——"

"But what?"

"The plain truth is, it hasn't brought me a cent."

"Ah!"

"Wait, please! I mean, here I am, still broke, still indebted to you for my things, for my first meal, for ——"

"But that's all so simple!"

"I wish I could see how. It's true you've brought me this astonishing publicity, my name in the papers and all, but just how to turn that into an income that I could ——"

"Let me give you a little more of the omelet. And perhaps you can reach the coffee better yourself. Good! Now we are confusing things. It is quite true that being known as a painter may not mean immediate income. It's sure to result in orders or opportunities of some sort, but I grant that you might have to be patient. Though there are sure to be ways of getting help ——"

"Don't misunderstand me! It isn't that I ——"

"Please listen! I prefer to think with some sense of order. Suppose I accept your new position. Now, mind you, in so critical a situation as this we must be careful, above all, to limit our wants. That's where the most deserving persons go wrong—oh, so wrong! Wanting more than one thing at a time. Suppose we say that we were mistaken. You merely misread your own want It was not—not immediately—to be known as a painter. Not at all. It was to acquire capital enough to support you while you are building your name as a painter. In a word, what you really want is money."

"Oh, say now! I ——"

"Please! Leave it at that. Your want is money. Money now, money down. Very good! How shall we get money to-day? Presumably by going where it is. Doesn't that sound reasonable?"

"Why, yes, of course, but —— Oh, you're rushing me so completely off my legs that I ——"

"Excellent! My present impression is that you paint better and more rapidly when off your legs than when on them. Let's see—now where is the money? Fortunately I think we may be able to work this out without retracing any steps. Let's see. Do you happen to know where John C. Heming's office is?"

The young man gasped aloud. For Mr. Ivor, in this casual tone, had uttered the name of the most famous private banker in the world.

"It's in Wall Street, near the Stock Exchange." Ivor was talking on, evenly. "I don't know much about that part of town. It doesn't interest me. But of course the simplest thing is to hop on the Subway and go down there. We'll find a telephone directory somewhere and look up the correct address." William F. Case was staring: incredulous, faintly hopeful, bewildered. "Just wait while I get into another suit, if you don't mind. Bankers have quaint notions about the importance of clothing."

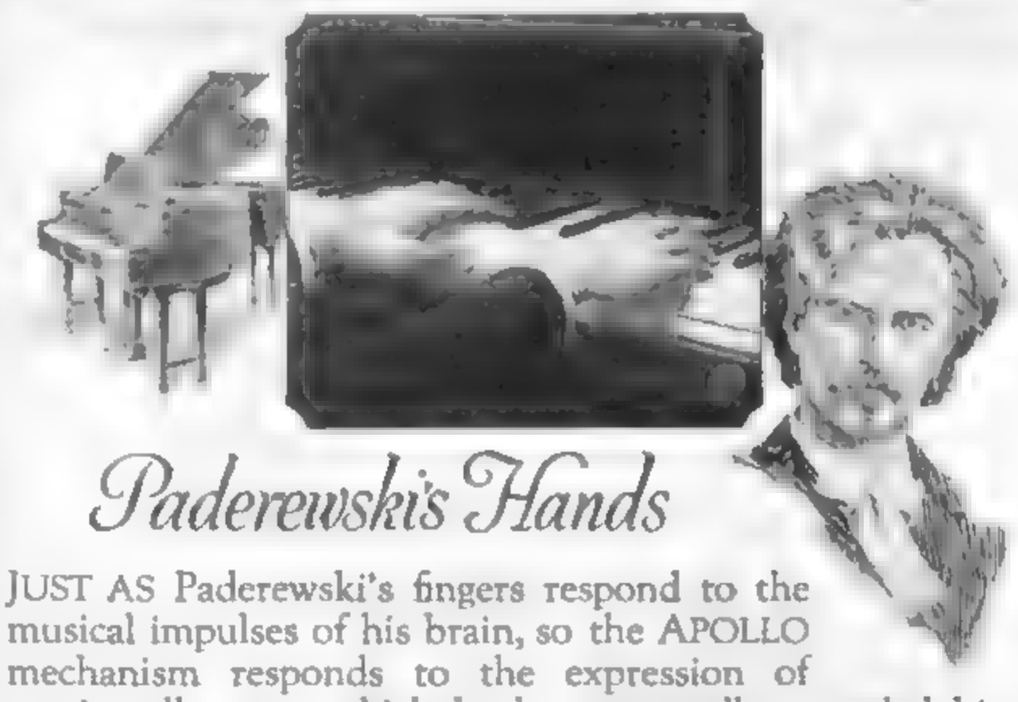
In Providence, R.I.—
Karpeles Co. manufacturers of La Tausca pearls, are large users of Baker-Vawter steel filing equipment

WHERE'S that letter? You have often said that. There is a right filing system for your office. Let us tell you about it.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Service offices in 52 Cities - General offices Benton Harbor, Mich.
In Canada — Copeland Chatterson Ltd., Brampton, Ontario

Originators and Manufacturers Loose Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment



Paderewski's Hands

JUST AS Paderewski's fingers respond to the musical impulses of his brain, so the APOLLO mechanism responds to the expression of music rolls upon which he has personally recorded his art. Science has endowed the APOLLO with the power to *match the touch of human fingers*. Thus the art of the world's great pianists is brought to your home.

The APOLLO

—reproduces, without personal manipulation, the exact performance of the living artist. An exquisite grand piano for manual playing, as well.

Catalogs on Request

Catalogs illustrating the various Apollo pianos, together with the name of nearest dealer where you may hear the Apollo, will be sent you on request, without obligation.

THE APOLLO PIANO CO., De Kalb, Ill.
New York Branch, 120 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Pacific Coast Branch, 985 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

APOLLO PIANO CO., De Kalb, Ill.
Without obligation, send me your catalog. I should like information, particularly on the following, as checked:
Grand Reproducing Piano
Upright Reproducing Piano
Baby Grand Piano
Grand Piano
Upright Piano
☐ Installation of Reproducing Action in my Piano.
(3674)
Name
Address

"Save your feet"

Prevent That "Broken Down" Feeling

Jung's Arch Braces are guaranteed to give instant relief to tired and aching feet. They sensibly correct fallen arches and foot strain. Dance or walk for miles—stand for hours—you just don't get tired. They relieve the extra strain due to the wearing of high heeled and stylish shoes.

Men, Women—Get Genuine Foot Comfort, $1

Avoid weak ankles. Prevent pain in the heel, instep, or ball of the foot. Such troubles, and even pain in the calf and knee, and callouses, are often caused by fallen arches and weakened conditions of the feet. No matter what supports or appliances you have used you should

Wear Jung's Arch Braces and Assist Nature

Tone up the muscles between the small bones of the feet by gently holding these bones in position *instead of by adding a false support underneath*. Thus you can correct fallen arches and foot strain. Thousands testify that Jung's Arch Braces relieve tired and aching feet instantly. Chiropodists, physicians and nearly half a million satisfied users recommend them as the most comfortable and corrective appliances obtainable.

Entirely Different from Other Foot Appliances

Made of special Superlastik—light and porous, yet firm and durable. No unsightly humps. No burdensome pads. No metal plates. Exact size for every foot. Price $1 per pair. (Canada $1.50.) Money back if not entirely satisfied. If your shoe dealer, surgical dealer, druggist or chiropodist can't supply you, order direct.

Write Today for Our Free Book

Contains valuable information about the feet. Illustrated with X-Ray views. Tells how to relieve and prevent foot ills and get genuine foot comfort. Send for your copy today—no obligation involved.

The Jung Arch Brace Company
442 Jung Bldg. Cincinnati, Ohio
Dealers—Ask for details of our trial offer.

Look for this Trade Mark. It protects you against imitations

JUNG'S
The "Original"
ARCH BRACES

White Trucks

Fifteen owners alone have invested more than $20,000,000 in White Trucks

5-ton	$4,500
3½-ton	4,200
2-ton	3,250
¾-ton	2,400

F. O. B. Factory

THE WHITE COMPANY
Cleveland

21 Years of Knowing How

And promptly he changed into another and newer costume—of which the coat, inevitably, it seemed, was a black cutaway—that apparently completed his wardrobe. When he was fully buttoned in he still looked oddly unworldly, but neat.

"All right," he said cheerfully, "come along!" Adding, with an unexpected touch of boyishness—a boyishness that perhaps finally and completely explained Peter Bell Ivor—"New York is our oyster! We now proceed to open it! By the way, my boy, there is an element of basic truth in all the stories of romantic adventure. D'Artagnan had to have what he wanted. The world was Monte Cristo's. Yes, romance is true if only it go far enough!"

Young Mr. William F. Case, in a daze, went with him—easel, color box, umbrella and all.

VI

"I CAN'T tell you how much I appreciate all you're ——" Thus he began, shyly, when they were fairly seated in the Subway train.

"Not at all!" Mr. Ivor broke in. "Not at all! The experiment has a certain value for me. One should stop at nothing in arriving in actual practice at any confirmation of his general conclusions. I have already made certain notes covering the little experience of the morning. I shall make others covering that of this afternoon. As a result of my lifelong study of our so-called civilization I have concluded, as I have already intimated, that that civilization is as yet in a most rudimentary state; that the human race, indeed, cannot yet be regarded as civilized at all. The war strengthened this conclusion strongly. The newspapers add fresh confirmation every day. All my personal observation tends the same way—touching on the bitterness commonly observed in business competition, the prevalence of trickery and corruption in commerce, politics and government, the blind intolerance of religious reformers, prohibitionists, labor leaders, manufacturers, militarists, socialists, security holders, anarchists and bankers. For example, it is plainly grotesque that so essentially prosperous a nation as our own—probably the most prosperous in all known history—should have any unemployment or poverty whatsoever. Even the ants have solved that problem. And yet the publicly recorded views of this Mr. John C. Heming, whom we are now pressing into our personal service, opposing any really effective solution of the huge unemployment problem that unquestionably exists, border on the ferocious. It is really quite extraordinary. As nearly as I can read the subconscious thought behind the spoken word, he really would like to have most of the laboring class shot at sunrise. But as that raises the question of who would then do the work, and how—a question he can only beg—he is reduced to the usual vague phrases about the law of supply and demand as applied to the labor problem. And to defending the liberty of the individual and the sacred law of contract. *Clichés.* And, of course, to chatter about restoring confidence, and that sort of thing; meaning, naturally, confidence in his own group. It would be, of course, a great luxury to enjoy at one time the wealth and the confidence of all one's fellow citizens. Delightful! And then, naturally"—this was added in an absent-minded tone—"he believes in a certain amount of private charity. Naturally."

"It's like hearing a lecture," thought young Mr. Case, staring nervously out through the car window at the crowded local train they were at the moment overtaking and passing. A pretty girl in a red fox boa looked demurely at him through the windows. She nearly smiled, and for a moment his thoughts wandered romantically.

"You are doubtless asking yourself," Mr. Ivor resumed, "the precise application of these somewhat rambling observations to your own acutely personal problem. The fact is, I have reduced my general observations to an axiom: That any reasonably civilized individual should be able to use and mold this childlike world as he chooses. Study of the men who have succeeded in such efforts adds confirmation. Particularly such cheap adventurers as Napoleon, Julius Cæsar and Captain Kidd. Our truest student of the human creature to date was Mr. Barnum. The thing, indeed, to one who has not thoughtfully considered it, is astonishing. This afternoon, for example, it will only be necessary for you to bear in mind that bankers are fully as simple-minded as policemen. More so, indeed, because they have vastly fewer points of contact with natural human life. And you must also keep it in mind that you want money. You offer a decent *quid pro quo*, your art, but you want money. The average young man would allow himself to feel that he was doing something extremely daring. Then he would open his mind to the thought that Mr. Heming's wants might conflict with his own; and then he would be lost. But you will remember that Mr. Heming's wants are too primitive to concern you in the slightest degree. You need concern yourself only with your own great want of money. You will be good-humored but adamantine. You will be simply Durien, from Paris, who does precisely as he chooses, and does it in a likable way. As you will readily see, it would not be civilized to do it in a disagreeable way. One matter is not quite clear to me yet, the amount you should charge for your sketch portraits. But I have thought that two hundred and fifty dollars each might be as good a guess at a price as any."

"Two hundred and fif——"

"Considering that you can do one in an hour. Remember you mustn't appear to be cheap, and you mustn't appear to want to do them. If these bankers see that you can smilingly pick up a thousand or two in a day they will be forced to respect you. They'll welcome you as to the manner born. Their minds couldn't receive such a fact in any other way—wouldn't know how to."

He found a cigar store within the shadow of Trinity Church, and looked up the address of John C. Heming & Co. It is hardly likely that as much as once before within three decades had anyone found it necessary in that immediate region to look up that particular address. Had anyone informed a few of the curb brokers who to the number of several hundred crowded and swirled over in Broad Street, that a scholarly looking man and an attractive young artist were at the moment doing this thing it is reasonable to believe that all Broad Street and some part of Wall Street would shortly have been loud in merriment. For everybody in the world knew all about John C. Heming. He was to New York and the world what the Bank of England was to London and the world. It was through him and his strong-faced younger partners that great railway systems and the hugest of industrial trusts and small nations and large nations were financed and refunded and mortgaged. Strings of dependent banks radiated in every direction from that impressive office. Mr. Ivor was right; the money was there.

As they walked quietly down Wall Street Mr. Ivor said, "It will be necessary for me to adapt my conduct in a measure to this crudely human plane. You will paint the doorman. There will surely be someone there, probably an old retainer of the company. Paint him. Purely because he interests you as a type. No one, you see, can question the artist's choice of his subject. There he is supreme. For that work you will accept no fee. It will be enough, I think, to offer the man a photograph of the picture. And if other employes or officers should want such photographs, it would be better to give them freely. You can afford to be kind. And certainly you cannot afford to accept small sums. For any other work that Mr. Heming or his associates may insist on your doing—and for whatever number you may have the time and the inclination to do—you will insist, of course, on full payment. They would prefer it that way, and they must be humored. Above all, once we are in there, you must go your own way. Pay no attention to anything I may do."

"Wha-what are you going to do?" asked the younger man breathlessly, though his eyes were alight again and his color high. They stood before the massive stone building, while Wall Street surged, jostling, about them.

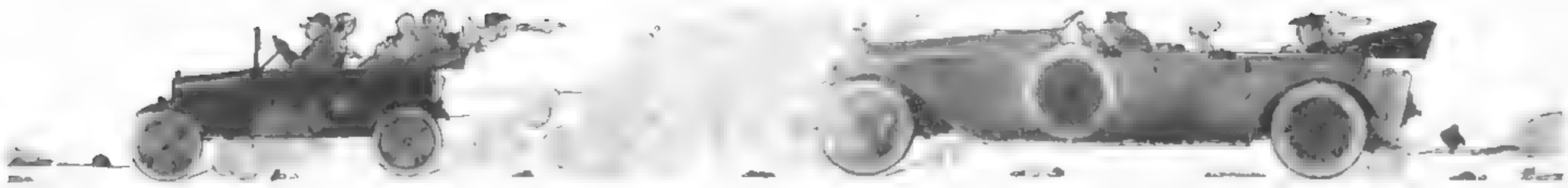
"I haven't the remotest idea," replied Mr. Ivor calmly. "Come. These bankers keep very comfortably early hours."

And he led the way up the stone steps into the massive building, pausing, however, on the top step to remark, by way of final admonition, "And just remember—they are children."

VII

MR. IVOR stood in respectful dignity by a desk that bore the name of one of Mr. Heming's partners, a name known wherever the power of American money was felt. Mr. Ivor was, indeed, probably

(Continued on Page 113)



How the Oldest Oil Company Made the Newest Discovery about Fords

The most interesting announcement of recent years in the oil industry has been made by Wm. C. Robinson & Son Company—the oldest oil company in America.

It tells of the discovery of a new lubricating oil, which will not carbonize, and thus glaze the transmission brake band lining of Ford Cars, causing what is commonly called "chatter."

Lubrication engineers for years have recognized that the glazing of transmission linings has shortened the life of the linings, and by causing the car to jerk and jump has unnecessarily strained the entire mechanism.

Instant Welcome

The response that met this important announcement by a conservative old company was tremendous. Within a week the sales to dealers had risen to such a point that the Baltimore plant alone shipped nine solid car-loads of this one oil in a single day.

It has been tested and approved by 1615 authorized Ford dealers and reliable service stations.

One Ford agent in a town of 9,000 people purchased a solid car-load after a critical test of the oil.

Tested by Thousands

Every drop of this oil, to which the name of "F" Autoline was given, has been sold under the guarantee of this 90-year-old oil company, that it will assure perfectly smooth transmission and braking, or money will be refunded upon request.

At the time this was written, seventy solid car-loads had been shipped, and a total of $2.25 had been refunded.

Any Ford owner is invited to fill his crank case with "F" Autoline Oil from any responsible dealer, on the promise that his money will be immediately refunded by the dealer if his brake and transmission do not operate smoothly.

An Oil Romance

Many times before, oil men have sought the lubricant which would prevent the glazing of Ford bands. Some have attempted to market oil on this claim. It has remained, however, for the oldest company in the business to finally and successfully solve this problem. For your own protection, see that the oil you buy is drawn from a genuine Autoline container.

Robinson specializes in lubrication. The Company markets no gasoline. It has solved for the Navy, the Gloucester Fishing Fleet and the motor world some of the most baffling questions of lubrication.

"OO" Autoline is one of the few oils approved for use in Franklin cars in the "Franklin" owners' handbook. "F" Autoline merits like confidence. Every conceivable test was given this oil before it was added to the Autoline family.

For Standard Equipment

"F" Autoline Oil performs best when used with Standard Ford Equipment. It cannot work miracles by replacing worn-out bands or linings. It requires the same attention given to any other oil, and costs no more than ordinary grades of oil.

Write today for the full story of "F" Autoline Oil in our free booklet, "Keeping Out the Jerks".

To Dealers

"F" Autoline Oil is ***recommended*** *by every authorized Ford agent in Baltimore. Our salesmen cannot keep up with the news of "F" Autoline. Wire us today for the proposition in your territory. Prompt shipments assured from our nearest division warehouse*

AUTOLINE OIL COMPANY

Automotive Oil Sales Department

WM. C. ROBINSON & SON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

PACIFIC COAST OFFICE SAN FRANCISCO
SALES OFFICES AND WAREHOUSES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES
REFINERY · CORAOPOLIS PA

We invite correspondence with experienced Automotive Sales Organizations located in the Middle West.

AUTOLINE
Lubricating Guide

Condensed Recommendation Chart

F—Indicates "F" Autoline for Fords
2S—Indicates No. 2S Autoline
4—Indicates No. 4 Autoline
600—Indicates No. 600 Autoline
8—Indicates No. 8 Autoline
GLE—Indicates Gearline Transmission Lubricant

The Lubricants indicated for each model of [illegible] will assure maximum PISTON SEAL, and will insure maximum mileage per gallon of Gasoline

Name of Automobile	1921 Engine Summer	1921 Engine Winter	1922 Transmission	1922 Differential
Autocar (2	4	2S	GLE	GLE
Buick	2S	2S	GLE	GLE
Cadillac (8	4	4	GLE	GLE
Dodge	4	2S	GLE	GLE
Essex	4	2S	GLE	GLE
*Ford	F	F	F	GLE
Franklin	OO	OO	GLE	GLE
Haynes	4	2S	GLE	GLE
Hudson Super-Six	4	2S	GLE	GLE
Hupmobile	4	2S	GLE	GLE
Lincoln	4	4	GLE	GLE
Marmon	4	4	GLE	GLE
Nash	2S	2S	GLE	GLE
Oakland	4	4	GLE	GLE
Oldsmobile (8)	4	4	GLE	GLE
*Overland (4)	4	2S	2S	GLE
Packard	2S	2S	GLE	GLE
Peerless (8)	4	4	GLE	GLE
Pierce-Arrow	4	4	GLE	GLE
Reo	4	2S	GLE	GLE
Standard (8)	4	4	GLE	GLE
Studebaker	4	2S	GLE	GLE
White	2S	2S	GLE	GLE
Willys-Knight	8	4	GLE	GLE

* Indicates that Transmission System is Lubricated by the Differential. For the Model Send for our complete Automobile Recommendation Vest Pocket Booklet Free

"F"
AUTOLINE
OIL
"For your motor's sake"

Remington Cutlery

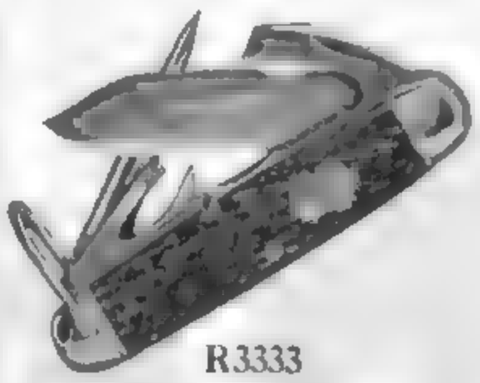
America's Highest Quality Workmanship and Finish

R6175
Office *or*
School Knife

R4134
Junior Premium
Stock Knife

R395
Jack Knife

R3363
Trappers' Knife



R3333
Scout and Camp
Knife

The kind you have always wanted

NEARLY everybody carries a knife—and nearly everybody apologizes for the knife he carries.

"I don't know whether you can find a blade that will cut." You hear it all the time.

Yet America has better steel today than it ever had. Better workmen. Finer and more exact tempering methods.

All it needed was for some one to *apply these resources* to pocket knives—rather than trying to meet some fancied price situation in the trade.

This Company came into the pocket knife business with the purpose of creating a positive standard of pocket knife *quality* and pocket knife *honesty*.

Its responsibility is to the *men* and *women* who are going to *use the knives*.

It brings to the task all the resources of metallurgy; all the equipment—*plus* the initiative, energy and ability that have made Remington one of the outstanding names of American industry.

Here are just a few of the Remington Pocket Knives.

There's a Remington Pocket Knife made to suit your every requirement. So if you don't see here the style you need—ask your hardware dealer for it.

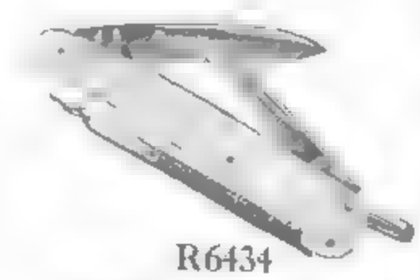
He can get it for you from *Remington*. It will show you what a knife *can* be when made to a positive standard of quality.

Manufactured Exclusively by

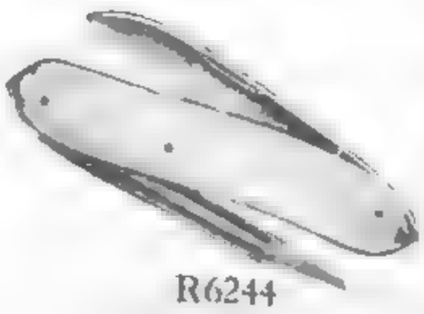
REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, INC.

GENERAL OFFICES: NEW YORK CITY

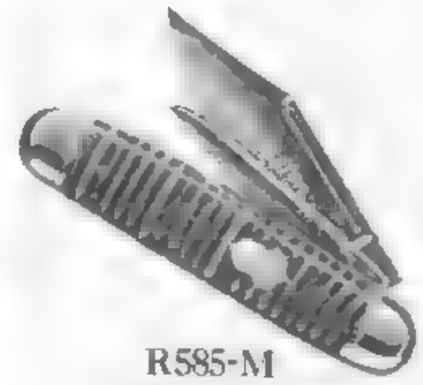
On Display *at all good Hardware Stores*



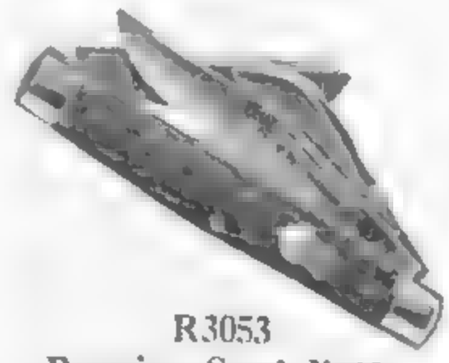
R6434
Vest Pocket Knife
(with shackle)



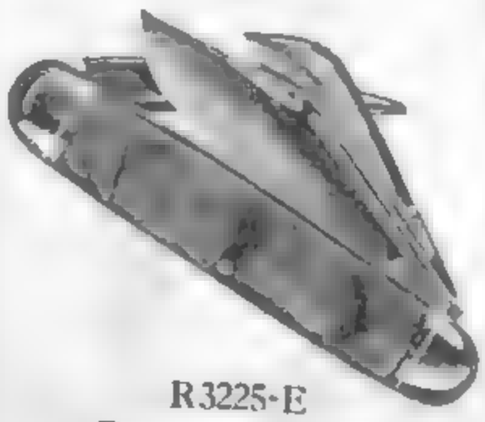
R6244
Pen Knife



R585-M
Jack Knife
(with Punch Blade)



R3053
Premium Stock Knife



R3225-E
Carpenters' Knife

(Continued from Page 110)

one of very few adult residents of New York to whom the name conveyed nothing whatever. He had passed the gray-haired doorman with the special police badge simply by asking very kindly where he might receive some advice in a certain matter, leaving the boyish, dutifully smiling artist apparently to wait near the door.

It would be inaccurate to picture Mr. Ivor as in anything but a state of marked nervous excitement. This inwardly. The outward man might have been that perfect anomaly, a college president who didn't want money. But he was sensitively aware that once again was he putting his axiom or theory roughly to the test. In a number of ways the test might go wrong. The boy might prove unequal to it, for one thing. And Mr. Ivor felt the scientist's aversion from inconclusive experimentation.

"Do you issue letters of credit?" he asked.

The partner studied him with the penetrating eye of the man who is subtly aware that he must be very penetrating indeed; then smiled indulgently.

"No," he replied, as indulgently. "No. Your own banker will do that for you."

But as he uttered the last two words penetration and indulgence together left his countenance, and for a brief moment he became so unprofessional as to exhibit downright surprise. He was staring directly past his caller toward the door.

Mr. Ivor turned, laughed softly and a thought impatiently, said under his breath, "Oh, good heavens!"

"What is it?" asked the partner rather sharply.

"Oh, it's only Durien. He's just back from Paris. He's incorrigible."

For already the easel was up, and the boy was squirting color gayly about his palette, while the doorman stood before him, stiffly endeavoring to look exactly as the doorman of the most important private bank in America ought to look.

The partner, as Mr. Ivor easily read him, was caught between suspicion, a strong sense of form and a wholly human curiosity. Furthermore, he wasn't sure what attitude he should assume toward that name—Durien. Was it a name he ought to know? Or were these men disguised reds? He was afraid of reds, and properly so, though somewhat confused as to just what degree of diabolical opposition to confidence made an otherwise white man red. On the other hand, he prided himself on his quick judgment of men; and certainly no simpler, honester soul ever wandered into a bank than the man before him. On still another hand, if we may assume so many, he fancied himself as a collector of old paintings. Safe old pictures, known by everyone to be good.

"Well," he remarked, "really! Of course we can hardly —— So that is young Durien! But what is he up to? Here?"

"He seems to be obsessed with the idea of gathering city types—quick portrait sketches. But he can't seem to realize that he's no longer in Paris. Why, this morning he set up his white umbrella in the middle of the Fifth Avenue traffic—at Forty-second Street!"

"You don't mean to say that the police allowed it?" The partner was trying to hide his interest behind a guarded manner, but without complete success.

Mr. Ivor laughed frankly, nodding. And there could be no question that the brown eyes behind the thick lenses met the carefully veiled gaze of the partner with a sense of equality. In a way, this was a relief to the partner. He met so few men who could look at him rather than up to him. A partnership in John C. Heming & Co. made one such a personage. The thing, even with its amazing perquisites, could be a burden at times. Humanly it was not altogether unpleasant to unbend a little.

"He got around that little difficulty"—thus Mr. Ivor—"by doing a portrait of the head policeman on the crossing. Made two of him within two hours, and gave him one. He owns Fifth Avenue now."

"Well, well!" observed the partner. Then, rising, he added, "Let's see what he's doing."

"If you don't mind—just a minute!" said Mr. Ivor, reverting to his supposed errand. "You'll understand my asking when I explain that I'm a scholar, and very seldom come into contact with these matters. Is it still necessary to have a passport to leave New York for Europe?"

"Oh, yes!" With which, and a courteous enough smile, the partner came out from behind his mahogany railing.

A newsboy entered at that moment, and moved rapidly from desk to desk, laying a newspaper on each.

With a brief "If I may," Mr. Ivor took up the paper, then laughed again. "Sure enough!" he said, and added, "The young devil!"

The partner looked down at the paper. There on the first page was a photograph of the white umbrella in the midst of the Fifth Avenue traffic; another of the smiling Durien, hat at a rakish angle, palette and brushes in hand; and a reproduction of the painting of Officer O'Hare.

The partner walked with dignity over to the door and stood behind the painter, observing the astonishing speed and firmness with which the color was mixed and applied. He even muttered approbation as the head began to model out. Two or three other impressive gentlemen appeared, whom he quietly motioned to stand close.

It was Mr. Ivor who broke in on this little scene.

"I'm sorry, Durien," he said, "but I really can't wait. If you're free, around five, look me up and have a cup of coffee." And he strode out.

The young man, startled, looked up, and for the first time became aware of the dignified group behind him.

"Oh!" he cried softly, engagingly. "I don't believe I —— Really, it's such a perfect head to paint that I ——" He caught himself and chuckled confidingly.

"It's all right," said our partner, turning with an air of proprietorship to the others—"very interesting! Go right ahead!"

VIII

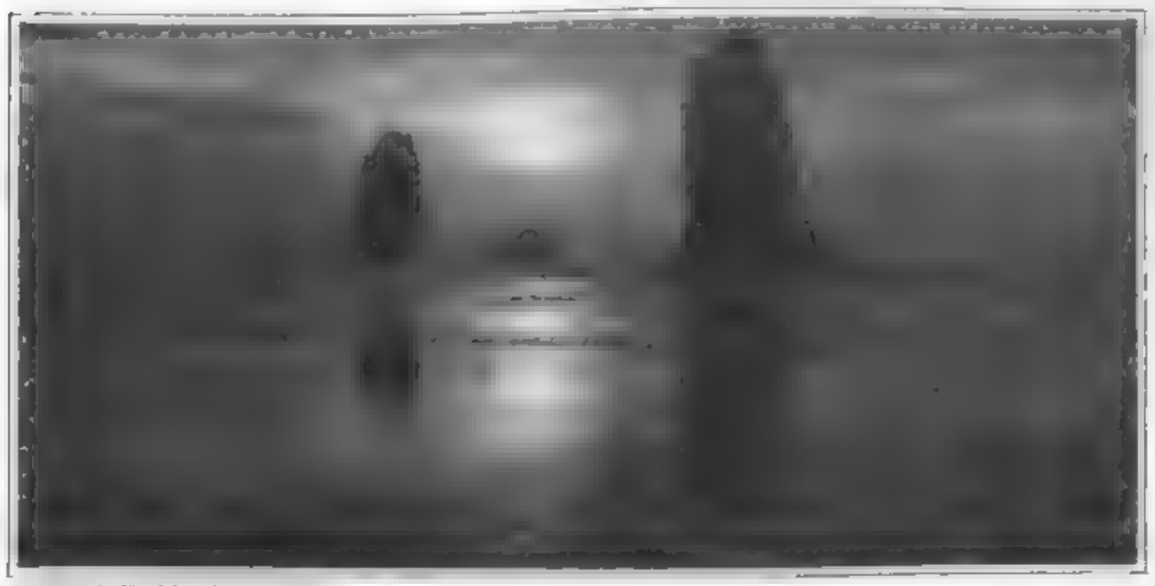
"GEE-WHIZ!" said Durien, and giggled like a child at the end of a weary and wonderful Christmas. "Look!"

He closed the door, put down his things, and stood over the bed, turning his pockets inside out.

"Three portraits—seven hundred and fifty dollars! In cash! In good old rock-bottomed, copper-ribbed cash! Gee, but I'm a wreck!" And the happy artist flung himself on the bed, heedless of the bank notes littered there.

Mr. Ivor, with a slight contraction of the brows, lighted the alcohol stove and set the coffee machine over it.

"Three of the partners done to-day! Two more and old John C. himself to-morrow morning—there's another seven hundred and fifty. Gosh! Wow! Holy cats! Sorry to be late, Mr. Ivor, but —— Wow! And in the afternoon they're taking



At Cannonbeach, Oregon

MONARCH

TRADE MARK

Coffee Salesmen Wanted!

Reid, Murdoch & Co., internationally known as Coffee Importers and Food Manufacturers, announce—on their 70th anniversary—a further expansion in the opening of a new Eastern plant with headquarters in New York.

Splendid Opportunity for Retail Clerks

If you are one of the best retail grocers in your community and can advance no higher in your present position, this announcement offers an unusual chance to make a worth-while connection where you will enjoy a wide field of endeavor and a splendid opportunity for growth. We want capable, ambitious, energetic salesmen in the following cities:

Maine	*Vermont*	*Rhode Island*	*New York*	*Pennsylvania*	*Maryland*	*North Carolina*
[illegible]	Burlington	Providence	Auburn	Bethlehem	Cumberland	[illegible]
[illegible]	Brattleboro	Bristol	Binghamton	Johnstown	Frederick	[illegible]
[illegible]	Bennington	Pawtucket	Rochester	Lancaster	Salisbury	[illegible]
[illegible]	Montpelier	Westerly	Schenectady	Philadelphia		[illegible]
[illegible]	Rutland	*Connecticut*	Utica	Reading	*Dist of Col*	[illegible]
[illegible]	St. Johnsbury	Bridgeport	Syracuse	W. Hamesport	Washington	[illegible]
		Hartford	Jamestown	York		[illegible]
New Hamp.	*Massachusetts*	[illegible]	Elmira		*Virginia*	Winston-Salem
Berlin	[illegible]	Norwich		*Delaware*	[illegible]	
Concord	Brockton	New Haven	*New Jersey*	Wilmington	Danville	*So. Carolina*
[illegible]	Fall River	Putnam	Jersey City	Dover	Norfolk	Charleston
[illegible]	Gloucester	Waterbury	Newark		Lynchburg	Columbia
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Camden	*Maryland*	Richmond	Anderson
[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Roanoke	Greenville
Laconia	Salem	*New York*	[illegible]	Baltimore	Staunton	[illegible]
Manchester	Springfield	New York City	Paterson	Cambridge	Petersburg	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Phillipsburg	[illegible]	[illegible]	Sumter
			[illegible]			

A Good Line for Retailers—and Salesmen

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Over 2,000,000 lbs. sold by our Chicago House during December, 1921

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MONARCH BAKED BEANS
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MONARCH PINEAPPLE
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Two hundred successful salesmen now travel out of our Chicago House. These men, our executives and department managers served an apprenticeship in retail grocery stores. We want 200 more for the East. Preference will be given to men with records of [illegible] and under 35 years of age. References required from present employer. Only applications made in person will be considered. If you are a live wire looking forward to a future with great possibilities, come and see us. We start shipping from New York May 1st.

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FOR the past two years Mr. Charles Morrill, a busy grocery salesman in an Iowa town, has had extra money every month for easy spare-time work.

And he is just one of scores of part-time subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* who pleasantly and easily make their spare hours pay. *Today there is such a desirable, profitable part time (or, if you prefer, full time) position waiting for you!* You don't need experience to qualify for it: we will train you and equip you. We offer cash commissions and bonuses from the very start. The coupon below will bring full details, including our big free booklet descriptive of the plan. Send it in today.

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* If you don't want to mutilate your copy of *The Post*, use a postal card instead.

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HOSIERY
for MEN
TO ask by name for hosiery shows discrimination. To go just one step further and ask for Shawknit Hosiery shows good judgment as well. It is the buyword of the well groomed.
SHAW STOCKING CO
Lowell, Mass.

me across to the Stock Exchange. Want me to do the members of a luncheon club. I told 'em I really couldn't go on forever with these little sketches, but they persuaded me. Gosh! Wow!"

Over the coffee he remarked, in more rational mood, "We've said nothing about a basis of division, Mr. Ivor. I don't know what. Anything you decide would of course suit me. If a straight fifty-fifty arrangement ——"

"My share," said his host with commanding authority, "is the ten dollars I loaned you this morning."

"But, good Lord ——"

"You will forgive me if I have to say that my interest in these experiments has been wholly scientific. My life would perhaps be happier if I could limit my wants to anything so simple as money. And you will forgive me for explaining that I shall be able to offer you little more of my time. I have expended a good deal of nervous energy to-day. There will be a small penalty to pay for that. You'll admit that what you might call my theory has stood the test we have put it to. Very good! If at any time you meet with new problems the solving of which would in some fresh way strengthen that theory, you will confer a favor by consulting me.

"For though I call it an axiom, because it seems such to my own thought, it will not meet with general scientific acceptance until it has been buttressed about with innumerable successful experiments, and"—his voice shook a little, like that of a man who has been under a severe strain—"and no failures."

The memory of him that lingered most prominently among the confused and exuberant thoughts of William F. Case, after he had settled himself in a taxicab and was rolling comfortably and, he felt, appropriately toward Delmonico's, was a picture of shabby loneliness—a gaunt, stooping figure in a doorway, with a background of the dingy little room and the books, and beyond the window the smoothly curving branches of the ailanthus tree and the littered, rusty fire escapes, saying, in a deep voice that pulsed with emotion, "You ask what my one great want can be. I will tell you. It is thought. The most difficult performance in the world—perhaps unattainable to all but two or three in as many centuries. Thought! The one thing, after all, that is not wanted. Certainly not in this land of jazz and the happy ending. God, the happy ending! Not in this land that is ruled by the prohibitionist and the bootlegger, that pays its teachers less than its plumbers, that still tolerates that grotesque thing called Congress! To this terrible loneliness am I doomed, while a hundred million people fox-trot past. But I shall not starve. Let me get hungry enough and I shall know what to do—let hunger become a want and I shall take as I choose, lawfully, laughing at their simplicity."

William F. Case pulled down one of the folding seats and put his feet up, and chuckled defensively, because the picture brought a sensation somewhat unsettling to his high mood. Queer old bird! Doubtless a bit mad. Though he did check up. And that about bootlegging sure did hit the nail on the head. Now, for instance, if ever in his life, he should be allowed a cocktail and, say, a bottle of Nuits. Seven hundred and fifty bucks, bones or simoleons! Wow! And more to-morrow! He'd have to go for it with a basket!

All you had to do was to go where the money was!

It occurred to him that in his excitement he had forgotten to smoke. He took a cigarette now from the gold case he had bought on the way uptown.

There was a pretty girl moving sinuously along the walk in what he thought of as a snappy frock with summer furs. He grinned. She didn't happen to look. Oh, well, there'd be girls enough! Time enough for them after dinner. If only Juliette could be wished over from the Boulevard Montparnasse! Great little old town, New York! Already he could feel it pulsing in his veins. If only the crowd at Lavenue's could see him now!

Queer old bird! But —— The taxi swung into Fifth Avenue. He could see the low structure that was Delmonico's. A sensation akin to purring set in pleasantly somewhere between his stomach and his throat. Oysters would be nice. And a soup, and a bird—caviar, too—and a salad and a soufflé and coffee; and—oh, for a drink! Perhaps—perhaps, if he whispered knowingly to the waiter and slipped him a tightly folded bank note, perhaps the waiter could tell him of a place.

For that was one of the five or six things he wanted most.

WANTED!
Salaried Field Managers

CLEAN-CUT men with sales ability will be employed to build up our subscription force in assigned territory. Specialty salesmen, teachers or ministers with sales training, insurance salesmen, high-grade subscription representatives, circulation managers and assistants: Here may be your opportunity to make a permanent connection in a position paying expense allowances in addition to straight salary ranging from $35 to $100 weekly according to your ability.

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ASSIGNMENTS must soon be made in the following territories: New England States; North Atlantic States; Central, Middle Western and Southwestern States—as far west as the Rockies. Traveling, preferably in your own car, within limited radius during the week will be essential. Surety bond will be required.

Send complete information in your own handwriting, stating age, education and business experience. Enclose best recent photograph. Give territorial preference. State fully what qualifications you possess to warrant your selection for a responsible position of this nature. Mail application at once to

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609 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
PUBLISHERS OF
The Saturday Evening Post The Ladies' Home Journal The Country Gentleman

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

There is a BEACON last to fit your foot
There is a BEACON style to suit your taste
There is a BEACON price to fit your purse

APEX

FLASH

SPARK

STRUT

SWAG

PENN

BRUTE

THE style of shoe that you select is the consummation of perhaps weeks of drafting and planning by the Beacon staff of designers. A little higher toe on the one last, a trifle less curve here and a little more there; a few more stitches somewhere else; all of these details contribute to the authority of Beacon style.

Yet style is but one of the factors by which Beacon Shoes have attained their present place. Capable New England shoemen, possessing a rare skill that is both inherited and acquired, insure the quality from which public confidence is engendered.

We are as Proud of the Prices as we are of the Shoes

The 1922 Beacon prices are a comfort to all who have been seeking the good pre-war standards of price and quality. The 1922 Beacon variety is of especial interest. At the price that suits your purse you will find the last that fits your foot and the style that suits your taste.

Beacon Shoes for Spring: $5 to $8

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FOR FIT • FOR STYLE • FOR WEAR

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ACE

DOVER

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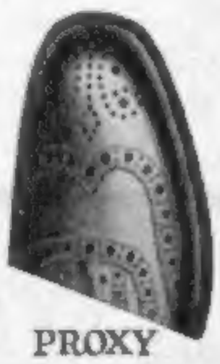
KING

SAVOY

RELAX


PROXY

Reproduced from Swift & Company's 1922 Year Book.

A day's work in meat distribution

One day's shipments from our plants in Chicago, the largest live stock market, give some idea of the marketing service that we perform.

The map shows the widespread distribution of the 182 carloads that were shipped on this one day.

Most of these cars moved to eastern markets in the United States; but shipments were also destined for five foreign countries.

These cars carried not only meat, eggs, butter, and poultry, but some were loaded with soap, hides, fertilizer, and other packinghouse products.

Since the meat supply is so far from the principal consuming centers, and since fresh meat must be sold within a week or two, the work of distribution to distant markets must go on continuously. Otherwise people everywhere would not have a never-failing supply of lamb, beef, "Premium" Ham and Bacon, "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, etc.

Ability to furnish this service in localities hundreds of miles from our plant, at minimum cost and profit, is our reason for existing.

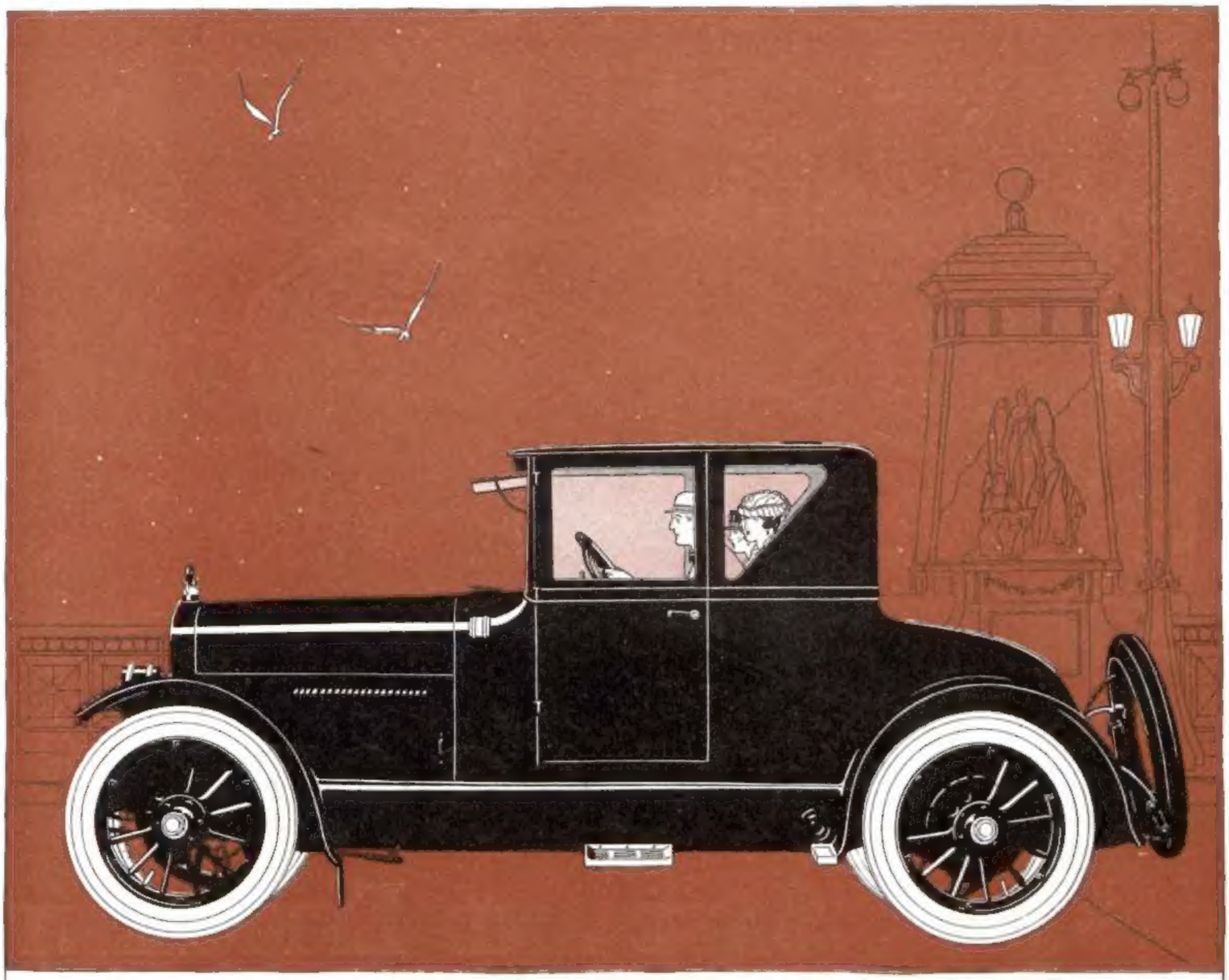
Our profit over a period of ten years has averaged only about one quarter of a cent per pound—less than a nickel a week for the average family which buys only Swift meat.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders

BEAUTY · STRENGTH · POWER · COMFORT



THE NEW THREE PASSENGER HAYNES 55 COUPELET

The new Haynes 55 Coupelet is a smart, three-passenger, enclosed coach with a body design which is conservatively and artistically individual. In it the Haynes engineers and designers have once more pioneered the way.

Finished and appointed with all the luxury and tastefulness of the larger Haynes closed cars, and the utility characteristic of all Haynes cars, it especially meets the needs of the man or woman who requires a practical, serviceable enclosed car of medium price.

The riding qualities of the new Haynes 55 Coupelet are appreciably evident because of the perfect body balance. One fifty-two-inch seat trimmed in hand-buffed leather accommodates the three passengers and eliminates the staggered seat which has occasioned objections.

The smart carriage effect is enhanced by the triangular-shaped windows. Exterior cowl lights, a spacious luggage compartment, and other fully modern touches combine its completeness. Roof, cowl and windshield ventilation provide interior comfort in any weather.

An indirect dome light, the improved Haynes instrument board, with the "push-button starter," and other refinements add attractiveness to the interior.

Compact, light, with a 121-inch wheel base, sturdy chassis, equipped with the famous Haynes-built, light six motor, the Haynes 55 Coupelet appeals alike to the professional man and to the woman of social activities. The production of the new Haynes 55 Coupelet will be limited. We recommend that you make your reservation now at your nearest Haynes showroom.

$2295 F.O.B. FACTORY

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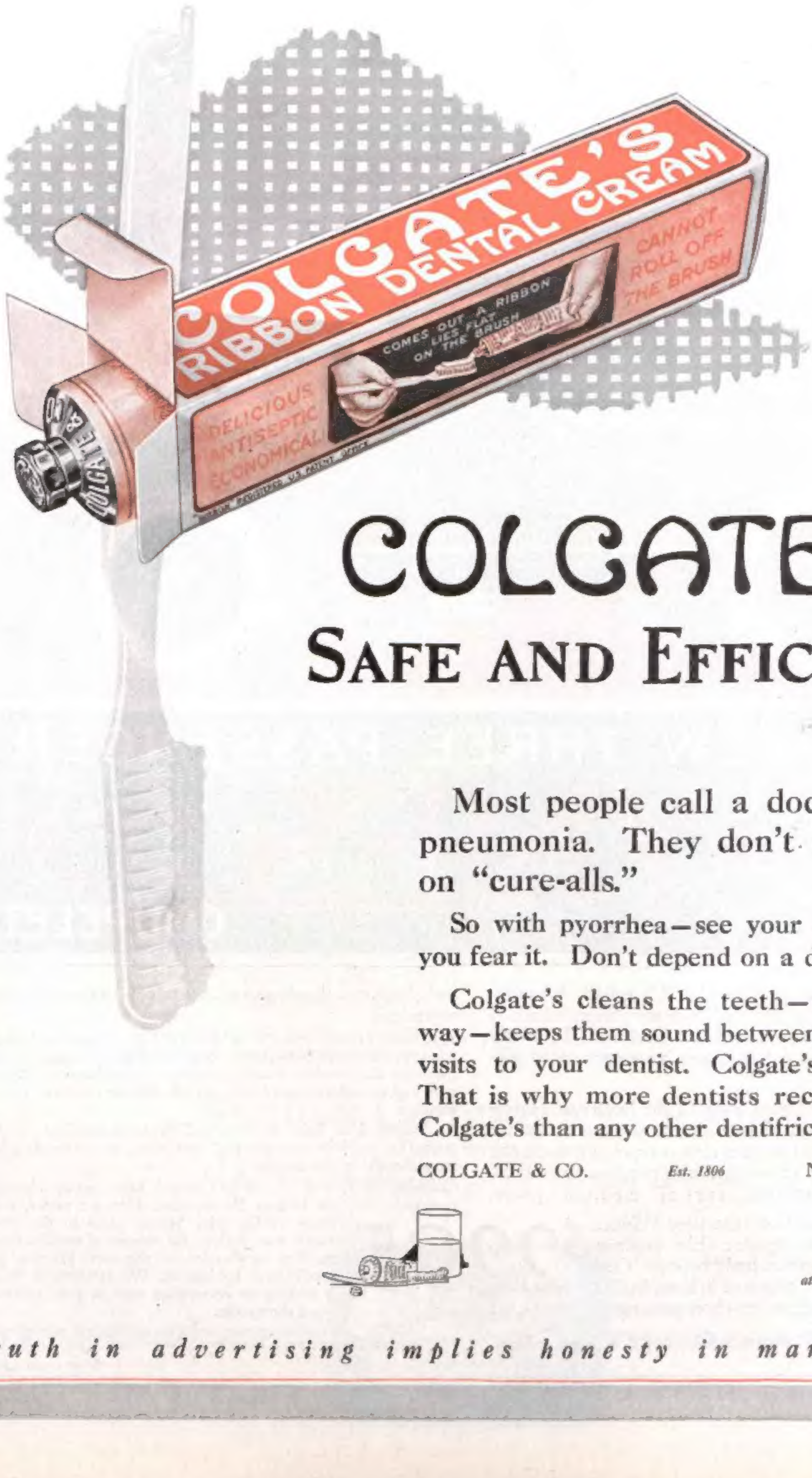
1893 · THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR · 1922



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